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PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD.

Vol. II., Frontispiece.

THE CONFESSIONS OF
JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU
NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH



VOL. II

NEW EDITION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER MAURICE LELOIR

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THE CONFESSIONS

OF

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

BOOK VIII.

PARIS.

AT the end of the preceding book a pause was necessary. With this begins the long chain of my misfortunes deduced from their origin.

Having lived in two of the most brilliant houses in Paris, I had, notwithstanding my want of shrewdness and tact, made some acquaintances. Amongst others, at Madame Dupin's, that of the young Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Gotha, and of the Baron de Thun, his governor; at the house of M. de La Poplinière, that of M. Seguy, friend of the Baron de Thun, and known in the literary world by his beautiful edition of "Rousseau." The Baron invited M. Seguy and myself to go and pass a day or two at Fontenay-sous-Bois, where the Prince had a house. As I passed Vincennes, at the sight of the dungeon my feelings were so acute that the Baron perceived the effect on my countenance. At supper the Prince mentioned the imprisonment of Diderot. The Baron, to hear what I had to say, accused the prisoner of impudence; and I showed not a little of the same by my impetuous manner in defending him. This excess of zeal, inspired by the misfortune that had befallen my friend, was pardoned, and the conversation immediately changed. There were present in the service of the Prince two Germans: his chaplain, M. Klupffel, a man of great wit, who afterwards became his governor, having supplanted the Baron; the other, M. Grimm, was a young man

who acted as a reader until he could obtain some place, and whose indifferent appearance sufficiently proved the pressing necessity he was under of immediately finding one. From this very evening Klupffel and I began an acquaintance that soon led to friendship. That with the *Sieur Grimm* did not make quite so rapid a progress ; he made but few advances, and was far from having that naughty presumption which prosperity afterwards gave him. The next day at dinner the conversation turning upon music, he spoke well on the subject. I was transported with joy when I learned from him that he could play an accompaniment on the harpsichord. After dinner was over music was introduced, and we amused ourselves for the rest of the afternoon on the harpsichord of the Prince. Thus began that friendship—at first so agreeable to me, but afterwards so fatal—of which I shall hereafter have so much to say.

At my return to Paris I learned the acceptable news that *Diderot* was released from the dungeon, and that he had, on his parole, the castle and park of Vincennes for a prison, with permission to see his friends. How painful was it to me not to be able instantly to fly to him ! But I was detained two or three days at *Madame Dupin's* by indispensable business. After ages of impatience, I flew to the arms of my friend. He was not alone : *D'Alembert* and the treasurer of the *Sainte Chapelle* were with him. As I entered I saw nobody but himself. I made but one step, one cry ; I riveted my face on his ; I pressed him in my arms, without speaking to him, except by tears and sighs ; I stifled him with my affection and joy. The first thing he did, after quitting my arms, was to turn himself towards the ecclesiastic, and say, "You see, sir, how much I am beloved by my friends." My emotion was so great that it was then impossible for me to reflect upon this manner of turning it to advantage ; but I have since thought that, had I been in the place of *Diderot*, the idea he manifested would not have been the first that would have occurred to me.

I found him much affected by his imprisonment. The dungeon had made a terrible impression upon his mind, and although he was very comfortably situated in the castle, and at liberty to walk where he pleased in the park, which was not enclosed even by a wall, he wanted the society of his friends to prevent him from yielding to melancholy. As I was the person most concerned for his sufferings, I imagined I should also be the friend the sight of whom would give him consolation; on which account, notwithstanding very pressing occupations, I went every two days at furthest, either alone or accompanied by his wife, to pass the afternoon with him.

The heat of the summer was this year (1749) excessive. Vincennes is two leagues from Paris. The state of my finances not permitting me to pay for hackney coaches, when alone, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I went on foot, and walked as rapidly as possible that I might arrive the sooner. The trees by the side of the road, always lopped, according to the custom of the country, afforded but little shade, and, exhausted by fatigue, I frequently threw myself on the ground, quite unable to proceed farther. I thought a book in my hand might make me moderate my pace. One day I took the *Mercur de France*, and as I walked and read I came to the following question, proposed by the Academy of Dijon, for the premium of the ensuing year, "Has the progress of sciences and arts contributed to corrupt or purify morals?"

The moment I had read this I seemed to behold another world, and became a different man. Although I have a lively recollection of the impression it made upon me, the detail has escaped my mind, since I communicated it to M. de Malesherbes in one of my four letters to him. This is one of the curious traits of my memory which merits to be remarked. It serves me in proportion to my dependence upon it. The moment I have committed to paper that with which it was charged, it forsakes me, and I have no sooner written a thing than I have forgotten it entirely. This singularity is the same with respect to music. Before I

learned the use of notes I knew a great number of songs ; the moment I had made sufficient progress to sing an air set to music, I could not call to mind any one of them ; and at present I much doubt whether I should be able entirely to go through one of those of which I was the most fond. All I distinctly remember upon this occasion is, that on my arrival at Vincennes, I was in an agitation which approached a delirium. Diderot noticed it. I enlightened him as to the cause, and read to him the *prosopopœia* of Fabricius, written with a pencil under a tree. He encouraged me to pursue my ideas, and to become a competitor for the premium. I did so ; and from that moment I was ruined. All the rest of my misfortunes during my life were the inevitable effect of this moment of error.

My sentiments became elevated with the most inconceivable rapidity to the level of my ideas. All my little passions were stifled by the enthusiasm of truth, liberty, and virtue ; and, what is most astonishing, this effervescence continued in my mind upwards of five years, to as great a degree, perhaps, as it has ever done in that of any other man. I composed the discourse in a very peculiar manner, and in that which I have always followed in all my other works. I dedicated to it the hours of the night in which sleep deserted me. I meditated in my bed with my eyes closed, and in my mind turned over and over again the periods with incredible labour and care. The moment they were finished to my satisfaction, I deposited them in my memory, until I had an opportunity of committing them to paper ; but the time of rising and putting on my clothes made me lose everything, and when I took up my pen I recollected but little of what I had composed. I made Madame Le Vasseur my secretary. I had lodged her, with her daughter and husband, nearer to myself ; and she, to save me the expense of a servant, came every morning to light my fire, and to do such other little things as were wanted. As soon as she arrived, I dictated to her, while in bed, what I had composed in the night, and by this method I preserved many things I should otherwise have forgotten.

As soon as the discourse was finished, I showed it to Diderot. He was satisfied with the production, and suggested some corrections. However, this work, though full of force and fire, absolutely wants logic and order. Of all I ever wrote, it is the weakest in reasoning, and the most devoid of number and harmony. With whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily learned.

I sent off this piece without mentioning it to anybody, except, I think, to Grimm, with whom, after his going to live with the Comte de Frièse, I began to be upon the most intimate footing. His harpsichord served as a bond of union, and I passed with him all my spare moments in singing Italian airs and *barcarolles*, sometimes without intermission from morning till night, or rather from night until morning; and when I was not to be found at Madame Dupin's, everybody concluded I was at M. Grimm's, or either walking or at the theatre with him. I left off going to the Comédie Italienne, where I had nothing to pay, to go with him, and pay, to the Comédie Française, of which he was passionately fond. In short, so powerful an attraction connected me with this young man, and I became so inseparable from him, that the poor "aunt" herself was rather neglected—that is, I saw her less frequently, though in no moment of my life has my attachment to her been diminished.

This impossibility of dividing in favour of my inclinations the little time I had to myself renewed more strongly than ever the desire I had entertained of having but one home for Thérèse and myself; but the embarrassment of her numerous family, and especially the want of money to purchase furniture, had hitherto prevented my accomplishing it. An opportunity for me to do so presented itself, and of this I took advantage. Madame de Francueil and Madame Dupin, clearly perceiving eight or nine hundred livres a year were unequal to my wants, increased of their own accord my salary to fifty louis; and Madame Dupin having heard I wished to furnish lodgings, assisted me with some

articles for that purpose. With these and the furniture that Thérèse already had we made one common stock, and having an apartment in the Hôtel de Languedoc, Rue de Grenelle, St. Honoré, kept by very honest people, we arranged ourselves in the best manner we could, and lived there peaceably and agreeably during the seven years preceding our removal to the Hermitage.

Thérèse's father was a good old man, of a very mild disposition, and much afraid of his wife ; for this reason he had given her the surname of " Lieutenant Criminal," afterwards jocosely transferred by Grimm to the daughter. Madame Le Vasseur did not want sense—that is, address—and pretended to the politeness and airs of the fashionable world ; but she had a mysterious wheedling manner that was insupportable to me, and she not only gave bad advice to her daughter, and endeavoured to make her dissemble with me, but she also cajoled my friends at my expense ; excepting these circumstances, she was a tolerably good mother, because she found her account in being so, and concealed the faults of her daughter to turn them to her own advantage. This woman, who had so much of my care and attention, to whom I made so many little presents, and by whom I so greatly desired to be loved, was, from the impossibility of my succeeding in this wish, the only cause of the uneasiness I suffered in my little establishment. Except the effects of this cause, I enjoyed during these six or seven years the most perfect domestic happiness human weakness is capable of. The heart of my Thérèse was that of an angel ; our attachment increased with our intimacy, and we were more and more daily convinced how much we were made for each other. Could our pleasures be described, their simplicity would cause laughter—our walks, *tête-à-tête*, on the outside of the city, where I magnificently spent eight or ten sous in each little wayside inn ; our little suppers at my window, we seated opposite to each other upon two tiny chairs mounted upon a trunk, which filled up the space of the embrasure. In this situation the window served us as a table, we breathed the fresh air, enjoyed

the prospect of the environs and the people who passed, and, although upon the fourth story, looked down into the street as we ate.

Who can describe, and how few can feel, the charms of these repasts, consisting of a quartern loaf, a few cherries, a morsel of cheese, and the half a pint of wine we drank between us? Friendship, confidence, intimacy, sweetness of disposition, how delicious are your communings! We sometimes remained in this situation until midnight, and never thought of the hour, unless informed of it by the old lady. But let us quit these details, for they are ever either insipid or laughable. (I have always said and felt that real enjoyment was not to be described.)

Much about the same time I indulged in a much grosser pleasure, and the last of the kind I have to reproach myself with. I have said that the minister Klupffel was an amiable man; my connection with him was almost as intimate as with Grimm, and in the end became as familiar; Grimm and he sometimes ate with me. These repasts, a little more than simple, were enlivened by the witty and extravagant wantonness of expression of Klupffel, and the diverting Germanicisms of Grimm, who was not yet become a purist.

Sensuality did not preside at our little orgies, but mirth reigned in them all, and we enjoyed ourselves so well together that we knew not how to separate. Klupffel had furnished a lodging for a little girl, but he could not support her entirely himself. One evening as we were going into the coffee-house, we met him coming out to go and sup with her. We rallied him; he revenged himself gallantly by inviting us to the same supper, and there rallying us in our turn. The poor girl appeared to be of a good disposition, mild, and little fitted to the life that the old hag she had with her prepared her for in the best manner she could. Wine and conversation enlivened us to such a degree that we forgot ourselves. The amiable Klupffel was unwilling to do the honours of his table by halves, and we all three successively took a view of the next chamber, in

company with his little friend, who knew not whether she should laugh or cry. Grimm has always maintained that he never abused her confidence ; it was therefore to amuse himself with our impatience that he remained so long in the other chamber, and if he abstained, there is not much probability of his having done so from scruples, because previous to his going to live with the Comte de Frièse he lodged with the *demi-monde* in the same quarter of St. Roch.

I left the Rue des Moineaux, where this girl lodged, as much ashamed as Saint Prieux left the house in which he had become intoxicated, and when I wrote his story I well remembered my own. Thérèse perceived by some sign, and especially by my confusion, that I had something I reproached myself with. I relieved my mind by a free and immediate confession. I did well, for the next day Grimm came in triumph to relate to her my crime with aggravation, and since that time he has never failed maliciously to recall it to her recollection. In this he was the more culpable, since I had freely and voluntarily given him my confidence, and had a right to expect he would not make me repent of it. I never had a more convincing proof than on this occasion of the goodness of heart of my Thérèse ; she was more shocked at the behaviour of Grimm than at my infidelity, and I received nothing from her but tender reproaches, that were free from all appearance of anger.

The simplicity of mind of this excellent girl was equal to her goodness of heart, and this is saying everything ; but one instance of it that is present to my recollection is worthy of being related. I had told her Klupffel was a minister, and chaplain to the Prince of Saxe-Gotha. A minister was to her so singular a man that, oddly confounding the most dissimilar ideas, she took it into her head to take Klupffel for the Pope. I thought her mad the first time she told me when I came in that the Pope had called to see me. I made her explain herself, and lost not a moment in going to relate the story to Grimm and Klupffel, who amongst ourselves never lost the name of Pope. We

gave to the girl in the Rue des Moineaux the name of "Pope Joan." Our laughter was incessant; it almost stifled us. They who, in a letter it hath pleased them to attribute to me, have made me say I never laughed but twice in my life, did not know me at this period, nor in my younger days; for if they had, the idea could never have entered into their heads.

The year following (1750), when I thought no more of my discourse, I learned it had gained the premium at Dijon. This news reawakened all the ideas that had dictated it to me, and giving them new animation, completed the fermentation in my heart of that first leaven of heroism and virtue which my father, my country, and Plutarch had inspired me with in my infancy. Nothing now appeared great in my eyes but to be free and virtuous, superior to fortune and opinion, and independent of all exterior circumstances. A false shame, however, and the fear of disapprobation, at first prevented me from conducting myself according to these principles, and from suddenly quarrelling with the maxims of the age I lived in; but from that moment I took a decided resolution to do it, and of this I purposely delayed the execution, that, irritated by contradiction, it might be rendered triumphant.

While I was thus philosophizing upon the duties of man, an event happened which made me better reflect upon my own. Thérèse became pregnant for the third time. Too sincere with myself, too haughty in my mind to contradict my principles by my actions, I began to examine the destination of my children, and my connections with their mother, according to the laws of nature, justice, and reason, and those of that religion—pure, holy, and eternal, like its author—polluted by men while they pretend to purify it, and by their formularies reduced to a religion of words; for the difficulty of prescribing impossibilities is but trifling to those by whom they are not practised.

If I deceived myself in my conclusions, nothing can be more astonishing than the security with which I depended upon them. Were I one of those men unfortunately born dea

to the voice of nature, in whom no sentiment of justice or humanity ever took the least root, this obduracy would be natural. But that warmth of heart, strong sensibility, and facility of forming attachments ; the force they subdue me with ; my cruel sufferings when obliged to break them ; the innate benevolence I cherished towards my fellow-creatures ; the ardent love I bear to great virtues, to truth and justice ; the horror I hold evil of every kind in ; the impossibility of hating, of injuring, or wishing to injure any one ; the soft and lively emotion I feel at the sight of whatever is virtuous, generous, and amiable—can these meet in the same mind with the depravity that without scruple treads under foot the most pleasing of all our duties ? No ; I feel and openly declare this to be impossible. Never in his whole life could Jean-Jacques be a man without sentiment, or an unnatural father. I may have been deceived, but I could never become callous. Were I to give my reasons, I should say too much ; since they have seduced me, they would seduce many others. I will not, therefore, expose those young persons by whom I may be read to the same danger. I will satisfy myself by observing that my error was such that in abandoning my children to public education for want of the means of bringing them up myself ; in destining them to become workmen and peasants, rather than adventurers and fortune-hunters, I thought I acted like an honest citizen and a good father, and considered myself as a member of the republic of Plato. Since that time the regrets of my heart have more than once told me I was deceived ; but my reason was so far from giving me the same intimation, that I have frequently returned thanks to Heaven for having, by this means, preserved them from the fate of their father, and which they were threatened with the moment I should have been under the necessity of leaving them. Had I left them to Madame d'Epinaÿ or Madame de Luxembourg, who, from friendship, generosity, or some other motive, offered to take care of them, in due time would they have been more happy, better brought up, or honest men ? To this I cannot

answer, but I am certain they would have been taught to hate and, perhaps, betray their parents: it is much better that they have never known them.

My third child was, therefore, carried to the Foundling Hospital, like the preceding ones, and the next two were disposed of in the same manner: for I have had five children in all. This arrangement seemed to me so good, reasonable, and lawful, that if I did not publicly boast of it, the motive that withheld me was merely my regard for their mother; but I mentioned it to all those to whom I had declared our connection—to Diderot, to Grimm, afterwards to Madame d'Epinay, and, after another interval, to Madame de Luxembourg; and this freely and voluntarily, without being under the least necessity of doing it, having it in my power to conceal the step from all the world, for La Gouin was an honest woman, very discreet, and a person on whom I had the greatest reliance. The only one of my friends to whom it was in some measure my interest to open myself was Thierry, the physician who had the care of my poor "aunt" in one of her lyings-in, when she was very ill. In a word, there was no mystery in my conduct, not only on account of my never having concealed anything from my friends, but because I never found any harm in it. Everything considered, I chose the best destination for my children, or that I thought to be such. I could have wished, and still should be glad, had I been brought up as they have been. ✓

Whilst I was thus communicating what I had done, Madame Le Vasseur did the same thing amongst her acquaintance, but with less disinterested views. I introduced her and her daughter to Madame Dupin, who, from friendship to me, showed them the greatest kindness. The mother confided to her the secret of the daughter. Madame Dupin, who is generous and kind—whom she never told how attentive I was, notwithstanding my moderate resources, in providing for everything—provided on her part for what was necessary, with a liberality that, by order of her mother, the daughter concealed from me during my

residence at Paris, nor ever mentioned it until we were at the Hermitage, when she informed me of it, after having disclosed to me several other secrets of her heart. I did not know that Madame Dupin, who never took the least notice to me of the matter, was so well informed. I know not yet whether Madame de Chenonceaux, her daughter-in-law, was as much in the secret ; but Madame de Francueil, her daughter-in-law, knew the whole, and could not refrain from prattling. She spoke of it to me the following year, after I had left their house. This induced me to write her a letter upon the subject, which will be found in my collections, and wherein I gave such of my reasons as I could make public, without exposing Madame Le Vasseur and her family ; the most determinative of them came from that quarter, and these I kept profoundly secret.

I can rely upon the discretion of Madame Dupin, and the friendship of Madame de Chenonceaux ; I had the same dependence upon that of Madame de Francueil, who, however, was long dead before my secret made its way into the world. This it could never have done except by means of the persons to whom I entrusted it, nor did it until after my rupture with them. By this single fact they are judged ; without exculpating myself from the blame I deserve, I prefer it to that resulting from their malignity. My fault is great, but it was an error. I have neglected my duty, but the desire of doing an injury never entered my heart ; and the feelings of a father were never more eloquent in favour of children whom he never saw. But betraying the confidence of friendship, violating the most sacred of all engagements, publishing secrets confided to us, and wantonly dishonouring the friend we have deceived, and who in detaching himself from our society still respects us, are not faults, but actions showing baseness of mind, and the last degree of heinousness.

I have promised my confession, and not my justification, on which account I shall stop here. It is my duty faithfully to relate the truth, that of the reader to be just ; more than this I never shall require of him.

The marriage of M. de Chenonceaux rendered his mother's house still more entertaining to me, by the wit and merit of the new bride, a very amiable young person, who seemed to distinguish me amongst the scribes of M. Dupin. She was the only daughter of the Vicomtesse de Rochechouart, a great friend of the Comte de Frièse, and consequently of Grimm, who was very attentive to her. However it was I who introduced him to the daughter; but their characters not suiting each other, this connection was not of long duration; and Grimm, who from that time aimed at what was solid, preferred the mother, a woman of the world, to the daughter, who wished for steady friends, such as were agreeable to her without troubling her head about the least intrigue, or making any interest amongst the great. Madame Dupin, no longer finding in Madame de Chenonceaux all the docility she expected, made her house exceedingly distasteful to her; and Madame de Chenonceaux, having a lofty opinion of her own merit, and, perhaps, of her own birth, chose rather to relinquish the pleasures of society, and remain almost alone in her apartment, than to submit to a yoke she was not disposed to bear. This species of exile increased my attachment to her by that natural inclination which excites me to approach the wretched. I found her mind metaphysical and reflective, although at times a little sophistical. Her conversation, by no means that of a young woman coming from a convent, had for me the greatest attractions, yet she was not twenty years of age. Her complexion was of dazzling fairness; her figure would have been majestic had she held herself more upright. Her hair, fair and bordering upon ash colour, was uncommonly beautiful, and called to my recollection that of poor "Mamam," in the flower of her age, and strongly agitated my heart. But the severe principles I had just laid down for myself, by which at all events I was determined to be guided, secured me from the danger of her charms. During a whole summer I passed three or four hours a day in a tête-à-tête conversation with her, teaching her arithmetic, and fatiguing her with my innumerable ciphers, without

uttering a single word of gallantry, or even once glancing my eyes upon her. Five or six years later I should not have had so much wisdom or folly ; but it was decreed I was never to love but once in my life, and that another person was to have the first and last sighs of my heart.

Since I had lived in the house of Madame Dupin, I had always been satisfied with my situation, without showing the least sign of a desire to improve it. The addition which, in conjunction with M. de Francueil, she had made to my salary, was entirely of their own accord. This year M. de Francueil, whose friendship for me daily increased, had it in his thoughts to place me more at ease, and in a less precarious situation. He was receiver-general of finance. M. Dudoyer, his cashier, was old and rich, and wished to retire. M. de Francueil offered me this place, and to prepare myself for it I went during a few weeks to M. Dudoyer, to take the required instructions. But whether my talents were ill-suited to the employment, or that Dudoyer, who I thought wished to procure his place for another, was not in earnest in the instructions he gave me, I acquired by slow degrees, and very imperfectly, the knowledge I was in want of, and could never understand the nature of accounts, rendered intricate perhaps designedly. However, without having possessed myself of the whole scope of the business, I learned enough of the method to pursue it without the least difficulty. I even entered on my new office. I kept the cash-books and the cash. I paid and received money, took and gave receipts ; and, although this business was as ill-suited to my inclinations as to my abilities, maturity of years beginning to render me sedate, I was determined to conquer my disgust, and entirely devote myself to my new employment. Unfortunately for me, I had no sooner begun to proceed without difficulty, than M. de Francueil took a little journey, leaving me entrusted with the cash, at that time not amounting to more than twenty-five or thirty thousand livres. The anxiety of mind this sum of money occasioned me made me perceive I was very unfit to be a cashier, and I have no doubt my uneasy situation during

his absence, contributed to the illness that seized me after his return.

I have observed in my first part that I was born in a dying state. A defect in the bladder caused me during my early years to suffer continual inconvenience ; and my aunt Suson, to whose care I was entrusted, had inconceivable difficulty in rearing me. However, she succeeded, and my robust constitution at length got the better of my weaknesses, and my health became so well established that, except the illness from languor, of which I have given an account, and frequent difficulties with the bladder, rendered troublesome by the least heating of the blood, I arrived at the age of thirty almost without feeling my original infirmity. The first time this happened was upon my arrival at Venice. The fatigue of the voyage, and the extreme heat endured, renewed the burnings, and gave me a pain in the loins, that continued until the beginning of winter. It was not until after the imprisonment of Diderot, that the heat of blood, brought on by my journeys to Vincennes during the terrible heat of that summer, gave me a violent nephritic cholic, since which I had never recovered my primitive state of good health.

At the time of which I speak, having, perhaps, fatigued myself too much in the disagreeable work of the cursed receiver-general's office, I fell into a worse condition than ever, and remained five or six weeks in my bed in the most melancholy state imaginable. Madame Dupin sent me the celebrated Morand, who, notwithstanding his address, and the delicacy of his touch, made me suffer the greatest torments. He advised me to have recourse to Daran, who, in fact, gave me some relief. But Morand, when he gave Madame Dupin an account of the state I was in, declared to her I should not be alive in six months. This afterwards came to my ear, and made me reflect seriously on my situation, and the folly of sacrificing the repose of the few days I had to live to the slavery of an employment that filled me with the utmost disgust. Besides, how was it possible to reconcile the severe principles I had just adopted to a situa-

tion with which they had so little relation ? Should not I, the cashier of a receiver-general of finances, have preached poverty and disinterestedness with a very ill grace ? These ideas fermented so powerfully in my mind with the fever, and were so strongly impressed, that from that time nothing could remove them ; and, during my convalescence, I confirmed myself with the greatest coolness in the resolutions I had taken during my delirium. I for ever abandoned all projects of fortune and advancement, and resolved to pass in independence and poverty the little time I had to exist. I made every effort my mind was capable of to break the fetters of prejudice, and courageously to do everything that was right without giving myself the least concern about the judgment of others. The obstacles I had to combat, and the efforts I made to triumph over them, are inconceivable. I succeeded as much as it was possible I should, and to a greater degree than I myself had anticipated. Had I at the same time shaken off the yoke of friendship as well as that of prejudice, my design would have been accomplished—perhaps the greatest, at least the most useful, to virtue, that mortal ever conceived ; but whilst I despised the foolish judgments of the vulgar tribe called great and wise, I suffered myself to be influenced and led by persons who called themselves my friends. These, hurt at seeing me walk alone in a new path, while I seemed to take measures for my happiness, used all their endeavours to render me ridiculous ; and, that they might afterwards defame me, first strove to make me contemptible. It was less my literary fame than my personal reformation, of which I here state the period, that drew upon me their jealousy. They, perhaps, might have pardoned me for having distinguished myself in the art of writing ; but they could never forgive my setting them by my conduct an example that, in their eyes, seemed to reflect on themselves. I was born for friendship ; my mind and easy disposition nourished it without difficulty. As long as I lived unknown to the public I was beloved by all my private acquaintance, and I had not a single enemy. But the moment I acquired

literary fame I¹ had no longer a friend. This was a great misfortune ; but a still greater was that of being surrounded by people who called themselves my friends, and used the rights attached to that sacred name to lead me on to destruction. The succeeding part of these memoirs will explain this odious conspiracy. I here speak of its origin, and the manner of the first intrigue will shortly appear.

In the independence in which I lived, it was, however, necessary to subsist. To this effect I thought of a very simple means—copying music at so much a page. If and employment more solid would have fulfilled the same end, I would have taken it up ; but that occupation being to my taste, and the only one that without personal attendance could procure me daily bread, I adopted it. Thinking I had no longer need of foresight, and, stifling the vanity of being cashier to a financier, I made myself a copyist of music. I thought I had made an advantageous choice, and of this I so little repented that I never quitted my new profession until I was forced to do so, after taking a fixed resolution to return to it as soon as possible.

The success of my first discourse rendered the execution of this resolution easier. As soon as it had gained the premium, Diderot undertook to get it printed. Whilst I was in my bed, he wrote me a note informing me of the publication and effect. “It takes,” said he, “beyond all belief ; never was there an instance of a like success.”

This favour of the public to an unknown author, and by no means solicited, gave me the first real assurance of my talents, of which, notwithstanding an internal sentiment, I had always had my doubts. I conceived the great advantage to be derived from it in favour of the way of life I had determined to pursue, and was of opinion that a copyist of some celebrity in the republic of letters was not likely to want employment.

The moment my resolution was confirmed, I wrote a note to M. de Francueil, communicating to him my intentions, thanking him and Madame Dupin for all their kindness, and offering my services in the way of my new profession.

Francueil did not understand my note, and, thinking I was still in the delirium of fever, hastened to my apartment ; but he found me so determined, that all he could say to me was without the least effect. He went to Madame Dupin, and told her and everybody he met that I had become insane. I let him say what he pleased, and pursued the plan I had conceived. I began to make changes in my dress ; I quitted laced clothes and white stockings ; I put on a round wig, laid aside my sword, and sold my watch ; saying to myself, with inexpressible pleasure, "Thank Heaven ! I shall no longer want to know the hour !" M. de Francueil had the goodness to wait a considerable time before he disposed of my place. At length, seeing me inflexibly resolved, he gave it to M. D'Alibard, formerly tutor to the young Chenonceaux, and known as a botanist by his *Flora Parisiensis*.*

However austere my sumptuary reform might be, I did not first extend it to the linen that remained from the stock I had at Venice, for it was fine and in great quantity, and I had a particular attachment for it. I had made it so much an object of cleanliness, that it became a rather expensive luxury. Some person, however, did me the favour to deliver me from this servitude. On Christmas Eve, whilst the *governesses* were at vespers, and I was at the *concert spirituel*, the door of a garret, in which all of our linen was hung up after being washed, was broken open. Everything was stolen ; and, amongst other things, forty-two of my shirts, of very fine linen, and the principal part of my stock. By the description the neighbours gave of a man whom they had seen come out of the hotel with several parcels whilst we were all absent, Thérèse and myself suspected her brother, whom we knew to be a worthless man. The mother strongly endeavoured to remove this suspicion, but so many circumstances concurred to prove it to be well founded, that

* I doubt not but these circumstances are now differently related by M. Francueil and his consorts ; but I appeal to what he said of them at the time, and long afterwards, to everybody he knew, until the forming of the conspiracy, of which men of common sense and honour must have preserved a remembrance.

notwithstanding all she could say, our opinions remained still the same. I dared not make a strict search, for fear of finding more than I wished to do. The brother never returned to the place where I lived, and at length was no more heard of by any of us. I was much grieved that Thérèse and myself should be connected with such a family, and I exhorted her more than ever to shake off so dangerous a yoke. This adventure cured me of my inclination for fine linen, and since that time all I have had has been very common and more suitable to the rest of my dress.

Having thus completed my reform, all my cares tended to render it solid and lasting, by striving to root out from my heart everything susceptible of receiving an impression from the judgment of men, or which, from the fear of blame, might turn me aside from anything good and reasonable in itself. In consequence of the success of my work, my resolution made some noise in the world also, and procured me employment, so that I began my new profession with great appearance of success. However, several causes hindered me from succeeding in it to the same degree I should under any other circumstances have done. In the first place my ill state of health. The attack I had just had brought on consequences that prevented my ever being so well as I was before ; and I am of opinion the physicians, to whose care I entrusted myself, did me as much harm as my illness. I was successively under the hands of Morand, Daran, Helvétius, Malouin, and Thierry, all very clever, and all of them my friends, who each treated me according to his own manner, without giving me the least relief, and weakened me considerably. The more I submitted to their direction, the yellower, thinner, the weaker I became. My terrified imagination, judging of my situation by the effect of their drugs, presented to me, on this side of the tomb, nothing but continued sufferings. Everything that gave relief to others, ptisans, baths, and bleeding, increased my tortures. Perceiving that the bongies of Daran, the only ones that had any favourable effect, and without which I thought I could no longer exist, gave me a momentary relief, I procured a

prodigious number of them, so that, in case of Daran's death, I might never be at a loss. During the eight or ten years I made such frequent use of these, they must, with what I had left, have cost me fifty louis.

It will easily be judged that such an expensive and painful means did not permit me to work without interruption; and that a dying man does not ardently pursue the business he gains his daily bread by.

Literary occupations caused another interruption not less prejudicial to my daily employment. My discourse had no sooner appeared, than the defenders of letters fell upon me as if they had agreed with each other to do so. My indignation was so roused at seeing so many blockheads, who did not understand the question, attempt to decide upon it imperiously, that, in my answer, I gave some of them the worst of it. One, M. Gautier, of Nancy, the first who fell under the lash of my pen, was very roughly treated in a letter to M. Grimm. The second was King Stanislaus himself, who did not disdain to enter the lists with me. The honour he did me obliged me to change my manner in combating his opinions. I made use of a graver style, but not less nervous, and, without failing in respect to the author, I completely refuted his work. I knew a Jesuit, Père Menou, had been concerned in it. I depended on my judgment to distinguish what was written by the prince from the production of the monk, and, falling without mercy upon all the Jesuitical phrases, I remarked, as I went along, an anachronism that I thought could come from nobody but the priest. This composition, for what reason I know not, has been less spoken of than any of my other writings, and is the only one of its kind. I seized the opportunity that thus offered itself to show the public in what way an individual may defend the cause of truth even against a sovereign. It is difficult to adopt a more dignified and respectful manner than that in which I answered him. I had the happiness to have to do with an adversary to whom, without adulation, I could show every mark of the esteem I heartily felt; and this I did

with success and a proper dignity. My friends, concerned for my safety, imagined they already saw me in the Bastille. This apprehension never once entered my head, and I was right in not being afraid. The good prince, after reading my answer, said, "I have had enough of it;—I will not return to the charge." I have, since that time, received from him different marks of esteem and benevolence, some of which I shall have occasion to speak of; and what I wrote was read in France and throughout Europe without meeting the least censure.

In a little time I had another adversary, whom I had not expected; this was the same M. Bordes, of Lyons, who, ten years before, had shown me much friendship, and from whom I had received several services. I had not forgotten him, but had neglected him from idleness, and had not sent him my writings for want of an opportunity, without seeking for it, to get them conveyed to his hands. I was, therefore, in the wrong, and he attacked me; this, however, he did politely, and I answered in the same manner. He replied more decidedly. This produced my last answer, after which I heard no more from him upon the subject; but he became my most violent enemy, took advantage of the time of my misfortunes to publish against me the most indecent libels, and made a journey to London on purpose to do me an injury.

All this controversy employed me a good deal, and caused a serious loss of time in my copying, without contributing much to the progress of truth or the good of my purse. Pissot, at that time my bookseller, gave me but little for my pamphlets, frequently nothing at all, and I never received a farthing for my first discourse. Diderot gave it him. I was obliged to wait a long time for the little he gave me, and to take it from him in the most trifling sums. Notwithstanding this, my copying went on but slowly. I had two things together upon my hands, the most likely means of doing them both ill.

They were very opposite in their effect by the different ways of living they rendered me subject to. The success of

my first writings had given me celebrity. My new situation excited curiosity. Everybody wished to know that whimsical man who sought not the acquaintance of any one, and whose only desire was to live free and happy in the manner he had chosen ; this was sufficient to make the thing impossible to me. My apartment was continually full of people, who, under different pretences, came to take up my time. The women employed a thousand artifices to engage me to dinner. The more impolite I was with people, the more obstinate they became. I could not refuse everybody. While I made myself a thousand enemies by my refusals, I was incessantly a slave to my complaisance, and, in whatever manner I made my engagements, I had not an hour in a day to myself.

I then perceived it was not so easy to be poor and independent as I had imagined. I wished to live by my profession ; the public would not suffer me to do it. A thousand means were concocted for the purpose of indemnifying me for the time I lost. The next thing would have been showing myself, like Punch, at so much each person. I knew no dependence more cruel and degrading than this. I saw no other method of putting an end to it than refusing all kinds of presents, great and small, let them come from whom they would. This had no other effect than to increase the number of givers, who wished to have the honour of overcoming my resistance, and to force me, in spite of myself, to be under an obligation to them. Many, who would not have given me half-a-crown had I asked it of them, incessantly importuned me with their offers, and, in revenge for my refusal, taxed me with arrogance and ostentation.

It will be naturally imagined that the resolution I had taken, and the system I wished to follow, were not in accord with Madame Le Vasseur's wishes. All the disinterestedness of the daughter did not prevent her from following the directions of her mother ; and the *governesses*, as Gauffecourt called them, were not always so steady in their refusals as I was. Although many things were concealed from me,

I detected as many as were necessary to enable me to judge that I did not see all, and this tormented me less by the accusation of connivance, which it was so easy for me to foresee, than by the cruel idea of never being master in my own apartments, nor even of my own person. I prayed, conjured, and became angry, all to no purpose; the mother made me pass for an eternal grumbler, and a man who was peevish and ungovernable. She held perpetual whisperings with my friends; everything in my little family was mysterious and a secret to me; and, that I might not incessantly expose myself to noisy quarrelling, I no longer dared to take notice of what passed. A firmness I was not capable of would have been required to withdraw me from this domestic strife. I knew how to complain, but not how to act; they suffered me to say what I pleased, and continued to act as they thought proper.

This constant teasing, and the daily importunities I was subjected to, rendered the house, and my residence at Paris, disagreeable to me. When my indisposition permitted me to go out, and I did not suffer myself to be led by my acquaintance first to one place and then to another, I took a walk alone, and reflected on my grand system; something of this I committed to paper, bound up between two covers, which, with a pencil, I always had in my pocket. In this manner, the unforeseen unpleasantness of a situation I had chosen entirely led me back to literature, and unsuspectingly I had recourse to it as a means of relieving my mind, and thus, in the first works I wrote, I introduced the peevishness and ill-humour that caused me to undertake them. There was another circumstance also contributing not a little to this: for, thrown into the world in spite of myself, without having the manners of it, or being in a situation to adopt and conform myself to them, I took it into my head to adopt others of my own, to enable me to dispense with those of society. My foolish and unconquerable timidity, having for principle the fear of being wanting in the common forms, I took, by way of encouraging myself, a resolution to tread them under foot. I became sour and a

ynic from shame, and affected to despise the politeness that I knew not how to practise. This austerity, conformable to my new principles, I must confess, seemed to ennoble itself in my mind ; it assumed, in my eyes, the form of the intrepidity of virtue ; and I dare assert it to be upon this noble basis that it supported itself longer and better than could have been expected from anything so contrary to my nature. Yet, notwithstanding I had the name of a misanthrope, which my exterior appearance and some happy expressions had given me in the world, it is certain I did not support the character well in private ; for my friends and acquaintance led this untractable bear about like a lamb ; and confining my sarcasms to severe but general truths, I was never capable of saying an uncivil thing to any person whatsoever. -

The *Devin du Village* brought me completely into vogue, and presently there was not a man in Paris whose company was more sought after than mine. The history of this piece, in itself a kind of era in my life, is joined with that of the connections I had at that time. I must enter a little into particulars to make what is to follow the better understood.

I had numerous acquaintances, yet no more than two friends, Diderot and Grimm. By an effect of the desire I have ever felt to unite everything that is dear to me, I was too much a friend to both not to make them shortly become so to each other. I connected them ; they agreed well together, and shortly became more intimate with each other than with me. Diderot had many acquaintances ; but Grimm, a stranger and a new-comer, had his to procure, and with the greatest pleasure I procured him all I could. I had already given him Diderot. I afterwards made him acquainted with Gaussecourt. I introduced him to Madame de Chenonceaux, Madame d'Epinay, and the Baron d'Holbach ; with whom I had become connected almost in spite of myself. All my friends became his ; this was natural, but not one of his ever became mine, which was inclining to the contrary. Whilst he yet lodged at the house of the

Comte de Frièse he frequently gave us dinners in his apartment, but I never received the least mark of friendship from the Comte de Frièse, or from Comte de Schomberg, his relation, who was very familiar with Grimm, nor from any other person, man or woman, with whom Grimm had any connection. I except the Abbé Raynal, who, although his friend, gave proofs of being mine also; and, in cases of need, offered me his purse with a generosity not very common. But I knew the Abbé Raynal long before Grimm had any acquaintance with him, and had entertained a great regard for him on account of his delicate and honourable behaviour to me upon a slight occasion, which I shall never forget.

The Abbé Raynal is certainly a warm friend; of this I saw a proof, much about the time I speak of, with respect to Grimm himself, with whom he was very intimate. Grimm, after having been some time on a footing of friendship with Mademoiselle Fel, fell violently in love with her, and wished to supplant Cahusac. The young lady, piquing herself on her constancy, refused her new admirer. He took this so much to heart that the appearance of his affliction became tragical. He suddenly fell into the strangest state imaginable. He passed days and nights in a continual lethargy. He lay with his eyes open, and although his pulse continued to beat regularly, without speaking, eating, or stirring, yet sometimes seeming to hear what was said to him, but never answering, not even by a sign, and remaining almost as immovable as if he had been dead, yet without agitation, pain, or fever. The Abbé Raynal and myself watched over him; the Abbé—more robust and in better health than I was—by night, and I by day, without ever both being absent at one time. The Comte de Frièse was alarmed, and brought to him Senac, who, after having examined him, said there was nothing to apprehend, and took his leave without giving a prescription. My fears for my friend made me carefully observe the countenance of the physician, and I perceived him smile as he went away.

However, the patient remained several days almost motionless, without taking anything except a few preserved cherries, which from time to time I put upon his tongue, and which he swallowed without difficulty. At length, he one morning rose, dressed himself, and returned to his usual way of life, without either at that time, or afterwards, speaking to me or the Abbé Raynal—at least, that I know of—or to any other person of this singular lethargy, or the care we had taken of him during the time it lasted.

The affair made a noise, and it would really have been a wonderful circumstance had the cruelty of an opera-girl made a man die of despair. This strong passion brought Grimm into vogue; he was soon considered as a prodigy in love, friendship, and attachments of every kind. Such an opinion made his company sought after, and procured him a good reception in the highest circles; and in this way he separated himself from me, with whom he was never inclined to associate when he could do so with any one else. I perceived him to be on the point of breaking with me entirely; for the lively and ardent sentiments he so paraded were those which, with less noise and pretension, I had really conceived for him. I was glad he succeeded in the world; but I did not wish him to do this by forgetting his friend. I one day said to him, "Grimm, you neglect me, and I forgive you for it. When the first intoxication of your success is over, and you begin to feel a void in your enjoyments, I hope you will return to your friend, in whom you will always find the same sentiments. At present, do not constrain yourself, I leave you at liberty to act as you please, and wait your leisure." He said I was right, made his arrangements in consequence, and shook off all restraint, so that I saw no more of him except in company with our common friends.

Our chief rendezvous, before he was connected with Madame d'Epinay, as he afterwards became, was at the house of Baron d'Holbach. This baron was the son of a man who had raised himself from obscurity. His fortune was considerable, and he used it nobly, receiving at his

house men of letters and merit ; and, by the knowledge he himself had acquired, was very worthy of holding a place amongst them. Having been long attached to Diderot, he endeavoured to become acquainted with me by his means, even before my name was known to the world. A natural repugnancy prevented me for a long time from answering his advances. One day, when he asked me the reason of my unwillingness, I told him he was too rich. He was, however, resolved to carry his point, and at length succeeded. My greatest misfortune proceeded from my being unable to resist the force of marked attention. I have ever had reason to repent of having yielded to it.

Another acquaintanceship which, as soon as I had any pretensions to it, was converted into friendship, was that of M. Duclos. I had several years before seen him, for the first time, at La Chevrette, at the house of Madame d'Epinay, with whom he was upon very good terms. On that day we only dined together, and he returned to town in the afternoon. But we had a conversation of a few moments after dinner. Madame d'Epinay had mentioned me to him, and my opera of the *Muses Galantes*. Duclos, endowed with too great talents not to be a friend to those in whom the like were found, was prepossessed in my favour, and invited me to go and see him. Notwithstanding my former wish, increased by an acquaintance, I was withheld by my timidity and indolence as long as I had no other passport to him than his complaisance. But, encouraged by my first success and by his eulogiums, which reached my ears, I went to see him. He returned my visit, and thus began the friendship between us which will ever render him dear to me. By him, as well as from the testimony of my own heart, I learned that uprightness and probity may sometimes be connected with the cultivation of letters.

Many other connections less solid, and which I shall not here particularize, were the effects of my first success, and lasted until curiosity was satisfied. I was a man so easily known, that on the next day nothing new was to be

discovered in me. However, a woman, who at that time was desirous of my acquaintance, became much more solidly attached to me than any of those whose curiosity I had excited : this was the Marquise de Créqui, niece to M. Le Bailli de Froulay, ambassador from Malta, whose brother had preceded M. Montaigu in the embassy to Venice, and whom I had gone to see on my return from that city. Madame de Créqui wrote to me. I visited her. She received me into her friendship. I sometimes dined with her. I met at her table several men of letters, amongst others M. Saurin, the author of *Spartacus*, *Barnevelt*, &c., since become my implacable enemy, for no other reason, at least that I can imagine, than my bearing the name of a man whom his father has cruelly persecuted.

It will appear that for a copyist, who ought to be employed in his business from morning to night, I had many interruptions, which rendered my days not very lucrative, and prevented me from being sufficiently attentive to what I did to do it well ; for which reason, half the time I had to myself was lost in erasing errors or beginning my sheet anew. This daily importunity rendered Paris more insupportable, and made me ardently wish to be in the country. I several times went to pass a few days at Marcoussis, where the vicar was known to Madame Le Vasseur, with whom we all arranged ourselves in such a manner as not to make things disagreeable to him. Grimm once went thither with us.* The vicar had a tolerable voice, sang well, and, although he did not read music, learned his part with great facility and precision. We passed our time in singing the trios I had composed at Chenonceaux. To these I added two or three new ones, to the words Grimm and the vicar wrote, well or ill. I cannot refrain from regretting these trios, composed and sung in

* Since I have neglected to relate here a trifling but memorable adventure I had with Grimm one day, on which we were to dine at the Fountain of St. Vandrille, I will let it pass ; but when I thought of it afterwards, I concluded that he was brooding in his heart the conspiracy he has, with so much success, since carried into execution.

moments of pure joy, and which I left at Wootton, with all my music. Mademoiselle Davenport has perhaps curled her hair with them ; but they are worthy of being preserved, and are, for the most part, of very good counterpoint. It was after one of these little excursions, in which I had the pleasure of seeing the "aunt" at her ease and very cheerful, and in which my spirits were much enlivened, that I wrote to the vicar, very rapidly and very ill, an epistle in verse, which will be found amongst my papers.

I had nearer to Paris another station much to my liking with M. Mussard, my countryman, relation, and friend, who at Passy had made himself a charming retreat, where I have passed some very peaceful moments. M. Mussard was a jeweller, a man of good sense, who, after having acquired a genteel fortune, had given his only daughter in marriage to M. de Valmalette, the son of an exchange broker, and *maître d'hôtel* to the King, and took the wise precaution to quit business in his declining years, and to place an interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. The good man Mussard, a real philosopher in practice, lived without care in a very pleasant house which he himself had built in a very pretty garden, laid out with his own hands. In digging the terraces of this garden he found fossil shells, and in such great quantities that his lively imagination saw nothing but shells in nature. He really thought the universe was composed of shells, and that the whole earth was only the sand of these in different strata. His attention being constantly engaged with his singular discoveries, his imagination became so heated with the ideas they gave him, that, in his head, they would soon have been converted into a system, that is, into folly, if, happily for his reason, but unfortunately for his friends, to whom he was dear, and to whom his house was an agreeable asylum, a most cruel and extraordinary disease had not put an end to his existence. A constantly increasing tumour in his stomach prevented him from eating, long before the cause of it was discovered, and after several years of suffering absolutely occasioned him to die of hunger. I

can never without the greatest affliction of mind call to recollection the last moments of this worthy man, who still received with so much pleasure Leneips and myself, the only friends whom the sight of his sufferings did not separate from him until his last hour, when he was reduced to devouring with his eyes the repasts he had placed before us, scarcely having the power of swallowing a few drops of weak tea, which came up again a moment afterwards. But before these days of sorrow, how many have I passed at his house with the chosen friends he had made himself! At the head of the list I placed the Abbé Prévôt, a very amiable man and very sincere, whose heart vivified his writings, worthy of immortality, and who, neither in his disposition nor in society, had the least of the melancholy colouring he gave to his works: Procope, the physician, a little Æsop, a favourite with the ladies: Boulanger, the celebrated posthumous author of *Despotisme Oriental*, and who, I am of opinion, extended the systems of Mussard on the duration of the world. His friends of the fairer sex consisted of Madame Denis, niece to Voltaire, who at that time was nothing more than a good kind of woman, and pretended not to wit: Madame Vanloo, certainly not handsome, but charming, and who sang like an angel: Madame de Valmalette herself, who sang well, and who, although very thin, would have been very amiable had she had fewer pretensions. Such, or very nearly such, was the society of M. Mussard, with which I should have been much pleased had not his *conchyliomania* more engaged my attention; and I can say, with great truth, that for upwards of six months I worked with him in his cabinet with as much pleasure as he felt himself.

He had long insisted upon the virtues of the waters of Passy, that they were proper in my case, and recommended me to come to his house to drink them. To withdraw myself from the tumult of the city, I at length consented, and went to pass eight or ten days at Passy, which on account of my being in the country were of more service to me than the waters I drank during my stay there. Mussard played

the violoncello, and was passionately fond of Italian music. This was the subject of a long conversation we had one evening after supper, particularly the opera-buffe we had both seen in Italy, and with which we were highly delighted. My sleep having forsaken me in the night, I considered in what manner it would be possible to give in France an idea of this kind of drama. The *Amours de Ragonde* did not in the least resemble it. In the morning, whilst I took my walk and drank the waters, I hastily threw together a few couplets, to which I adapted such airs as occurred to me at the moment. I scribbled over what I had composed in a kind of vaulted saloon at the end of the garden, and at tea I could not refrain from showing the airs to Mussard and to Mademoiselle du Vernois, his house-keeper, who was a very good and amiable girl. The pieces of composition I had sketched out were the first monologue : *J'ai perdu mon serviteur* ; the air of the *devin* : *L'amour croît s'il s'inquiète* ; and the last duo : *A jamais, Colin, je t'engage*, &c. I was so far from thinking it worth while to continue what I had begun, that had it not been for the applause and encouragement I received from both Mussard and Mademoiselle, I should have thrown my papers into the fire and thought no more of their contents, as I had frequently done with things of much the same merit ; but I was so animated by the encomiums that I received, that in six days my drama, excepting a few couplets, was written. The music also was so far sketched out that all I had further to do to it after my return from Paris was to compose a little of the recitative, and to add the middle parts, the whole of which I finished with so much rapidity that in three weeks my work was ready for representation. The only thing now wanting was the *divertissement*, which was not composed until a long time afterwards.

My imagination was so warmed by the composition of this work that I had the strongest desire to hear it performed, and would have given anything to have seen and heard the whole in the manner I should have chosen, which would have been that of Lully, who is said to have had

Armide performed for himself only. As it was not possible I should hear the performance unaccompanied by the public, I could not see the effect of my piece without getting it received at the Opera. Unfortunately it was quite a new species of composition, to which the ears of the public were not accustomed; and besides, the ill success of the *Muses Galantes* gave too much reason to fear for the *Devin*, if I presented it in my own name. Duclos relieved me from this difficulty, and engaged to get the piece rehearsed without mentioning the author. That I might not get myself discovered I did not go to the rehearsal, and the Petits Violons,* by whom it was directed, knew not who the author was until after a general plaudit had borne testimony to the work. Everybody present was so delighted with it that, on the next day, nothing else was spoken of in the different companies. M. de Cury, *intendant des menus*, who was present at the rehearsal, demanded the piece to have it performed at Court. Duclos, who knew my intentions, and thought I should be less master of my work at the Court than at Paris, refused to give it. Cury claimed it authoritatively. Duclos persisted in his refusal, and the dispute between them was carried to such a length that one day they would have gone out from the Opera House together had they not been separated. M. de Cury applied to me, and I referred him to Duclos. This made it necessary to return to the latter. The Duke d'Aumont interfered; and at length Duclos thought proper to yield to authority, and the piece was given to be played at Fontainebleau.

The part to which I had been most attentive, and in which I had kept at the greatest distance from the common track, was the recitative. Mine was accented in a manner entirely new, and accompanied the utterance of the word. The directors dared not suffer this horrid innovation to pass, lest it should shock the ears of persons who never judge for themselves. Another recitative was proposed by

* Rebel and Francœur, who, when very young, went together from house to house playing on the violin, were so called.

Francueil and Jelyotte, to which I consented ; but refused at the same time to have anything to do with it myself.

When everything was ready, and the day of performance fixed, a proposition was made to me to go to Fontainebleau, that I might at least be at the last rehearsal. I went with Mademoiselle Fel, Grimm, and I think the Abbé Raynal, in one of the stages to the Court. The rehearsal was tolerable : I was more satisfied with it than I expected to have been. The orchestra was numerous, composed of the orchestras of the Opera and the King's band. Jelyotte played Colin, Mademoiselle Fel, Colette ; Cuvillier, the *Devin* ; the choruses were those of the Opera. I said but little. Jelyotte had prepared everything. I was unwilling either to approve of or censure what he had done ; and notwithstanding I had assumed the air of an old Roman, I was, in the midst of so many people, as bashful as a schoolboy.

The next morning, the day of performance, I went to breakfast at the coffee-house *du Grand Commun*, where I found a great number of people. The rehearsal of the preceding evening, and the difficulty of getting into the theatre, were the subjects of conversation. An officer present said he entered with the greatest ease, gave a long account of what had passed, described the author, and related what he had said and done ; but what astonished me most in this long narrative, given with as much assurance as simplicity, was that it did not contain a syllable of truth. It was clear to me that he who spoke so positively of the rehearsal had not been at it, because, without knowing him, he had before his eyes that author whom he said he had seen and examined so minutely. However, what was more singular still in this scene was its effect upon me. The officer was a man rather in years ; he had nothing of the appearance of a coxcomb ; his features appeared to announce a man of merit, and his cross of Saint Louis an officer of long standing. He interested me, notwithstanding his impudence. Whilst he uttered his lies, I blushed, looked down, and was upon thorns. I for some time endeavoured within myself to find the means of believing him to be in an

involuntary error. At length, trembling lest some person should know me, and by this means confound him, I hastily drank my chocolate, without saying a word, and, holding down my head, I passed before him, got out of the coffee-house as soon as possible, whilst the company were making their remarks upon the relation that had been given. I was no sooner in the street than I was in a perspiration, and had anybody known and named me before I left the room, I am certain all the shame and embarrassment of a guilty person would have appeared in my countenance, proceeding from what I felt the poor man would have had to suffer had his lie been discovered.

I now come to one of the critical moments of my life, in which it is difficult to do anything more than to relate, because it is almost impossible that even narrative should not carry with it the marks of censure or apology. I will, however, endeavour to relate how and upon what motives I acted, without adding either approbation or censure.

I was on that day in the same careless undress as usual, with a long beard and wig badly combed. Considering this want of decency as an act of outrage, I entered the theatre wherein the King, Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole Court were to enter immediately after. I was conducted to a box by M. de Cury, which belonged to him. It was very spacious, upon the stage, and opposite to a lesser but more elevated one, in which the King sat with Madame de Pompadour. As I was surrounded by women, and the only man in front of the box, I had no doubt of my having been placed there purposely to be exposed to view. As soon as the theatre was lighted up, finding I was in the midst of people all extremely well-dressed, I began to be less at my ease, and asked myself if I was in my place, and whether or not I was properly dressed. After a few minutes of inquietude, "Yes," replied I, with an intrepidity which, perhaps, proceeded more from the impossibility of retracting than the force of all my reasoning, "I am in my place, because I am going to see my own piece performed, to which I have been invited, and for which reason only I

am come here ; and, after all, no person has a greater right than I have to reap the fruit of my labour and talents ; I am dressed as usual, neither better nor worse ; and if I once begin to subject myself to public opinion, I shall shortly become a slave to it in everything. To be always consistent with myself, I ought not to blush, at any place whatever, at being dressed in a manner suitable to the state I have chosen. My exterior appearance is simple, but neither dirty nor slovenly ; nor is a beard either of these in itself, because it is given us by nature, and according to time, place, and custom is sometimes an ornament. People think I am ridiculous ; nay, even absurd : but what signifies this to me ? I ought to know how to bear censure and ridicule, provided I do not deserve them." After this little soliloquy, I became so firm that, had it been necessary, I could have been intrepid. But whether it was the effect of the presence of his Majesty, or the natural disposition of those about me, I perceived nothing but what was civil and obliging in the curiosity of which I was the object. This so much affected me, that I began to be uneasy for myself, and the fate of my piece, fearing I should efface the favourable prejudices which seemed to lead to nothing but applause. I was armed against raillery ; but, so far overcome by the flattering and obliging treatment I had not expected, that I trembled like a child when the performance was begun.

I had soon sufficient reason to be encouraged. The piece was very ill played with respect to the actors, but the musical part was well sung and executed. During the first scene, which was really of a delightful simplicity, I heard in the boxes a murmur of surprise and applause, which, relative to pieces of the same kind, had never yet happened. The fermentation was soon increased to such a degree as to be perceptible through the whole audience, and of which, to speak after the manner of Montesquieu, the effect was augmented by itself. In the scene between the two good little folks this effect was complete. There is no clapping of hands before the King ; therefore everything was heard,

which was advantageous to the author and the piece. I heard about me a whispering of women, who appeared as beautiful as angels. They said to each other in a low voice, "This is charming! That is ravishing! There is not a sound which does not go to the heart!" The pleasure of giving this emotion to so many amiable persons moved me to tears; and these I could not contain in the first duo, when I remarked that I was not the only person who wept. I collected myself for a moment, on recollecting the concert of M. de Tretorens. This reminiscence had the effect of the slave who held the crown over the head of the general who triumphed; but my reflection was short, and I soon abandoned myself without interruption to the pleasure of enjoying my success. However, I am certain the voluptuousness of the sex was more predominant than the vanity of the author, and had none but men been present, I certainly should not have had the incessant desire I felt of catching on my lips the delicious tears I had caused to flow. I have known pieces excite more lively admiration, but I never saw so complete, delightful, and affecting an intoxication of the senses reign, during a whole representation, especially at Court, and at a first performance. Those who saw this must recollect it, for it has never yet been equalled.

The same evening the Duke d'Aumont sent to desire me to be at the Palace the next day at eleven o'clock, when he would present me to the King. M. de Cury, who delivered me the message, added that he thought a pension was intended, and that his Majesty wished to announce it to me himself. Will it be believed that the night of so brilliant a day was for me a night of anguish and perplexity? My first idea, after that of being presented, was that of my frequently wanting to retire; this had made me suffer very considerably at the theatre, and might torment me the next day when I should be in the gallery, or in the King's apartment, amongst all the great, waiting for the passing of his Majesty. My infirmity was the principal cause which prevented me from mixing in polite companies, and

enjoying the conversation of the fair. The idea alone of the situation in which this want might place me was sufficient to produce it to such a degree as to make me faint away, or to recur to means which, in my opinion, death was much preferable. None but persons who are acquainted with this situation can judge of the horror which being exposed to the risk of it inspires.

I then suppose myself before the King, presented to his Majesty, who deigned to stop and speak to me. In this situation, justness of expression and presence of mind were peculiarly necessary in answering. Would my timidity, which disconcerts me in the presence of any stranger whatever, have been shaken off in the presence of the King of France ; or would it have suffered me instantly to make choice of proper expressions ? I wished, without laying aside the austere manner I had adopted, to show myself sensible of the honour done me by so great a monarch, and in a merited eulogium to convey some great and useful truth. I could not prepare a suitable answer without exactly knowing what his Majesty was to say to me ; and had this been the case, I was certain that, in his presence, I should not recollect a word of what I had previously meditated. "What," said I, "will become of me in this moment, and before the whole Court, if, in my confusion, any of my stupid expressions should escape me ?" This danger alarmed and terrified me. I trembled to such a degree that at all events I was determined not to expose myself to it.

I lost, it is true, the pension, which in some measure was offered me ; but I at the same time exempted myself from the yoke it would have imposed. Adieu, truth, liberty, and courage ! How should I afterwards have dared to speak of disinterestedness and independence ? Had I received the pension, I must either have become a flatterer or remained silent ; and, moreover, who would have ensured to me the payment of it ? What steps should I have been under the necessity of taking ? How many people must I have solicited ? I should have had more trouble and anxious cares

in preserving than in doing without it. Therefore I thought I acted according to my principles by refusing, and sacrificing appearances to reality. I communicated my resolution to Grimm, who said nothing against it. To others I alleged my ill state of health, and left the Court in the morning.

My departure made some noise, and was generally condemned. My reasons could not be known to everybody ; it was, therefore, easy to accuse me of foolish pride, and thus not irritate the jealousy of such as felt they would not have acted as I had done. The next day Jelyotte wrote me a note, in which he stated the success of my piece, and the pleasure it had afforded the King. "All day long," said he, "his Majesty sings, with the worst voice in his kingdom : *J'ai perdu mon serviteur ; j'ai perdu tout mon bonheur.*" He likewise added that in a fortnight the *Devin* was to be performed a second time ; which confirmed in the eyes of the public the complete success of the first.

Two days afterwards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as I was going to sup with Madame d'Epinay, I perceived a hackney coach pass by the door. Somebody within made a sign to me to approach. I did so, and got into it, and found the person to be Diderot. He spoke of the pension with more warmth than, upon such a subject, I should have expected from a philosopher. He did not blame me for having been unwilling to be presented to the King, but severely reproached me with my indifference about the pension. He observed that, although on my own account I might be disinterested, I ought not to be so on that of Madame Le Vasseur and her daughter ; that it was my duty to seize every means of providing for their subsistence ; and that as, after all, it could not be said I had refused the pension, he maintained I ought, since the King seemed disposed to grant it to me, to solicit and obtain it by one means or another. Although I was obliged to him for his good wishes, I could not relish his maxims, which produced a warm dispute—the first I ever had with him. All our disputes were of this kind, he prescribing to me what he pre-

tended I ought to do, and I defending myself because I was of a different opinion.

It was late when we parted. I would have taken him to supper at Madame d'Epinay's, but he refused to go ; and, notwithstanding all the efforts which at different times the desire of uniting those I love induced me to make to prevail upon him to see her, even that of conducting her to his door, which he kept shut against us, he constantly refused to see her, and never spoke of her but with the utmost contempt. It was not until after I had quarrelled with both that they became acquainted, and that he began to speak honourably of her.

From this time Diderot and Grimm seemed to have undertaken to alienate me from the *governesses*, by giving them to understand that if they were not in easy circumstances the fault was mine, and that they would never become so with me. They endeavoured to prevail on them to leave me, promising them the privilege for retailing salt, a snuff-shop, and I know not what other advantages, by means of the influence of Madame d'Epinay. They likewise wished to gain over Duclos and d'Holbach, but the former constantly refused their proposals. I had at the time some intimation of what was going forward, but I was not fully acquainted with the whole until long afterwards ; and I frequently had reason to lament the effects of the blind and indiscreet zeal of my friends, who, in my ill state of health, striving to reduce me to the most melancholy solitude, endeavoured, as they imagined, to render me happy by the means which, of all others, were the most proper to make me miserable.

In the Carnival following the conclusion of the year 1753 the *Devin* was performed at Paris, and in this interval I had sufficient time to compose the overture and *divertissement*. This *divertissement*, such as it stands engraved, was to be an action from the beginning to the end, and in a continued subject, which, in my opinion, afforded very agreeable representations. But when I proposed this idea at the Opera House, nobody would so much as hearken to me, and I was obliged to tack together music and dances in the

usual manner. On this account the *divertissement*, although full of charming ideas, which did not diminish the beauty of the scenes, succeeded very indifferently. I suppressed the recitative of Jelyotte, and substituted my own, such as I had first composed it, and as it is now engraved ; and this recitative, a little after the French manner, I confess, drawled out, instead of pronounced by the actors, far from shocking the ears of any person, equally succeeded with the airs, and seemed in the judgment of the public to possess as much musical merit. I dedicated my piece to Duclos, who had given it his protection, and declared it should be my only dedication. I have, however, with his consent, written a second ; but he must have thought himself more honoured by the exception than if I had not written a dedication to any person.

I could relate many anecdotes concerning this piece, but things of greater importance prevent me from entering into a detail of them at present. I shall, perhaps, resume the subject in a supplement. There is, however, one which I cannot omit, as it relates to the greater part of what is to follow. I one day examined the music of D'Holbach in his closet. After having looked over many different kinds, he said, showing me a collection of pieces for the harpsichord, "These were composed for me ; they are full of taste and harmony, and unknown to anybody but myself. You ought to make a selection from them for your *divertissement*." Having in my head more subjects of airs and symphonies than I could make use of, I was not the least anxious to have any of his. However, he pressed me so much, that, from a motive of complaisance, I chose a pastoral, which I abridged and converted into a trio, for the entry of the companions of Colette. Some months afterwards, and whilst the *Devin* still continued to be performed, going into Grimm's, I found several about his harpsichord, whence he hastily rose on my arrival. As I accidentally looked towards his music-stand, I there saw the same collection of the Baron d'Holbach, opened precisely at the piece he had prevailed upon me to take, assuring me at the same time

that it should never go out of his hands. Some time afterwards I again saw the collection open on the harpsichord of M. d'Epinaÿ one day when he gave a little concert. Neither Grimm nor anybody else ever spoke to me of the air, and my reason for mentioning it here is that some time afterwards a rumour was spread that I was not the author of *Devin*. As I never made great progress in the practical part, I am persuaded that, had it not been for my Dictionary of Music, it would in the end have been said I did not understand composition.*

Sometime before the *Devin du Village* was performed, a company of Italian *bouffe* singers had arrived at Paris, and were ordered to perform at the Opera House, without the effect they would produce there being foreseen. Although they were detestable, and the orchestra, at that time very ignorant, mutilated at will the pieces they gave, they did the French opera an injury that will never be repaired. The comparison of these two kinds of music, heard the same evening in the same theatre, opened the ears of the French. Nobody could endure their languid music after the marked and lively accents of Italian composition; and the moment the *bouffe* singers had done everybody went away. The managers were obliged to change the order of representation, and let the performance of the Italians be the last. *Egle Pigmalion* and *Le Sylphe* were successively given: nothing could bear the comparison. The *Devin du Village* was the only piece that did it, and this was still relished after *La Serva Padrona*. When I composed my interlude, my head was filled with these pieces, and gave me the first idea of it. I was, however, far from imagining they would one day be passed in review by the side of my composition. Had I been a plagiarist, how many pilferings would have been manifest, and what care would have been taken to point them out to the public! But I had done nothing of the kind. All attempts to discover any such thing were fruitless; nothing was found in my music which

* I little suspected this would be said of me, notwithstanding my Dictionary.

led to the recollection of that of any other person, and my whole composition, compared with the pretended original, was found to be as new as the musical characters I had invented. Had Mondonville or Rameau undergone the same ordeal, they would have lost much of their substance.

The *bouffe* artists acquired for Italian music very warm partisans. All Paris was divided into two parties, the violence of which was greater than if an affair of state or religion had been in question. One of them, the most powerful and numerous, composed of the great, of men of fortune, and the ladies, supported French music; the other, more lively and haughty, and fuller of enthusiasm, was composed of real connoisseurs, and men of talents and genius. This little group assembled at the Opera House, under the box belonging to the Queen. The other party filled up the rest of the pit and theatre; but the heads were mostly assembled under the box of his Majesty. Hence the party names of "Coin du Roi," "Coin de la Reine,"* then in great celebrity. The dispute, as it became more animated, produced several pamphlets. The King's corner aimed at pleasantry; it was laughed at by the *Petit Prophète*. It attempted to reason; the *Lettre sur la Music Française* refuted its reasoning. These two little productions, the former of which was by Grimm, the latter by myself, are the only ones which have outlived the quarrel; all the rest are long since forgotten.

But the *Petit Prophète* which, notwithstanding all I could say, was for a long time attributed to me, was considered as a pleasantry, and did not produce the least inconvenience to the author; whereas the letter on music was taken seriously, and incensed against me the whole nation, which thought itself offended by this attack on its music. The description of the incredible effect of this pamphlet would be worthy of the pen of Tacitus. The great quarrel between the Parliament and the clergy was then at its height. The Parliament had just been exiled; the fermentation was

* King's corner—Queen's corner.

general ; everything announced an approaching insurrection. The pamphlet appeared ; from that moment every other quarrel was forgotten ; the perilous state of French music was the only thing by which the attention of the public was engaged, and the only insurrection was against myself. This was so general that it has never since been calmed. At Court, the Bastile or banishment was absolutely determined on, and a *lettre de cachet* would have been issued had not M. de Voyer set forth in the most forcible manner that such a step would be ridiculous. Were I to say this pamphlet probably prevented a revolution, the reader would imagine I was in a dream. It is, however, a fact the truth of which all Paris can attest, it being no more than fifteen years since the date of this singular fact. Although no attempts were made on my liberty, I suffered numerous insults, and even my life was in danger. The musicians of the Opera orchestra humanely resolved to murder me as I went out of the theatre. Of this I received information ; but the only effect it produced on me was to make me more assiduously attend the Opera ; and I did not learn, until a considerable time afterwards, that M. Ancellet, officer in the Mousquetaires, and who had a friendship for me, had prevented the effect of this conspiracy by giving me an escort, which, unknown to myself, accompanied me until I was out of danger. The direction of the Opera House had just been given to the Hôtel de Ville. The first exploit performed by the Prévot des Marchants was to take from me my freedom of the theatre, and this in the most uncivil manner possible. Admission was publicly refused me on my presenting myself, so that I was obliged to take a ticket that I might not that evening have the mortification to return as I had come. This injustice was the more shameful as the only price I had set on my piece when I gave it to the managers was a perpetual freedom of the house ; for although this was a right common to every author, and which I enjoyed under a double title, I especially stipulated for it in the presence of M. Duclos. It is true the treasurer brought me fifty louis, for which I had not asked ; but, besides the smallness of

the sum, compared with that which, according to the rules established in such cases, was due to me, this payment had nothing in common with the right of entry formerly granted, and which was entirely independent of it. There was in this behaviour such a complication of iniquity and brutality, that the public, notwithstanding its animosity against me, which was then at its highest, was universally shocked at it, and many persons who insulted me the preceding evening the next day exclaimed in the open theatre that it was shameful thus to deprive an author of his right of entry, and particularly one who had so well deserved it, and was entitled to claim it for himself and another person. So true is the Italian proverb : *Ogn' un ama la giustizia in cosa d'altrui* (Every one loves justice in the affairs of another).

In this situation the only thing I had to do was to demand my work, since the price I had agreed to receive for it was refused me. For this purpose I wrote to M. D'Argenson, who had this department of the Opera. I likewise enclosed to him a memoir which was unanswerable ; but this, as well as my letter, was ineffectual, and I received no answer to either. The silence of that unjust man hurt me extremely, and did not contribute to increase the very moderately good opinion I always had of his character and abilities. It was in this manner the managers kept my piece, while they deprived me of that for which I had given it them. From the weak to the strong, such an act would be a theft ; from the strong to the weak, it is nothing more than an appropriation of property, without a right.

With respect to the pecuniary advantages of the work, although it did not produce a fourth part of the sum it would have done to any other person, they were considerable enough to enable me to subsist several years, and to make amends for the ill-success of copying, which went on but very slowly. I received a hundred louis from the King ; fifty from Madame de Pompadour, for the performance at Bellevue, where she herself played the part of Colin ; fifty

from the Opera ; and five hundred livres from Pissot for the engraving ; so that this interlude, which cost me no more than five or six weeks' application, produced, notwithstanding the ill-treatment I received from the managers and my stupidity at Court, almost as much money as my *Emilie*, which had cost me twenty years' meditation and three years' labour. But I paid dearly for the pecuniary ease I received from the piece, by the infinite vexations it brought upon me. It was the germ of the secret jealousies which did not appear until a long time afterwards. After its success I did not remark, either in Grimm, Diderot, or any of the men of letters with whom I was acquainted, the same cordiality and frankness, nor that pleasure in seeing me, I had previously experienced. The moment I appeared at the Baron's the conversation was no longer general. The company divided into small parties ; whispered into each other's ears ; and I remained alone, without knowing to whom to address myself. I endured for a long time this mortifying neglect ; and, perceiving that Madame d'Holbach, who was mild and amiable, still received me well, I bore with the vulgarity of her husband as long as it was possible. But he one day attacked me without reason or pretence, and with such brutality, in presence of Diderot, who said not a word, and Margency, who since that time has often told me how much he admired the moderation and mildness of my answers, that, at length driven from his house by this unworthy treatment, I took leave of it with a resolution never to enter it again. This did not, however, prevent me from speaking honourably of him and his house, whilst he continually expressed himself relative to me in the most insulting terms, calling me that *petit cuistre* (the little college pedant, or servitor in a college) without, however, being able to charge me with having done either to himself or any person to whom he was attached the most trifling injury. In this manner he verified my fears and predictions. I am of opinion that my pretended friends would have pardoned me for having written books, and even excellent ones, because this merit was not foreign to themselves ; but that they could not forgive my writing an opera,

nor the brilliant success it had, because there was not one of them capable of the same, nor in a situation to aspire to like honours. Duclos, the only person superior to jealousy, seemed to have become more attached to me. He introduced me to Mademoiselle Quinault, in whose house I received polite attention and civility to as great an extreme as I had found a want of it in that of M. d'Holbach.

Whilst the performance of the *Devin du Village* was continued at the Opera House, the author of it had an advantageous negotiation with the managers of the Comédie Française. Not having during seven or eight years been able to get my *Narcissus* performed at the Italian theatre, I had, by the bad performance in French of the actors, become disgusted with it, and should rather have had my piece received at the French theatre than by them. I mentioned this to La Noue, the comedian, with whom I had become acquainted, and who, as everybody knows, was a man of merit, and an author. He was pleased with the piece, and promised to get it performed without suffering the name of the author to be known; and in the meantime procured me the freedom of the theatre, which was extremely agreeable to me, for I always preferred it to the two others. The piece was favourably received, and without the author's name being mentioned; but I have reason to believe it was known to the actors and actresses, and many other persons. Mademoiselle Gauffin and Grandval played the amorous parts; and although the whole performance was, in my opinion, injudicious, the piece could not be said to be absolutely ill played. The indulgence of the public, for which I felt a gratitude, surprised me; the audience had the patience to listen to it from the beginning to the end, and to permit a second representation without showing the least sign of disapprobation. For my part, I was so wearied with the first that I could not hold out to the end; and the moment I left the theatre I went into the Café de Procope, where I found Boissi and others of my acquaintance, who had probably been as much fatigued as myself. I there humbly or haughtily avowed myself the author of the piece, judging

it as everybody else had done. This public avowal of an author of a piece which had not succeeded was much admired, and was by no means painful to myself. My self-love was flattered by the courage with which I made it, and I am of opinion that on this occasion there was more pride in speaking than there would have been foolish shame in being silent. However, as it was certain the piece, although stupid in the performance, would bear to be read, I had it printed; and in the preface, which is one of the best things I ever wrote, I began to make my principles more public than I had before done.

I soon had an opportunity to explain them entirely in a work of the greatest importance; for it was, I think, this year, 1753, that the *Programma* of the Academy of Dijon upon the "*Origin of the Inequality of Mankind*" made its appearance. Struck with this great question, I was surprised the Academy had dared to propose it; but since it had shown sufficient courage to do it, I thought I might venture to treat it, and immediately undertook the discussion.

That I might consider this grand subject more at my ease, I went to St. Germain for seven or eight days with Thérèse, our hostess, who was a good kind woman, and one of her friends. I consider this walk as one of the most delightful ones I ever took. The weather was very fine. These good women took upon themselves all the care and expense. Thérèse amused herself with them; and I, free from all domestic concerns, diverted myself, without restraint, at the hours of dinner and supper. All the rest of the day, wandering in the forest, I sought for and found there the image of the primitive ages of which I boldly traced the history. I confounded the pitiful lies of men; I dared to unveil their nature; to follow the progress of time, and the things by which it has been disfigured; and, comparing the man of art with the natural man, to show them, in their pretended improvement, the real source of all their misery. My mind, elevated by these contemplations, ascended to the Divinity; and thence, seeing my fellow-creatures follow in the blind track of their prejudices, that of their errors and

misfortunes, I cried out to them, in a feeble voice, which they did not hear: "Madmen! know that all your evils proceed from yourselves!"

From these meditations resulted the discourse on Inequality, a work more to the taste of Diderot than any of my other writings, and in which his advice was of the greatest service to me.* It was, however, understood by few readers, and not one of these would ever speak of it. I had written it to become a competitor for the premium, and sent it away fully persuaded that it would not obtain it, being well convinced it was not for productions of this nature that academies were founded.

This excursion and this occupation enlivened my spirits and was of service to my health. Several years before, tormented by my disorder, I had entirely given myself up to the care of physicians, who, without alleviating my sufferings, exhausted my strength and destroyed my constitution. At my return from St. Germain, I found myself stronger and perceived my health to be improved. I followed this indication, and determined to cure myself, or die without the aid of physicians and medicine. I bade them for ever adieu, and lived from day to day, keeping close when I found myself indisposed, and going abroad the moment I had sufficient strength to do it. The manner of living in Paris amidst people of pretensions was so little to my liking; the cabals of men of letters, the want of candour in their writings, and the air of importance they gave themselves in the world were so odious to me; I found such little mildness, openness of heart, and frankness in the

* At the time I wrote this I had not the least suspicion of the grand conspiracy of Diderot and Grimm, otherwise I should easily have discovered how much the former abused my confidence, by giving to my writings that severity and melancholy which were not to be found in them from the moment he ceased to direct me. The passage of the philosopher, who argues with himself, and stops his ears against the complaints of a man in distress, is after his manner: and he gave me others still more extraordinary, which I could never resolve to make use of. But, attributing this melancholy to that he had acquired in the dungeon of Vincennes, and of which there is a very sufficient dose in "Clairval," I never once suspected the least unfriendly dealing

intercourse even of my friends ; that disgusted with this life of tumult, I began ardently to wish to reside in the country, and not perceiving that my occupation permitted me to do it, I went to pass there all the time I had to spare. For several months I went after dinner to walk alone in the Bois de Boulogne, meditating on subjects for future works, and not returning until evening.

Gauffecourt, with whom I was at that time extremely intimate, being on account of his employment obliged to go to Geneva, proposed to me the journey, to which I consented. The state of my health was such as to require the cares of the *governess* ; it was therefore decided she should accompany us, and that her mother should remain in the house. After thus having made our arrangements, we set off on the first of June, 1754.

This was the period when, at the age of forty-two, I for the first time in my life felt a diminution of my natural confidence, to which I had abandoned myself without reserve or inconvenience. We had a private carriage, in which with the same horses we travelled very slowly. I frequently got out and walked. We had scarcely performed half our journey when Thérèse showed the greatest uneasiness at being left in the carriage with Gauffecourt ; and when, notwithstanding her remonstrances, I would get out as usual, she insisted upon doing the same, and walking with me. I chided her for this caprice, and so strongly opposed it that at length she found herself obliged to declare to me the cause whence it proceeded. I thought I was in a dream ; my surprise was beyond expression, when I learned that my friend M. de Gauffecourt, upwards of sixty years of age, crippled by the gout, impotent and exhausted by pleasures, had, since our departure, incessantly endeavoured to corrupt one who belonged to his friend, and was no longer young nor handsome, by the most base and shameful means, such as presenting to her a purse, attempting to inflame her imagination by the reading of an abominable book, and by the sight of infamous figures, with which it was filled. Thérèse, full of indignation, once

threw his scandalous book out of the carriage ; and I learned that on the first evening of our journey, a violent headache having obliged me to retire to bed before supper, he had employed the whole time of this *tête-à-tête* in actions more worthy of a satyr than a man of worth and honour, to whom I thought I had entrusted my companion and myself. What astonishment and grief of heart for me ! I, who until then had believed friendship to be inseparable from every amiable and noble sentiment which constitutes all its charm, for the first time in my life found myself under the necessity of connecting it with disdain, and of withdrawing my confidence from a man for whom I had an affection, and by whom I imagined myself beloved ! The wretch concealed from me his turpitude ; and that I might not expose Thérèse, I was obliged to conceal from him my contempt, and secretly to harbour in my heart such sentiments as were foreign to its nature. Sweet and sacred illusion of friendship ! Gauffecourt first took the veil from before my eyes. What cruel hands have since that time prevented it from again been drawn over them !

At Lyons I quitted Gauffecourt to take the road to Savoy, being unable to be so near “ Mamam ” without seeing her. I saw her—good God, in what a situation ! How contemptible ! What remained to her of primitive virtue ! Was it the same Madame de Warens, formerly so gay and lively, to whom the vicar of Pontverre had given me recommendations ! How my heart was wounded ! The only resource I saw for her was to quit the country. I earnestly, but vainly, repeated the invitation I had several times given her in my letters, to come and live peacefully with me, assuring her I would dedicate the rest of my life, and that of Thérèse to render hers happy. Attached to her pension, from which, although it was regularly paid, she had not for a long time received the least advantage, my offers were lost upon her. I again gave her a trifling part of the contents of my purse, much less than I ought to have done, and considerably less than I should have offered her had not I been certain of its not being of the least service to herself.

During my residence at Geneva, she made a journey into Chablais, and came to see me at Grange-canal. She was in want of money to continue her journey ; what I had in my pocket was insufficient to this purpose ; but an hour afterwards I sent it her by Thérèse. Poor "Mamam"! I must relate this proof of the goodness of her heart. A little diamond ring was the last jewel she had left. She took it from her finger to put it upon that of Thérèse, who instantly replaced it upon that whence it had been taken, kissing the generous hand which she bathed with her tears. Ah! this was the proper moment to discharge my debt! I should have abandoned everything to follow her, and share her fate, let it be what it would. I did nothing of the kind. My attention was engaged by another attachment, and I perceived the attachment I had to her was diminished by the slender hopes there were of rendering it useful to either of us. I sighed after her, my heart was grieved at her situation, but I did not follow her. Of all the remorse I felt, this was the strongest and most lasting. I merited the terrible chastisement with which I have since that time incessantly been overwhelmed ; may this have expiated my ingratitude! Of this I appear guilty in my conduct ; but my heart has been too much distressed by what I did ever to have been that of an ungrateful man.

Before my departure from Paris I had sketched out the dedication of my "Discourse on Inequality." I finished it at Chambéry, and dated it from that place, thinking that, to avoid all chicanery, it was better not to date it either from France or Geneva. The moment I arrived in that city I abandoned myself to the republican enthusiasm which had brought me to it. This was augmented by the reception I there met with. Kindly treated by persons of every description, I entirely gave myself up to a patriotic zeal, and, mortified at being excluded from the rights of a citizen by the possession of a religion different from that of my forefathers, I resolved openly to return to the latter. I thought the gospel being the same for every Christian, and the only difference in religious opinions the result of the explanations

given by men to that which they did not understand, it was the exclusive right of the sovereign power in every country to fix the mode of worship, and these unintelligible opinions ; and that, consequently, it was the duty of a citizen to admit the one and conform to the other in the manner prescribed by the law. The conversation of the Encyclopædists, far from staggering my faith, gave it additional strength by my natural aversion to disputes and party. The study of man and the universe had everywhere shown me the final causes and the wisdom by which they were directed. The reading of the Bible, and especially that of the New Testament, to which I had for several years past applied myself, had given me a sovereign contempt for the base and stupid interpretations given to the words of Jesus Christ by persons quite unworthy of understanding His divine doctrine. In a word, philosophy, while it attached me to the essential part of religion, had detached me from the trash of the little formularies with which men had rendered it obscure. Judging that for a reasonable man there were not two ways of being a Christian, I was also of opinion that in each country everything relative to form and discipline was within the jurisdiction of the laws. From this principle, so social and pacific, and which has brought upon me such cruel persecutions, it followed that, if I desired to be a citizen of Geneva, I must become a Protestant, and conform to the mode of worship existing in my country. This I resolved upon ; moreover, I placed myself under the instructions of the pastor of the parish in which I lived, and which was without the city. All I desired was not to appear at the consistory. However, the ecclesiastical edict was expressly to that effect ; but it was agreed to dispense with it in my favour, and a commission of five or six members was named to receive my profession of faith. Unfortunately, the minister Perdrian, a mild and amiable man, took it into his head to inform me that the members were rejoiced at the thoughts of hearing me speak in the little assembly. This expectation alarmed me to such a degree, that, having night and day during three weeks studied a little discourse I had prepared,

I was so confused when the time came for me to pronounce it that I could not utter a single word, and during the conference I had the appearance of the most stupid schoolboy. The persons deputed spoke for me, and I answered *yes* and *no* like a blockhead; I was afterwards admitted to the communion, and reinstated in my rights as a citizen. I was enrolled as such in the list of guards, paid by none but citizens and burgesses, and I attended at a council-general extraordinary to receive the oath from the syndic Mussard. I was so impressed with the kindness afforded me on this occasion by the council and the consistory, and by the great civility and obliging behaviour of the magistrates, ministers, and citizens, that, pressed by the worthy Deluc, who was incessant in his persuasions, and still more so by my own inclination, I did not think of going back to Paris for any other purpose than to break up housekeeping, find a situation for M. and Madame Le Vasseur, or provide for their subsistence, and then return with Thérèse to Geneva, there to settle for the rest of my days.

After forming this resolution, I suspended all serious affairs, in order that I should better enjoy the company of my friends until the time of my departure. Of all the amusements of which I partook, that with which I was most pleased was sailing round the lake in a boat, with Deluc the father, his daughter-in-law, his two sons, and my Thérèse. We devoted seven days to this excursion in the finest weather possible. I preserved a lively remembrance of the situation which struck me at the other extremity of the lake, and of which I, some years afterwards, gave a description in my "New Heloise."

The principal connections I made at Geneva, besides the Delucs, of which I have spoken, were the young minister Vernes, with whom I had already been acquainted at Paris, and of whom I then formed a better opinion than I afterwards had of him; M. Perdriau, then a country pastor, now professor of *belles lettres*, whose mild and agreeable society will ever make me regret the loss of it, although he has

since thought proper to detach himself from me ; M. Jalabert, at that time professor of natural philosophy, since become counsellor and syndic, to whom I read my " Discourse on Inequality " (but not the dedication), with which he seemed to be delighted ; the professor Lullin, with whom I maintained a correspondence until his death, and who gave me a commission to purchase books for the library ; the professor Vernet, who, like most other people, turned his back upon me after I had given him proofs of attachment and confidence of which he ought to have been sensible, if a theologian can be affected by anything ; Chappuis, clerk and successor to Gauffecourt, whom he wished to supplant, and who, soon afterwards, was himself supplanted ; Marcet de Mezières, an old friend of my father, and who had also shown himself to be mine : after having well deserved of his country he became a dramatic author, and pretending to be of the Council of Two Hundred, changed his principles, and, before he died, became ridiculous. But he from whom I expected most was Moulton, a very promising young man by his talents and his brilliant imagination, whom I have always loved, although his conduct with respect to me was frequently equivocal, and notwithstanding his being connected with my most cruel enemies, whom I cannot but look upon as destined to become the defender of my memory and the avenger of his friend.

In the midst of these dissipations I neither lost the taste for my solitary excursions nor the habit of them. I frequently took long walks upon the banks of the lake, during which my mind, accustomed to reflection, did not remain idle. I digested the plan already formed of my "*Political Institutions*," of which I shall shortly have to speak. I meditated a history of the Valais : the plan of a tragedy in prose, its subject, nothing less than Luretia, did not deprive me of the hope of succeeding, although I dared again to exhibit that unfortunate heroine when she could no longer be suffered upon any French stage. I, at that time, tried my abilities with Tacitus, and translated the first books of his history, which will be found amongst my papers.

After a residence of four months at Geneva, I returned in the month of October to Paris; and avoided passing through Lyons, that I might not again have to travel with Gauffecourt. As the arrangement I had made did not require my being in Geneva until the following spring, I returned during the winter to my habits and occupations. The latter consisted principally of examining the proof-sheets of my "Discourse on Inequality" printed in Holland, by the bookseller Rey, with whom I had shortly before become acquainted at Geneva. This work was dedicated to the Republic; but as the publication might be unpleasant to the Council, I preferred to wait until it had taken its effect at Geneva before I returned thither. This effect was not favourable to me; and the dedication, which the most pure patriotism had dictated, created me enemies in the Council, and inspired even many of the burgesses with jealousy. M. Chouet, at that time first syndic, wrote me a polite but decidedly cold letter, which will be found amongst my papers. I received from private persons, amongst others from Deluc and De Jalabert, a few compliments, and these were all. I did not perceive that a single Genevese was pleased with the hearty zeal found in the work. This indifference shocked all those by whom it was remarked. I remember that dining one day at Clichy, at Madame Dupin's, with Crommelin, resident from the Republic, and M. de Mairan, the latter openly declared the Council owed me a present and public honours for the work, and that it would dishonour itself if it failed in either. Crommelin, who was a black and mischievous little man, dared not reply in my presence, but he made a frightful grimace, and forced a smile from Madame Dupin. The only advantage this work procured me, besides that resulting from the satisfaction of my own heart, was the title of citizen given me by my friends, and then by the public after their example, but afterwards lost by being too well merited.

This ill success would not, however, have prevented my retiring to Geneva, had not more powerful motives tended

to the same effect. M. d'Epinay, wishing to add a wing which was wanting to the château of the Chevrete, was at an immense expense in completing it. Going one day with Madame d'Epinay to see the building, we continued our walk a quarter of a league farther, to the reservoir of the waters of the park, which joined the forest of Montmorency, and where there was a handsome kitchen garden with a little lodge, much out of repair, called the Hermitage. This solitary and very agreeable place had struck me when I saw it for the first time before my journey to Geneva. I had exclaimed in my transport, "Ah, madame, what a delightful habitation! This asylum was purposely prepared for me." Madame d'Epinay did not pay much attention to what I said, but at this second journey I was quite surprised to find, instead of the old decayed building, a little house almost entirely new, well laid out, and very habitable for a little family of three persons. Madame d'Epinay had caused this to be done in silence, and at a very small expense, by detaching a few materials and some of the workmen from the castle. She now said to me, on remarking my surprise, "My 'bear,' here behold your asylum: it is you who have chosen it; friendship offers it to you. I hope this will remove from you the cruel idea of separating from me." I do not think I was ever in my life more strongly or more deliciously affected. I bathed with tears the beneficent hand of my friend: and if I were not conquered from that very instant even, I was extremely staggered. Madame d'Epinay, who would not be denied, became so pressing, employed so many means, so many people, to circumvent me, proceeding even so far as to gain over Madame Le Vasseur and her daughter, that at length she triumphed over all my resolutions. Renouncing the idea of residing in my own country, I resolved, I promised, to inhabit the Hermitage; and, whilst the building was drying, Madame d'Epinay took care to prepare furniture, so that everything was ready the following spring.

One thing which greatly aided me in determining was the residence Voltaire had chosen near Geneva. I easily com-



THE GARDEN OF THE HERMITAGE.

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prehended this man would cause a revolution there, and that I should find in my country the manners which drove me from Paris ; that I should be under the necessity of incessantly struggling hard, and have no other alternative than that of being an insupportable pedant, a poltroon, or a bad citizen. The letter Voltaire wrote me on my last work induced me to insinuate my fears in my answer, and the effect this produced confirmed them. From that moment I considered Geneva as lost, and I was not deceived. I perhaps ought to have met the storm, had I thought myself capable of resisting it. But what could I have done alone, timid and speaking badly, against a man arrogant, opulent, supported by the credit of the great, eloquent, and already the idol of the women and young men ? I was afraid of uselessly exposing myself to danger to no purpose. I listened to nothing but my peaceful disposition, to my love of repose, which, if it then deceived me, still continues to deceive me on the same subject. By retiring to Geneva I should have avoided great misfortunes, but I have my doubts whether, with all my ardent and patriotic zeal, I should have been able to effect anything great and useful for my country.

Tronchin, who about the same time went to reside at Geneva, came afterwards to Paris and brought with him treasures. At his arrival he came to see me, with the Chevalier de Jaucourt. Madame d'Epinay had a strong desire to consult him in private, but this it was not easy to do. She addressed herself to me, and I engaged Tronchin to go and see her. Thus under my auspices they began a connection, which was afterwards increased at my expense. Such has ever been my destiny ; the moment I had united two friends, who were separately mine, they never failed to combine against me. Although, in the conspiracy formed at that time by the Tronchins for the purpose of enslaving their country, they must all have borne me a mortal hatred, the doctor still continued friendly to me ; he even wrote me a letter after his return from Geneva, to propose to me the place of honorary librarian. But I had taken my resolution, and the offer did not tempt me to depart from it.

About this time I again visited M. d'Holbach. My visit was occasioned by the death of his wife, which, coupled with that of Madame Francueil, happened whilst I was at Geneva. Diderot, ~~when he communicated to me these melancholy~~ events, mentioned the deep affliction of the husband. His sorrow affected my heart. I myself was grieved for the loss of that excellent woman, and wrote to M. d'Holbach a letter of condolence. I forgot all the wrongs he had done me, and at my return from Geneva, and after he had made the tour of France with Grimm and other friends to alleviate his distress, I went to see him, and continued my visits until my departure for the Hermitage. As soon as it was known in his circle that Madame d'Epinay was preparing me an habitation there, innumerable sarcasms, founded upon the want I must feel of the flattery and amusements of the city, and the supposition of my not being able to support the solitude for a fortnight, were levelled against me. Feeling within myself how I stood affected, I left him and his friends to say what they pleased, and pursued my intention. M. d'Holbach rendered me some services * in finding a place for the old Le Vasseur, who was eighty years of age, and a burden to his wife, from which she begged me to relieve her. He was put into a house of charity, where, almost as soon as he arrived, age and the grief of finding himself removed from his family, sent him to the grave. His wife and all his children, except Thérèse, did not much regret his loss. But she, who loved him tenderly, has ever since been inconsolable, and never forgiven herself for having suffered him, at so advanced an age, to end his days in any other house than her own.

Much about the same time I received a visit I little expected, although it was from a very old acquaintance.

* This is an instance of the treachery of my memory. A long time after I had written what I have stated above, I learned, in conversation with my wife, that it was not M. d'Holbach, but M. de Chenonceaux, then one of the administrators of the Hôtel Dieu, who procured this place for her father. I had so totally forgotten the circumstances, and the idea of M. d'Holbach's having done it was so strong in my mind, that I would have sworn it had been him.

My friend Venture, accompanied by another man, came upon me one morning by surprise. What a change did I discover in his person! Instead of his former gracefulness, he appeared sottish and vulgar, which made me extremely reserved with him. My eyes deceived me, either debauchery had stupefied his mind, or all his first splendour was the effect of his youth which was past. I met him almost with indifference, and we parted somewhat coolly. But when he was gone, the remembrance of our former connection strongly brought to my recollection that of my younger days, so charmingly, so prudently dedicated to that angelic woman, who was not much less changed than himself; the little anecdotes of that happy time, the romantic day of Tonne passed with so much innocence and enjoyment between those two charming girls, from whom a kiss of the hand was the only favour, and which, notwithstanding its being so trifling, had left me such lively, affecting, and lasting regrets; and the ravishing delirium of a young heart, which I had just felt in all its force, and of which I thought the season was for ever past for me. The tender remembrance of these delightful circumstances made me shed tears over my faded youth and its transports lost to me now for ever. Ah! how many tears should I have shed over their tardy and fatal return had I foreseen the evils I had yet to suffer from them.

Before I left Paris, I enjoyed during the winter which preceded my retreat a pleasure after my own heart, and of which I tasted in all its purity. Palissot, academician of Nancy, known by a few dramatic compositions, had just had one of them performed at Luneville before the King of Poland. He perhaps expected to make his court by representing in his piece a man who had dared to enter into a literary dispute with the King. Stanislaus, who was generous, and did not like satire, was filled with indignation at the author's daring to be personal in his presence. The Comte de Tressan, by order of the Prince, wrote to M. d'Alembert, as well as to myself, to inform me that it was the intention of his Majesty to have Palissot expelled his

academy. My answer was a strong solicitation in favour of Palissot, begging M. de Tressan to intercede with the King in his behalf. His pardon was granted, and M. de Tressan, when he communicated to me the information in the name of the monarch, added that the whole of what had passed should be inserted in the register of the academy. I replied that this was less granting a pardon than perpetrating a punishment. At length, after repeated solicitations, I obtained a promise that nothing relative to the affair should be inserted in the register, and that no public trace should remain of it. The promise was accompanied, as well on the part of the King as on that of M. de Tressan, with assurance of esteem and respect, with which I was extremely flattered ; and I felt on this occasion that the esteem of men who are themselves worthy of it produced in the mind a sentiment infinitely more noble and pleasing than that of vanity. I have transcribed into my collection the letters of M. de Tressan, with my answers to them ; and the original of the former will be found amongst my papers.

I am perfectly aware that if ever these memoirs become public I here perpetuate the remembrance of a fact of which I would wish to efface every trace ; but I transmit many others as much against my inclination. The great object of my undertaking, constantly before my eyes, and the indispensable duty of fulfilling it to its utmost extent, will not permit me to be turned aside by trifling considerations, which would lead me from my purpose. In my strange and unparalleled situation I owe too much to truth to be further than this indebted to any person whatever. They who wish to know me well must be acquainted with me from every point of view, in every relative situation, both good and bad. My confessions are necessarily connected with those of many other people : I write both with the same frankness in everything that relates to that which has befallen me ; and am not obliged to spare any person more than myself, although it is my wish to do it. I am determined always to be just and true, to say of others all the good I can, never referring to evil

excepting when it concerns my own conduct, and there is a necessity for my so doing. Who, in the situation in which the world has placed me, has a right to require more at my hands? My confessions are not intended to appear during my lifetime, nor that of those whom they may disagreeably affect. Were I master of my own destiny, and that of the book I am now writing, it should never be made public until after my death and theirs. But the efforts which the dread of truth obliges my powerful enemies to make to destroy every trace of it, render it imperative for me to do everything that the strictest right and the most severe justice will permit, to preserve what I have written. Were the remembrance of me to be lost, at my dissolution, rather than expose any person alive, I would, without a murmur, suffer an unjust and momentary reproach. But since my name is to live, it is my duty to endeavour to transmit with it to posterity the recollection of the unfortunate man by whom it was borne, such as he really was, and not such as his unjust enemies incessantly endeavoured to describe him.

BOOK IX.

THE HERMITAGE—PARIS.

My impatience to inhabit the Hermitage not permitting me to wait until the return of fine weather, the moment my lodging was prepared I hastened to take possession of it, to the great amusement of the *coterie Holbachique*, which publicly predicted I should not be able to support solitude for three months, and that I should shamefacedly return to Paris, and live there as they did. For my part, having for fifteen years been out of my element, finding myself upon the eve of returning to it, I paid no attention to their pleasantries; since, contrary to my inclinations, I had again entered the world, I had incessantly regretted my dear Charmettes, and the agreeable life I led there. I felt a natural inclination to retirement and the country: it was impossible for me to live happily elsewhere. At Venice, in the train of public affairs, in the dignity of a kind of representation, in the pride of projects of advancement; at Paris, in the vortex of the great world, in the luxury of suppers, in the brilliancy of spectacles, in the rays of splendour—my groves, rivulets, and solitary walks constantly presented themselves to my recollection, interrupted my thoughts, rendered me melancholy, and made me sigh with desire. ~~All the labour to which~~ I had subjected myself, every project of ambition which by fits had animated my ardour, all had for object this happy country retirement, which I now thought near at hand. Without having acquired an easy independence, which I judged to be the only means of accomplishing my views, I imagined myself, in my particular situation, to be able to do without it, and that I could obtain the same ~~end~~ by a means entirely opposite. I had no regular income, but I possessed some talents, and had acquired a name. My wants were few, and I had freed myself from all those which were most expensive, and which merely depended on

prejudice and opinion. Besides this, although naturally indolent, I was laborious when I chose to be so, and my idleness was less that of an indolent man than that of an independent one who applies to business when it pleases him. My profession of a copyist of music was neither splendid nor lucrative, but it was certain. The world gave me credit for the courage I had shown in making choice of it. I might depend upon having sufficient employment to enable me to live. Two thousand livres which remained of the produce of the *Devin du Village*, and my other efforts, was a sum which kept me from being straitened, and several works I had upon the stocks promised me, without extorting money from the booksellers, supplies sufficient to enable me to work at my ease without exhausting myself, even by turning to advantage the leisure of my walks. My little family, consisting of three persons, all of whom were usefully employed, was not expensive to support. Finally, from my resources, proportioned to my wants and desires, I might reasonably expect a happy and permanent existence in that manner of life which my inclination had induced me to adopt.

I might have taken the interested side of the question, and, instead of subjecting my pen to copying, entirely devoted it to works which, from the elevation to which I had soared, and at which I found myself capable of continuing, might have enabled me to live in the midst of abundance, nay, even of opulence, had I been the least disposed to join the manœuvres of an author to the care of publishing a good book. But I felt that writing for bread would soon have extinguished my genius and destroyed my talents, which were less in my pen than in my heart, and solely proceeded from an elevated and noble manner of thinking, by which alone they could be cherished and preserved. Nothing vigorous or great can come of a pen totally venal. Necessity, nay, even avarice, perhaps, would have made me rather write rapidly than well. If the desire of success had not led me into cabals, it might have made me endeavour to publish fewer true and useful

works than those which might be pleasing to the multitude, and, instead of a distinguished author, which I might possibly become, I should have been nothing more than a scribbler. No: I have always felt that the profession of letters was illustrious in proportion as it was less a trade. It is too difficult to think nobly when we think for a livelihood. To be able to dare even to speak great truths, an author must be independent of success. I gave my books to the public with a certainty of having written for the general good of mankind, without giving myself the least concern about what was to follow. If the work was thrown aside, so much the worse for such as did not choose to profit by it. Their approbation was not necessary to enable me to live; my profession was sufficient to maintain me had not my works had a sale, for which reason alone they all sold.

It was on the 9th of August, 1756, that I left cities, never to reside in them again; for I do not call a residence the few days I afterwards remained in Paris, London, or other cities, always on the wing, or contrary to my inclinations. Madame d'Epinay came and took us all three in her coach; her farmer carted away my little baggage, and I was put into possession the same day. I found my little retreat simply but neatly furnished, and with some taste. The hand which had lent its aid in this furnishing rendered it inestimable in my eyes, and I thought it charming to be the guest of my friend in a house I had chosen, and which she had caused to be built purposely for me.

Although it was cold, and snow still lightly covered the ground, the earth began to vegetate: violets and primroses already made their appearance, the trees began to bud, and the evening of my arrival was marked by the first song of the nightingale, I heard almost close to my window, in a wood adjoining the house. After a light sleep, forgetting when I awoke my change of abode, I still thought myself in the Rue Grenelle, when suddenly this warbling thrilled me, and I exclaimed in my transport, "At length all my

wishes are accomplished!" The first thing I did was to abandon myself to the impression of the rural objects around me. Instead of beginning to set things in order in my new habitation, I began by planning my walks, and there was not a path, a copse, a grove, nor a corner in the environs of my abode that I did not discover during the next day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I found it to my wishes. This solitary, rather than savage, spot transported me in idea to the end of the world. It had striking beauties which are but seldom found near cities, and never, if suddenly transported thither, could any person have imagined himself within four leagues of Paris.

After abandoning myself for a few days to this rural delirium, I began to arrange my papers and regulate my occupations. I set apart, as I had always done, my mornings to copying and my afternoons to walking, provided with my little paper book and a pencil, for never having been able to write and think at my ease except *sub dio*, I had no inclination to depart from this method, and I was persuaded the forest of Montmorency, which was almost at my door, would in future be my closet and study. I had several works begun, and these I cast my eye over. My mind was indeed fertile in great projects, but in the noise of the city the execution of them had gone on but slowly. I proposed to myself to use more diligence when I should be less interrupted. I am of opinion that I have sufficiently fulfilled this intention, and for a man frequently ill, often at La Chevrette, at Epinay, at Eaubonne, at the castle of Montmorency, at other times interrupted by the indolent and curious, and always employed half the day in copying, if what I produced during the six years I passed at the Hermitage and at Montmorency be considered, I am persuaded it will appear that if in this interval I lost my time it was not in idleness.

Of the different works I had upon the stocks, that which I had longest meditated upon, the most to my taste, and that

to which I had destined a certain portion of my life, and, in my opinion, was to confirm the reputation I had acquired, was my *Institutions Politiques*. I had, fourteen years before, when in Venice, where I had an opportunity of remarking the defects of a government so much boasted of, conceived the first idea of this work. Since that time my views had become much more extended by the historical study of morality. I had perceived everything to be radically connected with politics, and that, upon whatever principles these were founded, a people would never be more than that which the nature of the government made them; therefore the great question of the best government possible appeared to me to be reduced to this: What is the nature of a government the most proper to form the most virtuous and enlightened, the wisest and best people, taking the last epithet in its most extensive meaning? I thought this question was much, if not quite, of the same nature with that which follows: What government is that which, by its nature, always maintains itself nearest to the laws, or least deviates from the laws? Hence, what is the law?—and a series of questions of similar importance, I perceived these led to great truths useful to the happiness of mankind, but more especially to that of my country, where, in the visit I had just made to it, I had not found notions of laws and liberty equally just or sufficiently clear. I had thought this indiscreet manner of communicating these thoughts to my fellow-citizens would be least mortifying to their pride, and might obtain me forgiveness for having seen a little farther than themselves.

Although I had already laboured five or six years at the work, the progress I had made in it was not considerable. Writings of this kind require meditation, leisure, and tranquillity. I had besides written the *Institutions Politiques*, as the expression is, *en bonne fortune*, and had not communicated my project to any person, not even to Diderot. I was afraid it would be thought too daring for the age and country in which I wrote, and that the fears of my friends would restrain me from carrying it into

execution.* I did not yet know that it would be finished in time, and in such a manner as to appear before my decease. I wished fearlessly to give to my subject everything it required. Fully persuaded that not being of a satirical turn, and never wishing to be personal, I should in equity always be judged irreprehensible, I undoubtedly wished fully to enjoy the right of thinking which I had by birth ; but still respecting the government under which I lived, without ever disobeying its laws, and very attentive not to violate the rights of persons, I would not from fear renounce its advantages.

I confess even that, as a stranger, and living in France, I found my situation very favourable in daring to speak the truth ; well knowing that continuing, as I was determined to do, not to print anything in the kingdom without permission, I was not obliged to give to any person in it an account of my maxims nor of their publication elsewhere. I should have been less independent even at Geneva, where, in whatever place my books might have been printed, the magistrate had a right to criticize their contents. This consideration had greatly contributed to make me yield to the solicitations of Madame d'Epinaÿ, and abandon the project of fixing my residence at Geneva. I felt, as I have remarked in my *Emilie*, that unless an author be a man of intrigue, when he wishes to render his works really useful to any country whatsoever, he must compose them in some other.

What made my situation still more happy was my being persuaded that the government of France would, perhaps, without looking upon me with a very favourable eye, make it a point to protect me, or at least not to disturb my tranquillity. It appeared to me a stroke of simple yet dexterous

* It was more especially the wise severity of Duclos which inspired me with this fear ; as for Diderot, I know not by what means all my conferences with him tended to make me more satirical than my natural disposition inclined me to be. This prevented me from consulting him upon an undertaking in which I wished to introduce nothing but the force of reasoning without the least appearance of ill-humour or partially. The manner of this work may be judged of by that of the *Contrat Social*, which is taken from it.

policy to make a merit of tolerating that which there was no means of preventing ; since, had I been driven from France, which was all the government had the right to do, my work would still have been written, and, perhaps, with less reserve ; whereas, if I were left undisturbed, the author remained to answer for what he wrote, and a prejudice, general throughout all Europe, would be destroyed by acquiring the reputation of observing a proper respect for the rights of persons.

They who, by the event, shall judge I was deceived, may perhaps be deceived in their turn. In the storm which has since broken over my head, my books served as a pretence, but it was against my person that every shaft was directed. My persecutors gave themselves but little concern about the author, but they wished to ruin Jean-Jacques ; and the greatest evil they found in my writings was the honour they might possibly do me. Let us not encroach upon the future. I do not know that this mystery, which is still one to me, will hereafter be cleared up to my readers ; but had my avowed principles been of a nature to bring upon me the treatment I received, I should sooner have become their victim, since the work in which these principles are manifested with most courage, not to call it audacity, seemed to have had its effect previous to my retreat to the Hermitage, without I will not only say my having received the least censure, but without any steps having been taken to prevent the publication of it in France, where it was sold as publicly as in Holland. The "*New Heloisa*" afterwards appeared with the same facility, and, I dare add, with the same applause ; and what seems incredible, the profession of faith of this Heloisa at the point of death is exactly similar to that of the Savoyard vicar. Every strong idea in the "*Social Contract*" had been before published in the discourse on "*Inequality*" ; and every bold opinion in "*Emilius*" was previously found in "*Heloisa*." This unrestrained freedom did not excite the least murmur against the two first works ; therefore it was not that which gave cause to it against the latter.

Another undertaking much of the same kind, but of which the project was more recent, then engaged my attention : this was the extract of the works of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, of which, having been led away by the thread of my narrative, I have not hitherto been able to speak. The idea was suggested to me, after my return from Geneva, by the Abbé Mably, not immediately from himself, but by the interposition of Madame Dupin, who had some interest in engaging me to adopt it. She was one of the three or four pretty women of Paris of whom the Abbé de Saint Pierre had been the spoiled child, and although she had not decidedly had the preference, she had at least partaken of it with Madame d'Aiguillon. She preserved for the memory of the good man a respect and an affection which did honour to them both ; and her self-love would have been flattered by seeing the still-born works of her friend brought to life by her secretary. These works contained excellent things, but so badly told that the reading of them was most irritating ; and it is astonishing that the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who looked upon his readers as schoolboys, should nevertheless have spoken to them as men, by the little care he took to induce them to give him a hearing. It was for this purpose that the work was proposed to me as useful in itself, and very proper for a man laborious in manœuvre, but idle as an author, who finding the trouble of thinking very fatiguing, preferred, in things which pleased him, throwing a light upon and extending the ideas of others, to producing any himself. Besides, not being confined to the functions of a translator, I was at liberty sometimes to think for myself ; and I had it in my power to give such a form to my work that many important truths would pass in it under the name of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, much more safely than under mine. The undertaking also was not trilling ; the business was nothing less than to read and meditate upon twenty-three volumes, diffuse, confused, full of long narrations and periods, repetitions, and false or little views, from amongst which it was necessary to select some few that were great and useful, and sufficiently encouraging to enable me to

support the painful labour. I frequently wished to have given it up, and should have done so could I have got it off my hands with a good grace; but when I received the manuscripts of the Abbé, which were given me by his nephew, the Count de Saint Pierre, I had, by the solicitation of St. Lambert, in some measure engaged to make use of them, which I must either have done, or have given them back. It was with the former intention I had taken the manuscripts to the Hermitage, and this was the first work to which I proposed to dedicate my leisure hours.

I had likewise in my own mind projected a third, the idea of which I owed to the observations I had made upon myself, and I felt the more disposed to undertake this work as I had reason to hope I could make it a truly useful one, and perhaps the most so of any that could be offered to the world, were the execution equal to the plan I had laid down. It has been remarked that most men are in the course of their lives frequently unlike themselves, and seem to be transformed into others very different from what they were. It was not to establish a thing so generally known that I wished to write a book; I had a newer and more important object. This was to search for the causes of these variations, and, by confining my observations to those which depend on ourselves, to demonstrate in what manner it might be possible to direct them, in order to render us better and more certain of our dispositions. For it is undoubtedly more painful to an honest man to resist desires already formed, and which it is his duty to subdue, than to prevent, change, or modify the same desires in their source, were he capable of tracing them to it. A man under temptation resists once because he has strength of mind; he yields another time because this is overcome; had it been the same as before, he would again have triumphed.

By examining within myself, and searching in others for the cause of these different manners of being, I discovered that, in a great measure, they depended on the anterior impression of external objects; and that, continually modi-

fied by our senses and organs, we, without knowing it, bore in our ideas, sentiments, and even actions, the effect of these modifications. The striking and numerous observations I had collected were beyond all manner of dispute, and by their natural principle seemed proper to furnish an exterior regimen, which, varied according to circumstances, might place and support the mind in the state most favourable to virtue. From how many mistakes would reason be preserved, how many vices would be stifled in their birth, were it possible to force animal economy to favour moral order, which it so frequently disturbs! Climates, seasons, sounds, colours, light, darkness, the elements, ailments, noise, silence, motion, rest, all act on the animal machine, and consequently on the mind; all offer us a thousand means, almost certain of directing in their origin the sentiments by which we suffer ourselves to be governed. Such was the fundamental idea of which I had already made a sketch upon paper, and whence I hoped for an effect the more certain, in favour of persons well disposed, who, sincerely loving virtue, were afraid of their own weakness, as it appeared to me easy to make of it a book as agreeable to read as it was to compose. I have, however, applied myself but very little to this work, the title of which was to have been *Morale Sensitive ; ou, le Materialisme du Sage*. Interruptions, the cause of which will soon appear, prevented me from continuing it, and the fate of the sketch, more connected with my own than it may appear to be, will hereafter be seen.

Besides this, I had for some time meditated a system of education, of which Madame de Chenonceaux, alarmed for her son by that of her husband, had desired me to consider. The authority of friendship placed this object, although less in itself to my taste, nearer to my heart than any other, on which account this subject, of all those of which I have just spoken, is the only one I carried to its utmost extent. The end I proposed to myself in treating of it should, I think, have procured the author a better fate. But I will not here anticipate this melancholy subject. I

shall have too much reason to speak of it in the course of my work.

These different objects offered me subjects of meditation for my walks ; for, as I believe I have already observed, I am unable to reflect when I am not walking : the moment I stop, I think no more, and as soon as I am again in motion, my head resumes its working. I had, however, provided myself with a work for the study upon rainy days. This was my *Dictionary of Music*, which my scattered, mutilated, and unshapen materials made it necessary to rewrite almost entirely. I had with me some books necessary to this purpose ; I had spent two months in making extracts from others, which I had borrowed from the King's library, whence I was permitted to take several to the Hermitage. I was thus provided with materials for composing in my apartment when the weather did not permit me to go out, and my copying fatigued me. This arrangement was so convenient that it was of advantage as well at the Hermitage as at Montmorency, and, afterwards, even at Motiers, where I completed this work whilst I was engaged on others, and constantly found a change of occupation to be a real relaxation.

During a considerable time I exactly followed the distribution I had prescribed for myself, and found it very agreeable ; but as soon as the fine weather brought Madame d'Epinay more frequently to Epinay, or to the Chevrette, I found that attentions, in the first instance natural to me, but not considered in my scheme, considerably deranged my projects. I have already observed that Madame d'Epinay had many amiable qualities ; she sincerely loved her friends ; served them with zeal ; and, not sparing for them either time or pains, certainly deserved on their part every attention in return. I had hitherto discharged this duty without considering it as one ; but at length I found that I had given myself a chain of which nothing but friendship prevented me from feeling the weight, and this was still aggravated by my dislike to numerous societies. Madame d'Epinay took advantage of these circumstances

to make a proposition seemingly agreeable to me, but which was more so to herself; this was to let me know when she was alone, or had but little company. I consented, without perceiving to what a degree I engaged myself. The consequence was that I no longer visited her at my own hour, but at hers, and that I never was certain of being master of myself for a day together. This constraint considerably diminished the pleasure I had in going to see her. I found the liberty she had so frequently promised was given me upon no other condition than that of never enjoying it; and once or twice when I wished to do this, there were so many messages, notes, and alarms relative to my health, that I perceived I could have no excuse but being confined to my bed, for not immediately running to her upon the first intimation. It was necessary I should submit to this yoke, and I did it, even more voluntarily than could be expected from so great an enemy to dependence; the sincere attachment I had to Madame d'Epinay preventing me, in a great measure, from feeling the inconvenience with which it was accompanied. She, on her part, filled up, well or ill, the void which the absence of her usual circle left in her amusements. This for her was but a very slender supplement, although preferable to absolute solitude, which she could not support. She had the means of doing it much more at her ease after she began to cultivate literature, and to write novels, letters, comedies, tales, and other trash of the same kind. But she was not so much amused in writing these as in reading them; and she never scribbled over two or three pages at one sitting without being previously assured of having at least two or three benevolent auditors at the end of so much labour. I seldom had the honour of being one of the chosen few, except by means of another. When alone, I was, for the most part, considered as a cipher in everything; and this not only in the company of Madame d'Epinay, but in that of M. d'Holbach, and in every place where Grimm gave the *ton*. This nullity was very convenient to me, except in a *tête-à-tête*, when I knew not

what countenance to put on, not daring to speak of literature, of which it was not for me to say a word ; nor of gallantry, being too timid, and fearing, more than death, the ridiculousness of an old gallant ; besides that, I never had such an idea when in the company of Madame d'Epinay, and that it, perhaps, would never have occurred to me had I passed my whole life with her ; not that her person was in the least disagreeable to me ; on the contrary, I loved her perhaps too much as a friend to act the part of a lover. I felt a pleasure in seeing and speaking to her. Her conversation, although agreeable enough in a mixed company, was uninteresting in private ; mine, not more elegant or entertaining than her own, was no great amusement to her. Ashamed of being long silent, I endeavoured to enliven the *tête-à-tête*, and, although this frequently fatigued me, I was never disgusted with it. I was happy to show her little attentions, and gave her little fraternal kisses, which seemed nothing more to her : this was all. She was very thin, very pale, and had a bosom which resembled the back of her hand. This defect alone would have been sufficient to moderate my most ardent desires ; my heart never could distinguish a woman in a person who had not this matronly charm ; and, besides other causes useless to mention, always made me forget the sex of this lady.

Having resolved to conform to an assiduity which was necessary, I immediately and voluntarily entered upon it, and for the first year at least found it less burdensome than I could have expected. Madame d'Epinay, who usually passed the summer in the country, continued there but a part of this ; whether she was more detained by her affairs at Paris, or that the absence of Grimm rendered the residence of the Chevette less acceptable to her, I know not. I took the advantage of the intervals of her absence, or when the company with her was numerous, to enjoy my solitude with my good Thérèse and her mother, in such a manner as to taste all its charms. Although I had for several years past been frequently in the country, I seldom

had enjoyed much of its pleasures, and these excursions, invariably made in company with people who considered themselves as persons of consequence, and rendered insipid by constraint, served to increase in me the natural desire I had for rustic pleasures. The want of these was the more sensible to me as I had the image of them immediately before my eyes. I was so tired of saloons, *jets-d'eau*, groves, parterres, and of the more fatiguing persons by whom they were shown; so exhausted with pamphlets, harpsichords, trios, unravellings of plots, stupid *bon-mots*, insipid affectations, pitiful story-tellers, and great suppers, that when I gave a side glance at a poor simple hawthorn bush, a hedge, a barn, or a meadow, when in passing through a hamlet, I scented a good omelette, and heard at a distance the burden of the rustic song of the Bisquieres, I wished all rouge, furbelows, and amber at the devil; and envying the dinner of the good housewife, and the wine of her own vineyard, I heartily wished to give a slap on the chaps to *monsieur le chef* and *monsieur le maître*, who made me dine at the hour of supper, and sup when I should have been asleep, but especially to messieurs the lackeys, who devoured with their eyes the morsel I put into my mouth, and upon pain of my dying with thirst sold me the adulterated wine of their master ten times dearer than that of a better quality would have cost me at an inn.

At length I was settled in pleasant and solitary asylum, at liberty to pass there the remainder of my days, in that peaceful, equal, and independent life for which I felt myself born. Before I relate the effects this situation, so new to me, had upon my heart, it is proper I should recapitulate its secret affections, that the reader may better follow in their causes the progress of these new modifications.

I have always considered the day on which I was united to Thérèse as that which fixed my moral existence. An attachment was of vital importance for me, since that which should have been sufficient to my heart had been so cruelly broken. The thirst after happiness is never extinguished in the heart of man. "Mamam" was

advancing into years, and had dishonoured herself! I had proofs that she could never more be happy here below; it therefore remained for me to seek my own happiness, having lost all hopes of sharing hers. I was sometimes irresolute, ~~and fluctuated from one idea to another~~, and from project to project. My journey to Venice would have thrown me into public life, had the man with whom, almost against my inclination, I was connected there had common sense. I was easily discouraged, especially in undertakings of length and difficulty. The ill-success of this disgusted me with every other; and, according to my old maxims, considering distant objects as deceitful allurements, I resolved in future to provide for immediate wants, seeing that nothing in life could tempt me to make extraordinary efforts.

It was precisely at this time that we became acquainted. The mild character of the good Thérèse seemed so fitted to my own that I united myself to her with an attachment so genuine that neither time nor injuries have been able to impair, and which has constantly been increased by everything by which it might have been expected to be diminished. The force of this sentiment will hereafter appear when I come to speak of the wounds she has given my heart in the height of my misery, without my ever having once, until this moment, uttered a word of complaint to any person whatever.

When it shall be known that, after having done everything, braved everything, not to separate from her, that after passing with her twenty years, in despite of fate and men, I have in my old age made her my wife, without the least expectation or solicitation on her part, or promise or engagement on mine, the world will think that love bordering upon madness, having from the first moment turned my head, led me by degrees to the last act of extravagance, and this will no longer appear doubtful when the strong and particular reasons which should for ever have prevented me taking such a step are made known. What, therefore, will the reader think when I shall have told him, with all the

truth he has ever found in me, that, from the first moment in which I saw her, until that wherein I write, I have never felt the least love for her, that I never desired to possess her more than I did to possess *Madame de Warens*, and that the physical wants which were satisfied with her person were, for me, solely those of the sex, and by no means proceeding from the individual? He will think that, being of a constitution different from that of other men, I was incapable of love, since this was not one of the sentiments which attached me to women the most dear to my heart. Patience, my dear reader! the fatal moment approaches in which you will be but too much undeceived.

I fall into repetitions; I know it, and these are necessary. The first of my wants, the greatest, strongest, and most insatiable, was wholly in my heart: the want of an intimate connection, and as intimate as it could possibly be. For this reason especially a woman was more necessary to me than a man, a female rather than a male friend. This singular want was such that the closest corporal union was not sufficient: two souls would have been necessary to me in the same body, without which I always felt a void. I thought I was upon the point of filling it up for ever. This young person, amiable by a thousand excellent qualities, and at that time by her form, without the shadow of art or coquetry, would have confined within herself my whole existence, could hers, as I had hoped it would, have been totally confined to me. I had nothing to fear from men; I am certain of being the only man she ever really loved, and her moderate passions seldom wanted another, not even after I ceased in this respect to be one to her. I had no family: she had one; and this family was composed of individuals whose dispositions were so different from mine that I could never make it my own. This was the first cause of my unhappiness. What would I not have given to have been the child of her mother? I did everything in my power to become so, but could never succeed. I in vain attempted to unite all our interests: this was impossible. She, her other children and grandchildren, became so many leeches, and

the least evil these did to Thérèse was robbing her. The poor girl, accustomed to submit, even to her nieces, suffered herself to be pilfered and governed without saying a word ; and I perceived with grief that by exhausting my purse, and giving her advice, I did nothing that could be of any real advantage to her. I endeavoured to detach her from her mother, but she constantly resisted such a proposal. I could not but respect her resistance, and esteemed her the more for it ; but her refusal was not on this account less to the prejudice of us both.

Abandoned to her mother and the rest of her family, she was more their companion than mine, and rather at their command than mistress of herself. Their avarice was less ruinous than their advice was pernicious to her ; in fact, if, on account of the love she had for me, added to her good natural disposition, she was not quite their slave, she was enough so to prevent in a great measure the effect of the good maxims I endeavoured to instil into her ; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, to prevent our being united.

Thus was it that, notwithstanding a sincere and reciprocal attachment in which I had lavished all the tenderness of my heart, the void in that heart was never completely filled. Children, by whom this effect should have been produced, were brought into the world, but these only made things worse. I trembled at the thought of entrusting them to a family ill brought up, to be still worse educated. The risk of the education of the Foundling Hospital was much less. This reason for the resolution I took, much stronger than all those I stated in my letter to Madame de Francueil, was, however, the only one with which I dared not make her acquainted ; I chose rather to appear less excusable than expose to reproach the family of a person I loved. But by the conduct of her wretched brother, notwithstanding all that can be said in his defence, it will be judged whether or not I ought to have exposed my children to an education similar to his.

Not having it in my power to taste in all its plenitude the charms of that intimate connection of which I felt the

want, I sought for substitutes, which did not fill up the void, yet they made it less sensible. Not having a friend entirely devoted to me, I wanted others whose impulse should overcome my indolence. For this reason I cultivated and strengthened my connections with Diderot and the Abbé de Condillac, formed with Grimm a new one still more intimate, till at length by the unfortunate Discourse, of which I have related some particulars, I unexpectedly found myself thrown back into a literary circle which I thought I had quitted for ever.

My first steps conducted me by a new path to another intellectual world, the simple and noble economy of which I cannot contemplate without enthusiasm. I reflected so much on the subject that I soon saw nothing but error and folly in the doctrine of our sages, and oppression and misery in our social order. In the illusion of my foolish pride, I thought myself capable of destroying all imposture ; and thinking that to make myself listened to it was necessary my conduct should agree with my principles, I adopted the singular manner of life which I have not been permitted to continue, the example of which my pretended friends have never forgiven me, and which at first making me ridiculous, would at length have rendered me respectable, had it been possible for me to persevere.

Until then I had been good ; from that moment I became virtuous, or at least infatuated with virtue. This infatuation had begun in my head, but afterwards passed into my heart. The most noble pride there took root amongst the ruins of extirpated vanity. I affected nothing : I became what I appeared to be ; and during four years at least, whilst this effervescence continued at its greatest height, there is nothing great and good than can enter the heart of man of which I was not capable between heaven and myself. Hence flowed my sudden eloquence ; hence, in my first writings, that fire really celestial, which consumed me, and whence during forty years not a single spark had escaped, because it was not yet lighted up.

I was really transformed ; my friends and acquaintances

scarcely knew me. I was no longer that timid and rather bashful than modest man who neither dared to present himself nor utter a word, whom a single pleasantry disconcerted, and whose face was covered with a blush the moment his eyes met those of a woman. I became bold, haughty, intrepid, with a confidence the more firm as it was simple, which resided in my soul rather than in my manner. The contempt with which my profound meditations had inspired me for the manners, maxims, and prejudices of the age in which I lived, rendered me proof against the raillery of those by whom they were possessed, and I crushed their little pleasantries with a sentence, as I would have crushed an insect with my fingers. What a change! All Paris repeated the severe and acute sarcasms of the same man who, two years before and ten years afterwards, knew not how to find what he had to say, nor the word he ought to employ. Let the situation in the world the most contrary to my natural disposition be sought after, and this will be found. Let one of the short moments of my life in which I became another man, and ceased to be myself, be recollected, this also will be found in the time of which I speak; but instead of continuing only six days, or six weeks, it lasted almost six years, and would perhaps still continue but for the particular circumstances which caused it to cease, and restored me to nature, above which I had wished to soar.

The beginning of this change took place as soon as I had quitted Paris, and the sight of the vices of that city no longer kept up the indignation with which it had inspired me. I no sooner lost sight of men than I ceased to despise them; and once removed from those who designed me evil, my hatred against them no longer existed. My heart, little fitted for hatred, pitied their misery, and even their wickedness. This situation, more pleasing but less sublime, soon allayed the ardent enthusiasm by which I had so long been transported, and I insensibly, almost to myself even, again became fearful, complaisant, and timid—in a word, the same Jean-Jacques I before had been.

Had this resolution gone no further than restoring me to myself, all would have been well ; but, unfortunately, it rapidly carried me away to the other extreme. From that moment my mind in agitation passed the line of repose, and its oscillations, continually renewed, have never permitted it to remain here. I must enter into some detail of this second revolution — terrible and fatal era of a fate unparalleled amongst mortals.

We were but three persons in our retirement ; it was therefore natural our intimacy should be increased by leisure and solitude. This was the case between Thérèse and myself. We passed in conversations in the shade the most charming and delightful hours, more so than any I had hitherto enjoyed. She seemed to taste of this sweet intercourse more than I had until then observed her to do ; she opened her heart and communicated to me relative to her mother and family things she had resolution enough to conceal for a great length of time. Both had received from Madame Dupin numerous presents, made them on my account, and mostly for me, but which the cunning old woman, to prevent my being angry, had appropriated to her own use and that of her other children without suffering Thérèse to have the least share, strongly forbidding her to say a word to me of the matter ; an order the poor girl had obeyed with an incredible exactness.

But another thing which surprised me more than this had done was the discovery that, besides the private conversations Diderot and Grimm had frequently had with both to endeavour to detach them from me, in which, by means of the resistance of Thérèse, they had not been able to succeed, they had afterwards had numerous conferences with the mother, the subject of which was a secret to the daughter. However, she knew little presents had been made, and that there were mysterious goings backward and forward, the motive of which was entirely unknown to her. When we left Paris, Madame Le Vasseur had long been in the habit of going to see Grimm twice or thrice a month, and continuing with him for hours together, in conversation

so secret that the servant was always sent out of the room.

I judged this motive to be of the same nature with the project into which they had attempted to make the daughter enter, by promising to procure her and her mother, by means of *Madame d'Epinay*, a salt-huckster's license, or a snuff-shop; in a word, by tempting her with the allurements of gain. They had been told that, as I was not in a situation to do anything for them, I could not on their account do anything for myself. As in all this I saw nothing but good intentions, I was not absolutely displeased with them for it. The mystery was the only thing which gave me pain, especially on the part of the old woman, who, moreover, daily became more parasitical and flattering towards me. This, however, did not prevent her from reproaching her daughter in private for telling me everything, and loving me too much, observing to her she was a fool, and would at length be made a dupe.

This woman possessed, to a supreme degree, the art of multiplying the presents made her, by concealing from one what she received from another, and from me what she received from all. I could have pardoned her avarice, but it was impossible I should forgive her dissimulation. What could she have to conceal from me, whose happiness she knew principally consisted in that of herself and her daughter? What I had done for her daughter I had done for myself, but the services I rendered her mother merited, on her part, some acknowledgment. She ought, at least, to have thought herself obliged for them to her daughter, and to have loved me for the sake of her by whom I was already beloved. I had raised her from the lowest state of wretchedness; she received from my hands the means of subsistence, and was indebted to me for her acquaintance with the persons from whom she found means to reap considerable benefit. *Thérèse* had long supported her by her industry, and now maintained her with my bread. She owed everything to this daughter, for whom she had done nothing; and her other children, to whom she had given marriage portions,

and on whose account she had ruined herself, far from giving her the least aid, devoured her substance and mine. I thought that, in such a situation, she ought to consider me as her only friend and most sure protector, and that, far from making of my own affairs a secret to me, and conspiring against me in my own house, it was her duty faithfully to acquaint me with everything in which I was interested, when this came to her knowledge before it did to mine. In what light, therefore, could I consider her false and mysterious conduct? What could I think of the sentiments with which she endeavoured to inspire her daughter? What monstrous ingratitude was hers, to endeavour to instil it into her from whom I expected my greatest consolation?

These reflections at length alienated my affections from this woman to such a degree that I could no longer look upon her save with contempt. Nevertheless, I continued to treat with respect the mother of the friend of my bosom, and in everything to show her almost the reverence of a son; but I must admit I could not remain long in her company without pain, and that I never knew how to bear constraint.

This is another short moment of my life in which I approached near to happiness without being able to attain it, and this by no fault of my own. Had the mother been of a good disposition, we all three should have been happy to the end of our days: the longest liver only would have been to be pitied. Instead of which, the reader will see the course things took, and judge whether or not it was in my power to change it.

Madame Le Vasseur, who perceived that I had got entire possession of the heart of Thérèse, and that she had lost ground with her, endeavoured to regain it; and, instead of striving to restore herself to my good opinion by the mediation of her daughter, attempted to withdraw her affections from me. One of the means she employed was to summon her family to her aid. I had begged Thérèse not to invite any of her relations to the Hermitage, and she had promised me she would not. These were sent for in my

absence, without consulting her, and she was afterwards prevailed upon to promise not to say anything of the matter. After the first step was taken the rest was easy. When once we make a secret of anything to the person we love, we soon make little scruple of doing it in everything. The moment I was at La Chevrette the Hermitage was full of people, who sufficiently amused themselves. A mother has always great power over a daughter of a mild disposition ; yet, notwithstanding all the old woman could do, she was never able to prevail upon Thérèse to enter into her views, nor to persuade her to join in the league against me. For her part, she resolved upon doing it for ever, and seeing on one side her daughter and myself, who were in a situation to live, and that was all ; on the other Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, and Madame d'Epinay, who promised great things, and gave some little ones, she could not conceive it was possible to be in the wrong with the wife of a farmer-general and a baron. Had I been more clear-sighted, I should, from this moment, have known that I nourished a serpent in my bosom. But my blind confidence, which nothing had yet diminished, was such that I could not imagine she wished to injure the person she ought to love. Though I saw numerous conspiracies formed on every side, all I complain of was the tyranny of persons who called themselves my friends, and who, as it seemed, would force me to be happy in the manner they should point out, and not in that I had chosen for myself.

Although Thérèse refused to join in the confederacy with her mother, she afterwards kept her secret. For this her motive was commendable, although I will not determine whether she did it well or ill. Two women, who have secrets between them, love to prattle together : this attracted them towards each other, and Thérèse, by dividing herself, sometimes let me feel I was alone, for I could no longer consider as society that which we all three formed.

I now felt the neglect I had been guilty of during the first years of our connection, in not taking advantage of the docility with which her love inspired her to improve her

talents and give her knowledge which, by more closely connecting us in our retirement, would agreeably have filled up her time and my own, without once suffering us to perceive the length of a private conversation. Not that this was ever exhausted between us, or that she seemed disgusted with our walks ; but we had not a sufficient number of ideas common to both to make ourselves a great store, and we could not incessantly talk of our future projects, which were confined to those of enjoying the pleasures of life. The objects around us inspired me with reflections beyond the reach of her comprehension. An attachment of twelve years' standing had no longer need of words : we were too well acquainted with each other to have any new knowledge to acquire in that respect. The resource of puns, jests, gossiping, and scandal was all that remained. In solitude especially is it that the advantage of living with a person who knows how to think is particularly felt. I wanted not this resource to amuse myself with her ; but she would have stood in need of it to have always found amusement with me. The worst of all was our being compelled to hold our conversations when we could : her mother, who became importunate, rendered it obligatory on my part to watch for opportunities to do it. I was under constraint in my own house : this is saying everything ; the air of love was prejudicial to good friendship. We had an intimate intercourse without living in intimacy.

The moment I thought I perceived that Thérèse sometimes sought for a pretext to elude the walks I proposed to her, I ceased to invite her to accompany me, without being displeased with her for not finding in them so much amusement as I did. Pleasure is not the thing which depends upon the will. I was sure of her heart, and the possession of this was all I desired. So long as my pleasures were hers, I tasted of them with her ; when this ceased to be the case, I preferred her contentment of my own.

In this manner it was that, half deceived in my expectation, leading a life after my own heart, in a residence I had

chosen with a person who was dear to me, I at length found myself almost alone. What I still wanted prevented me from enjoying what I had. With respect to happiness and enjoyment, everything or nothing was what was necessary to me. The reason of these observations will hereafter appear. At present I return to the thread of my narrative.

I imagined that I possessed treasures in the manuscripts given me by the Comte de St. Pierre. On examination, I found they were little more than the collection of the printed works of his uncle, with notes and corrections by his own hand, and a few other trifling fragments which had not yet been published. I confirmed myself by these moral writings in the idea I had conceived from some of his letters, shown me by Madame de Créqui, that he had more sense and ingenuity than at first I had imagined; but, after a careful perusal of his political works, I discerned nothing but superficial notions, and projects that were useful but impracticable, in consequence of the idea from which the author never could depart, that men conducted themselves by their sagacity rather than by their passions. The high opinion he had of the knowledge of the moderns had made him adopt this false principle of improved reason, the basis of all the institutions he proposed, and the source of his political sophisms. This extraordinary man—an honour to the age in which he lived, and to the human species, and perhaps the only person since the creation of mankind whose sole passion was that of reason—wandered, in all his systems, from error to error, by attempting to make men like himself, instead of taking them as they were, are, and will continue to be. He laboured for imaginary beings, while he thought himself employed for the benefit of his contemporaries.

All these things considered, I was rather embarrassed as to the form I should give to my work. To suffer the author's visions to pass was doing nothing useful; fully to refute them would have been impolite, as the care of revising and publishing his manuscripts, which I had accepted, and even requested, had been entrusted to me. This trust had im-

posed on me the obligation of treating the author honourably. Eventually I concluded upon that which appeared to be the most decent, judicious, and useful. This was to give separately my own ideas and those of the author; and, for this purpose, to enter into his views, to set them in a new light, to amplify and extend them, and spare nothing which might contribute to present them in all their excellence.

My work, therefore, was to be composed of two parts absolutely distinct: one, to explain, in the manner I have just mentioned, the different projects of the author; in the other, which was not to appear until the first had had its effect, I should have given my opinion upon these projects, which I confess might have exposed them to the fate of the sonnet of the misanthrope. At the head of the whole was to have been the life of the author. For this I had collected some good materials, which I flattered myself I should not spoil in making use of. I had been a little acquainted with the Abbé de St. Pierre in his old age, and the veneration I had for his memory warranted to me, upon the whole, that the Comte would not be dissatisfied with the manner in which I should have treated his relation.

I made my first essay on the "Perpetual Peace," the greatest and most elaborate of all the works which composed the collection, and before I abandoned myself to my reflections I had the courage to read everything the Abbé had written upon this fine subject without once suffering myself to be disgusted either by his slowness or repetitions. The public have seen the extract, on which account I have nothing to say upon the subject. My opinion of it has not been printed, nor do I know that it ever will be; however, it was written at the time the extract was made. From this I passed to the "Polysynodie," or plurality of councils, a work written under the Regent to favour the administration he had chosen, and which caused the Abbé de St. Pierre to be expelled the Academy on account of some remarks unfavourable to the preceding administration, and with which the Duchess of Maine and the Cardinal de Polinac were displeased. I completed this work, as I did the former, with

an extract and remarks ; but I stopped here without intending to continue the undertaking, which I ought never to have begun.

The reflection which induced me to give it up naturally presented itself, and it was astonishing I had not made it sooner. Most of the writings of the Abbé de St. Pierre were either observations, or contained some observations, on some parts of the government of France, and several of these were of so free a nature that it was happy for him he had made them with impunity. But in the offices of all the ministers of state the Abbé de St. Pierre had always been considered as a kind of preacher rather than a real politician, and he was suffered to say what he pleased, because from what could be seen nobody listened to him. Had I procured him readers, the case would have been different. He was a Frenchman, and I was not, and by repeating his censures, although in his own name, I exposed myself to be asked, rather rudely, but without injustice, what it was I meddled with. Happily, before I proceeded any further, I perceived the hold I was about to give the government against me, and I immediately withdrew. I knew that, living alone in the midst of men more powerful than myself, I never could by any means whatever be sheltered from the injury they chose to do me. There was but one thing which depended on my own efforts : this was to preserve such a line of conduct that whenever they determined to make me feel the weight of authority they could not do it without being unjust. The maxim which induced me to decline proceeding with the works of the Abbé de St. Pierre has frequently made me relinquish projects I had much more at heart. People who are always ready to construe adversity into a crime, would be much surprised were they to know the pains I have taken in order that during my misfortunes it might never with truth be said of me, "Thou hast deserved them."

After having given up the manuscript, I remained some time without deciding upon the work which should succeed it. This interval of inactivity was destructive, inasmuch as it

permitted me to turn my reflections on myself for want of another object to engage my attention. I had no project for the future which could amuse my imagination. It was not even possible to form any, as my situation was precisely that in which all my desires were united. I had not another to conceive, and yet there was a void in my heart. This state was the more cruel, as I saw no other which was to be preferred to it. I had fixed my most tender affections upon a person who made me a return of her own. I lived with her without constraint, and, so to speak, at discretion. Notwithstanding this, a secret grief of mind never quitted me for a moment, either when she was present or absent. In possessing Thérèse, I still perceived she wanted something to add to her happiness ; and the sole idea of my not being everything to her had such an effect upon my mind that she was next to nothing to me.

I had friends of both sexes, to whom I was attached by the purest friendship and most perfect esteem. I depended upon a real return on their part, and a doubt of their sincerity never entered my mind ; yet this friendship was more tormenting than agreeable to me by their obstinate perseverance, and even their affectation, in opposing my taste, inclinations, and manner of living ; and this to such a degree, that the moment I seemed to desire a thing which interested myself only, and depended not upon them, they immediately combined their efforts to oblige me to renounce it. This continued desire to control me in all my wishes, particularly unjust as I did not so much as make myself acquainted with theirs, became so cruelly oppressive, that I never received one of their letters without feeling a certain terror as I opened it, and which was but too well justified by the contents. I thought being treated as a child by persons younger than myself, and who, of themselves, stood in great need of the advice they so prodigally bestowed on me, was too much. "Love me," said I to them, "as I love you, but in every other respect let my affairs be as indifferent to you as yours are to me : this is all I ask." If they granted me one of these two requests, it was not the latter.

I had a retired residence in a charming solitude, was master of my own house, and could live in it in the manner I considered proper without being controlled by any person. This habitation imposed on me duties agreeable to discharge, but which were indispensable. My liberty was precarious. In a greater state of subjection than a person at the command of another, it was my duty to be so by inclination. When I arose in the morning I never could say to myself, "I will employ this day as I think proper." And, moreover, besides my being subject to obey the call of Madame d'Epinay, I was exposed to the still more disagreeable importunities of the public and chance comers. The distance separating me from Paris did not prevent crowds of idlers, not knowing how to spend their time, from daily breaking in upon me, and without the least scruple freely disposing of mine. When I least expected visitors, I was unmercifully assailed by them, and I seldom made a plan for the congenial employment of the day that was not counteracted by the arrival of some stranger.

In short, finding no real enjoyment in the midst of the pleasures I had been most anxious to obtain, I, by sudden mental transitions, returned in imagination to the serene days of my youth, and sometimes exclaimed with a sigh : "Ah ! this is not *Les Charmettes*."

The recollection of the different periods of my life led me to reflect upon that at which I was arrived, and I found I was already on the decline, a prey to painful disorders, and believed I was approaching the end of my days without having tasted, in all its plenitude, scarcely any one of the pleasures after which my heart had so much thirsted, or having given scope to the lively sentiments I felt it had in reserve. I had not favoured even that intoxicating voluptuousness with which my mind was richly stored, and which, for want of an object, was always compressed and never exhaled but by signs.

How was it possible that, with a mind naturally expansive, I, with whom to live was to love, should not hitherto have found a friend entirely devoted to me—a real friend : I who

felt myself so capable of being such a friend to another? How can it be accounted for, that with such warm affections, such combustible senses, and a heart wholly made up of love, I had not once felt its flame for a determinate object? Tormented by the lack of loving, without ever having been able to satisfy it, I perceived myself approaching the eve of old age, and hastening on to death, without having lived.

These melancholy but affecting recollections led me to others which, although accompanied with regret, were not wholly unsatisfactory. I thought that something I had not yet received was still due to me from destiny.

To what end was I born with exquisite faculties? To suffer them to remain unemployed? The sentiment of conscious merit, which made me consider myself as suffering injustice, was some kind of reparation, and caused me to shed tears which with pleasure I suffered to flow.

These were my meditations during the sweetest season of the year, in the month of June, in shady groves, with the songs of the nightingale and the murmuring of brooks in my ear. Everything concurred in plunging me into that too seducing state of indolence for which I was born, but from which my austere manner, proceeding from a long effervescence, should for ever have delivered me. I, unfortunately, recollected the dinner of the Château de Toune, and my meeting with the two charming girls in the same season, in places much resembling that in which I then was located. The remembrance of these circumstances, which the innocence that accompanied them rendered to me still more dear, brought several others of the nature to my recollection. I presently saw myself surrounded by all the objects which, in my youth, had given me emotion: Mademoiselle Galley, Mademoiselle de Graffenried, Mademoiselle de Breil, Madame Bazile, Madame de Larnage, my pretty scholars, and even the bewitching Zuletta, whom my heart could not forget. I found myself in the midst of a seraglio of houris of my old acquaintance, for whom the most lively inclination was not new to me. My blood became inflamed, my head turned, notwithstanding that

my hair was almost grey ; and the grave citizen of Geneva, the austere Jean-Jacques, at forty-five years of age, once more became the fond shepherd. The intoxication with which my mind was seized, although sudden and extravagant, was so strong and lasting, that to enable me to recover from it nothing less than the unforeseen and terrible crisis it brought on was necessary.

This intoxication, to whatever degree it was carried, went not so far as to make me forget my age and situation, to flatter me that I could still inspire love, nor to make me attempt to communicate the devouring flame by which ever since my youth I had felt my heart in vain consumed. For this I did not hope ; I did not even desire it. I knew the season of love was past ; I knew too well in what contempt the ridiculous pretensions of superannuated gallants were held, ever to add one to the number, and I was not a man to become an impudent coxcomb in the decline of life, after having been so little such during the flower of my age. Besides, as a friend to peace, I should have been apprehensive of domestic dissensions ; and I too sincerely loved Thérèse to expose her to the mortification of seeing me entertain for others more lively sentiments than those with which she inspired me for herself.

What step did I take upon this occasion ? My reader will already have guessed it, if he has taken the trouble to pay the least attention to my narrative. The impossibility of attaining real beings threw me into the regions of chimera, and seeing nothing in existence worthy of my delirium, I sought food for it in the ideal world, which my imagination quickly peopled with beings after my own heart. This resource never came more *à propos*, nor was it ever so fertile. In my continual ecstasy I intoxicated my mind with the most delicious sentiments that ever entered the heart of man. Entirely forgetting the human species, I formed to myself societies of perfect beings, whose virtues were as celestial as their beauty, tender and faithful friends, such as I never found here below. I became so fond of soaring in this empyrean, in the midst of the charming

objects with which I was surrounded, that I passed hours and days without counting them. And, losing the remembrance of all other things, I scarcely had eaten a morsel in haste before I was impatient to make my escape and run to regain my groves. When ready to depart for the enchanted world, and I saw wretched mortals coming to detain me upon the dull earth, I could neither conceal nor moderate my vexation ; no longer master of myself, I gave them so uncivil a reception that it might be termed brutal. This tended to confirm my reputation as a misanthrope, from the very cause which, could the world have read my heart, should have acquired me one of a nature directly opposite.

In the midst of my exaltation I was pulled down like a paper kite, and restored to my proper place by means of a smart attack of my disorder. I recurred to the only means that had before given me relief, and thus made a truce with my angelic amours ; for, besides that it seldom happens that a man is amorous when he suffers, my imagination, which is animated in the country and beneath the shade of trees, languishes and becomes extinguished in a chamber and under the joists of a ceiling. I frequently regretted that there existed no dryads ; it would certainly have been amongst these that I should have fixed my attachment.

Other domestic broils came at the same time to increase my chagrin, one of which was that Madame Le Vasseur, while making me the finest compliments in the world, alienated from me her daughter as much as she possibly could. I received letters from my late neighbourhood, informing me that the good old lady had secretly contracted several debts in the name of Thérèse, to whom these became known, but of which she had never mentioned to me a word. The debts to be paid hurt me much less than the secret that had been made of them. How could she, from whom I had never had a secret, have one from me ? Is it possible to dissimulate with persons whom we love ? The *coterie Holbachique*, who found I never made a journey to Paris, began seriously to be afraid I was happy and

satisfied in the country, and madman enough to reside there.

Hence the cabals by which attempts were made to recall me indirectly to the city. Diderot, who did not immediately wish to show himself, began by detaching from me De Leyre, whom I had brought acquainted with him, and who received and transmitted to me the impressions Diderot chose to give, without suspecting to what end they were directed.

Everything seemed to concur in withdrawing me from my charming and mad reverie. I was not recovered from my late attack when I received a copy of the poem on the destruction of Lisbon, a gift I imagined to be made by the author. This made it necessary that I should write to him and speak of his composition. I did so, and my letter was a long time afterwards printed without my permission, as I shall hereafter have occasion to remark.

Struck by seeing this poor man overwhelmed, if I may so speak, with prosperity and honour, bitterly exclaiming against the miseries of this life, and finding everything to be wrong, I formed the mad project of making him turn his attention to himself, and of proving to him that everything was right. Voltaire, while he appeared to believe in God, never really believed in anything but the devil, since his pretended deity is a malicious being, who, according to him, had no pleasure but in evil. The glaring absurdity of this doctrine is particularly disgusting from a man enjoying the greatest prosperity; who, from the bosom of happiness, endeavours, by the frightful and cruel image of all the calamities from which he is exempt, to reduce his fellows to despair. I, who had a better right than he to calculate and weigh all the evils of human life, impartially examined them, and proved to him that of all possible evils there was not one to be attributed to Providence, and which had not its source rather in the abusive use man made of his faculties than in nature. I treated him, in this letter, with the greatest respect and delicacy possible. Yet, knowing that his self-love made him extremely irritable, I did not send the

letter immediately to himself, but to Doctor Tronchin, his physician and friend, with full power either to give it to him or destroy it. Voltaire informed me in a few lines, that being ill, having likewise the care of a sick person, he postponed his answer until some future day, and said not a word upon the subject. Tronchin, when he sent me the letter, enclosed it in another, in which he had expressed but very little esteem for the person from whom he had received it.

I have never published, nor even shown, either of these two letters, not liking to make a parade of such little triumphs; but the originals are in my collection. Since that time Voltaire has published the reply he promised me, but which I never received. This is the novel of *Candide*, regarding which I cannot speak, for reason of my not having read it.

All these interruptions ought to have cured me of my fantastic amours, and they were perhaps the means offered me by Heaven to prevent their destructive consequences; but my evil genius prevailed, and I had scarcely begun to go out before my heart, my head, and my feet returned to the same paths. I say the same in certain respects, for my ideas, rather less exalted, remained this time upon earth, but were still busied in making so exquisite a choice of all that was to be found there amiable of every kind, that it was not much less chimerical than the imaginary world I had deserted.

To myself I figured love and friendship, the two idols of my heart, under the most ravishing images. I amused myself in adorning them with all the charms of the sex I had always adored. I imagined two female friends, rather than two of my own sex, because, although the example is more rare, it is also more amiable. I endowed them with different characters, but analogous to their connection, with two faces, not perfectly beautiful, but according to my taste, and animated with benevolence and sensibility. I made one brown and the other fair, one lively and the other languishing, one wise and the other weak, but of so amiable a weakness that it seemed to add a charm to virtue.

I gave to one of the two a lover, of whom the other was a tender friend, and even something more, but I did not admit either rivalry, quarrels, or jealousy, because every painful sentiment is painful to me to imagine, and I was unwilling to tarnish this delightful picture by anything degrading to nature. Smitten with my two charming models, I drew my own portrait in the lover and friend as much as it was possible to do it, but I made him young and amiable, giving him at the same time the virtues and defects which I felt in myself.

That I might place my characters in a residence proper for them, I successively passed in review the most beautiful places I had seen in my travels, but found no grove sufficiently delightful, no landscape that pleased me. The valleys of Thessaly would have satisfied me had I but once had a sight of them; but my imagination, fatigued with invention, wished for some real place which might serve it as a point to rest upon, and create in me an illusion with respect to the real existence of the inhabitants I intended to place there. I thought a good while upon the Boromean Islands, the delightful prospect of which had transported me, but I found in them too much art and ornament for my lovers. I, however, wanted a lake, and I concluded by making choice of that about which my heart has never ceased to wander. I fixed myself upon that part of the banks of this lake where my wishes have long since placed my residence in the imaginary happiness to which fate has confined me. The native place of my poor "Mamam" had still for me a charm. The contrast of the situations, the richness and variety of the sites, the magnificence, the majesty of the whole, which ravishes the senses, affects the heart, and elevates the mind, all prompted me to give it the preference, and I placed my young pupils at Vevay. This is what I imagined at the first sketch; the rest was not added until afterwards.

For a long time I confined myself to this vague plan, because it was sufficient to fill my imagination with agreeable objects, and my heart with sentiments in which it delighted



MADAME D'HOUDETOT AT THE HERMITAGE.

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These fictions, by frequently presenting themselves, at length gained a consistence, and took in my mind a determined form. I then had an inclination to express upon paper some of the situations fancy presented to me, and, recollecting everything I had felt during my youth, this, in some measure, gave an object to that desire of loving which I had never been able to satisfy, and by which I felt myself consumed.

I first wrote a few incoherent letters, and when I subsequently wished to give them connection I frequently found a difficulty in accomplishing the task. What is scarcely credible, although most strictly true, is my having written the first two parts almost wholly in this manner, without having formed any plan, and not foreseeing that I should one day be tempted to make it a regular work. For this reason the two parts afterwards formed, of materials not prepared for the place in which they are disposed, are full of meaningless expressions not found in the others.

In the midst of my reveries I had a visit from Madame d'Houdetot, the first she had ever accorded me, but which unfortunately was not the last, as will hereafter appear. The Comtesse d'Houdetot was the daughter of the late M. de Bellegarde, a farmer-general, sister to M. d'Epinay, and Messieurs de Lalive and de la Briche, both of whom have since been introductors to ambassadors. I have spoken of the acquaintance I made with her before she was married ; since that event I had not seen her, except at the *fêles* of La Chevrette, with Madame d'Epinay, her sister-in-law. Having frequently passed several days with her, both at La Chevrette and Epinay, I always thought her amiable, and that she seemed to be my well-wisher. She was fond of walking with me ; we were both good pedestrians, and the conversation between us was inexhaustible. However, I never went to see her in Paris, although she had several times requested and solicited me to do so. Her connections with M. de St. Lambert, with whom I began to be intimate, rendered her more interesting to me, and it was to bring me some account of that friend, who was, I

believe, then at Mahon, that she came to see me at the Hermitage.

This visit had something of the appearance of the beginning of a romance. She lost her way. Her coachman, quitting the road, which turned to the right, attempted to cross straight over from the mill of Clairvaux to the Hermitage. Her carriage stuck in a quagmire in the bottom of the valley, and she got out and walked the rest of the road. Her delicate shoes were soon worn through; she sank into the dirt, her servants had the greatest difficulty in extricating her, and she at length arrived at the Hermitage in boots, making the place resound with her laughter, in which I most heartily joined. She had to change everything. Thérèse provided her with what was necessary, and I prevailed upon her to forget her dignity and partake of a rustic collation, with which she appeared to be highly satisfied. It was growing late, and her sojourn was short, but the interview was so mirthful that it pleased her, and she seemed disposed to return. She did not, however, put this project into execution until the next year; but, alas! the delay was not favourable to me in any way.

I passed the autumn in an employment no person would suspect me of undertaking: this was guarding the fruit of M. d'Epinay. The Hermitage was the reservoir of the waters of the park of La Chevrette; there was a garden walled round and planted with espaliers and other trees, which produced M. d'Epinay more fruit than his kitchen garden at La Chevrette, although three-fourths of it were stolen from him. That I might not be an entirely useless guest, I took upon myself the direction of the garden and the inspection of the conduct of the gardener. Everything progressed favourably until the fruit season, but as the fruit became ripe I observed that it disappeared without knowing in what manner it was disposed of. The gardener assured me it was the dormice which ate it all. I destroyed a great number of these animals, but notwithstanding the labour in doing so the fruit still diminished. I watched the gardener's motions so narrowly that I found he was

the great dormouse. He lodged at Montmorency, whence he came in the night with his wife and children to take away the fruit he had concealed in the daytime, and which he sold in the market at Paris as publicly as if he had brought it from a garden of his own. This wretch, whom I loaded with kindness, whose children were clothed by Thérèse, and whose father, a beggar, I almost supported, robbed us with as much ease as effrontery, not one of the three being sufficiently vigilant to prevent him, and one night he emptied my cellar. Whilst he seemed to address himself to me only, I suffered everything; but being desirous of giving an account of the fruit, I was obliged to declare by whom a great part of it had been stolen. Madame d'Epinay desired me to pay and discharge him and look out for another. I did so. As this rascal rambled about the Hermitage in the night, armed with a thick club staff with an iron ferrule, and accompanied by other villains like himself, to relieve the *governesses* from their fears, I made his successor sleep in the house with us; and this not being sufficient to remove their apprehensions, I sent to ask M. d'Epinay for a musket, which I kept in the gardener's hut, with a charge not to make use of it except an attempt was made to break open the door or scale the walls of the garden, and to fire nothing but powder, meaning only to frighten the thieves. This was certainly the least precaution a man who was indisposed could take for the common safety of himself and family, having to pass the winter in the midst of a wood with two timid women. I also procured a little dog to serve as a sentinel. De Leyre coming to see me about this time, I related to him my situation, and we laughed together at my military apparatus. On his return to Paris he wished to amuse Diderot with the story, and by this means the *coterie Holbachique* learned that I was seriously disposed to pass the winter at the Hermitage. This perseverance, of which they had not imagined me to be capable, disconcerted them, and until they could think of some other means of making my residence disagreeable to

me, they sent back, by means of Diderot, the same De Leyre, who, though at first he had thought my precautions quite natural, now pretended to discover that they were inconsistent with my principles, and styled them more than ridiculous in his letters, in which he overwhelmed me with pleasantries sufficiently bitter and satirical to offend me had I been the least disposed to take offence. But at that time, being full of tender and affectionate sentiments, and not susceptible of any other, I perceived in his biting sarcasms nothing more than a jest, and believed him only jocose when others would have thought him mad.

By my care and vigilance I guarded the garden so well that, although there had been but little fruit that year, the produce was triple that of the preceding years. It is true I spared no pains to preserve it, and I went so far as to escort what I sent to La Chevrette and to Epinay, and to carry baskets of it myself. The "aunt" and I carried one of these, which was so heavy that we were obliged to rest every dozen steps, and when we arrived with it we were quite wet with perspiration.

As soon as the bad season began to confine me to the house, I wanted to return to my indolent amusements, but this I found impossible. I had everywhere two charming female friends before my eyes: their friend, everything by which they were surrounded, the country they inhabited, and the objects created or embellished for them by my imagination. I was no longer myself for a moment, my delirium never left me. After many useless efforts to banish all fictions from my mind, they at length seduced me, and my future endeavours were confined to giving them order and coherence, for the purpose of converting them into a species of novel.

What embarrassed me most was that I had contradicted myself so openly and fully. After the severe principles I had just so publicly asserted, after the austere maxims I had so loudly preached, and my violent invectives against books which breathed nothing but effeminacy and love, could anything be less expected, or more extraordinary.

than to see me, with my own hand, write my name in the list of authors of whose books I had so severely censured ? I felt this incoherence in all its extent. I reproached myself with it, I blushed at it and was vexed ; but all this could not bring me back to reason. Completely overcome, I was at all risks obliged to submit, and to resolve to brave the "What will the world say of it?" except only deliberating afterwards whether or not I should show my work, for I did not yet suppose I should ever determine to publish it.

This resolution taken, I entirely abandoned myself to my reveries, and by frequently revolving these in my mind, formed with them the kind of plan the execution of which has been seen. This was certainly the greatest advantage that could be drawn from my follies ; the love of good, which has never been effaced from my heart, turned them towards useful objects, the moral of which might have produced its good effects. My voluptuous descriptions would have lost all their graces had they been devoid of the colouring of innocence.

A weak girl is an object of pity whom love may render interesting, and who frequently is not therefore the less amiable, and who can see without indignation the manners of the age ; and what is more disgusting than the pride of an unchaste wife, who, openly treading under foot every duty, pretends that her husband ought to be grateful for her unwillingness to suffer herself to be taken in the act ? Perfect beings are not in nature, and their examples are not near enough to us. But whoever says that the description of a young person born with good dispositions, and a heart equally tender and virtuous, who suffers herself, when a girl, to be overcome by love, and when a woman has resolution enough to conquer in her turn, is upon the whole scandalous and useless, is a liar and a hypocrite : hearken not to him.

Besides this object of morality and conjugal chastity which is radically connected with all social order, I had in view one more secret in behalf of concord and public peace,

a greater, and perhaps more important object in itself, at least for the moment for which it was created. The storm brought on by the "Encyclopédie," far from being appeased, was at this time at its height. Two parties, exasperated against each other to the last degree of fury, soon resembled enraged wolves set on for their mutual destruction, rather than Christians and philosophers who had a reciprocal wish to enlighten and convince each other, and lead their brethren to the way of truth. Perhaps nothing more was wanting to each party than a few turbulent chiefs, who possessed a little power to make this quarrel terminate in a civil war; and God knows what a civil war of religion, founded on each side upon the most cruel intolerance, would have produced. Naturally an enemy to all spirit of party, I had freely spoken severe truths of each, to which they had not listened. I thought of another expedient, which, in my simplicity, appeared to me admirable: this was to abate their reciprocal hatred by destroying their prejudices, and exhibiting to each party the virtue and merit which in the other was worthy of public esteem and respect. This project, little remarkable for its wisdom, which supported sincerity in mankind, and whereby I fell into the error with which I reproached the Abbé de St. Pierre, had the success that was to be expected from it: it drew together and united the parties for no other purpose than that of crushing the author. Until experience led me to discover my folly, I devoted my energies to it with a zeal worthy of the motive by which I was inspired; and I imagined the two characters of Wolmar and Julia in an ecstasy which made me hope to render them both amiable, and, what is still more, by means of each other.

Satisfied with having made a rough sketch of my plan, I returned to the situations in detail, which I had marked out, and from the arrangement I gave them resulted the first two parts of the *Julie*, which I finished during the winter with inexpressible pleasure, procuring gilt paper to receive a fair copy of them, azure and silver powder to dry

the writing, and blue narrow ribbon to tack my sheets together; in a word, I thought nothing sufficiently elegant and delicate for my two charming girls, of whom, like another Pygmalion, I became madly enamoured. Every evening, by the fireside, I read the two parts to the *governesses*. The daughter, without saying a word, was, like myself, moved to tenderness, and we mingled our sighs; her mother, finding there were no compliments, understood nothing of the matter, remained unmoved, and, at the intervals when I was silent, always repeated, "Sir, that is very fine."

Madame d'Epinay, uneasy at my being alone in winter in a solitary house in the midst of woods, often sent to inquire after my health. I never had such real proofs of her friendship for me, to which mine never more fully answered. It would be wrong in me were not I, among these proofs, to make special mention of her portrait, which she sent me, at the same time requesting instructions from me in what manner she might have mine, painted by La Tour, and which had been shown at the Exhibition. I ought equally to speak of another proof of her attention to me, which, although it is laughable, is a feature in the history of my character, on account of the impression received from it. One day, when it froze to an extreme degree, in opening a packet she had sent me of several things I had desired her to purchase for me, I found a little under-petticoat of English flannel, which she told me she had worn, and desired I would make of it an under-waistcoat.

This care, more than friendly, appeared to me so tender, and as if she had stripped herself to clothe me, that, in my emotion, I repeatedly kissed—shedding tears at the same time—both the note and the petticoat. Thérèse thought me mad. It is singular that, of all the marks of friendship Madame d'Epinay ever showed me, this touched me the most, and that, ever since our rupture, I have never recollected it without being very sensibly affected. For a long time I preserved her little note, and it would still have

been in my possession had not it shared the fate of my other notes received at the same period.

Although my disorder then gave me but little respite in winter, and a part of the interval was employed in seeking relief from pain, this was still, upon the whole, the season which, since my residence in France, I had passed with most pleasure and tranquillity. During four or five months whilst the bad weather sheltered me from the interruptions of importunate visits, I tasted to a greater degree than I had ever yet or have since done of that equal, simple, and independent life, the enjoyment of which still made it more desirable to me, without any other company than the two *governesses* in reality and the two female cousins in idea. It was then especially that I daily congratulated myself upon the resolution I had had the good sense to take, unmindful of the clamours of my friends, who were vexed at seeing me delivered from their tyranny; and when I heard of the attempt of a madman, when De Leyre and Madame d'Epinaÿ spoke to me in letters of the trouble and agitation which reigned in Paris, how thankful was I to Heaven for having placed me at a distance from all such spectacles of horror and guilt! These would have continued and increased the bilious humour which the sight of public disorders had given me; whilst seeing nothing around me in my retirement but gay and pleasing objects, my heart was wholly abandoned to amiable sentiments.

I remark here with pleasure the course of the last peaceful moments there left me. The spring succeeding to this winter, which had been so calm, developed the germ of the misfortunes I have yet to describe, in the tissue of which a like interval, wherein I had leisure to respite, will not be found.

I think, however, I recollect that, during this interval of peace, and in the bosom of my solitude, I was not quite undisturbed by the *Holbachiques*. Diderot stirred me up some strife; and I am much deceived if it was not in the course of this winter that the *Fils Naturel*, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak, made its appearance. In-

dependently of the causes which left me but few papers relative to that period, those even which I have been able to preserve are not very exact with respect to dates. Diderot never dated his letters. Madame d'Epinay and Madame d'Houdetot seldom dated theirs, except the day of the week, and De Leyre mostly confined himself to the same rules. When I was desirous of putting these letters in order, I was obliged to supply what was wanting by guessing at dates so uncertain that I cannot depend upon them. Unable, therefore, to fix with certainty the beginning of these quarrels, I prefer relating in one subsequent article everything I can recollect concerning them.

The return of spring had increased my amorous delirium, and in my melancholy occasioned by the excess of my transports, I had composed for the last parts of *Heloisa* several letters, wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongst others, I may quote those from the Elysium, and the excursion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading these letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt into the tenderness by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: nature has refused him the means of judging of sentiment.

Precisely at the same time I received a second unforeseen visit from Madame d'Houdetot in the absence of her husband, who was captain of the gendarmerie, and of her lover, who was also in the service. She had come to Eaubonne, in the middle of the Valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a pretty house, and thence she made a new excursion to the Hermitage. She came on horseback, and dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not very fond of this kind of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic appearance she made, and for once it was with love. As this was the first and only time in all my life, and the consequence of which will for ever render it terrible to my remembrance, I must take the permission to enter into some particulars on the subject.

§ The Countess d'Houdetot was nearly thirty years of age,

and not handsome ; her face was marked with the small-pox, her complexion coarse, she was short-sighted, and her eyes were rather round ; but she had fine long black hair, which hung down in natural curls below her waist ; her figure was agreeable, and she was at once awkward and graceful in her motions ; her wit was natural and pleasing ; to this gaiety, heedlessness and ingenuousness were perfectly suited ; she abounded in charming sallies, after which she so little sought that they sometimes escaped her lips in spite of herself. She possessed several delightful talents, played the harpsichord, danced well, and wrote pleasing poetry. Her character was angelic—this was founded upon a sweetness of mind, and, except prudence and fortitude, contained in it every virtue. She was besides so much to be depended upon in all intercourse, so faithful in society, that even her enemies were not under the necessity of concealing from her their secrets. I mean by her enemies, the men, or rather the women, by whom she was not beloved, for as to herself she had not a heart capable of hatred, and I am of opinion this conformity with mine greatly contributed towards inspiring me with a passion for her. In confidence of the most intimate friendship, I never heard her speak ill of persons who were absent, nor even of her servants. She could neither conceal her thoughts from any, nor disguise any of her sentiments, and I am persuaded she spoke of her lover to her husband as she spoke of him to her friends and acquaintance, and to everybody without distinction of persons. What proved beyond all manner of doubt the purity and sincerity of her nature was, that subject to very extraordinary absences of mind, and the most laughable inconsiderateness, she was often guilty of some very imprudent ones with respect to herself, but never in the least offensive to any person whatever.

• She had been married very young, and against her inclinations, to the Count Houdetot, a man of fashion, and a good officer ; but a man who loved play and chicanery, who was not very amiable, and whom she never loved. She found in M. de St. Lambert all the merit of her husband, with more

agreeable qualities of mind, joined with virtue and talents. If anything in the manners of the age can be pardoned, it is an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honour, and which become cemented by reciprocal esteem. . It was a little from inclination, as I am disposed to think, but much more to please St. Lambert, that she came to see me. He had requested her to visit me, and there was reason to believe the friendship which began to be established between us would render this society agreeable to all three. She knew I was acquainted with their connection, and as she could speak to me without restraint, it was natural she should find my conversation interesting. She came ; I saw her ; I was intoxicated with love without an object ; this intoxication fascinated my eyes, the object fixed itself upon her. I saw my Julia in Madame d'Houdetot, and I soon saw nothing but Madame d'Houdetot, but with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my delirium, she spoke to me of St. Lambert with the fondness of a passionate lover. Contagious force of love ! while listening to her and finding myself near *him*, I was seized with a delicious trembling which I had never experienced before when near to any person *well known*. She spoke, and I felt myself affected. I thought myself more than interested by her sentiments, when I perceived I possessed those which were similar. I drank freely of the poisoned cup, of which I yet tasted nothing more than the sweetness. Finally, imperceptibly to us both, she inspired me for herself with all she expressed for her lover. Alas ! it was very late in life, and cruel was it to consume me with a passion not less violent than unfortunate, for a woman whose heart was already in the possession of another. .

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when near to her, I did not at first notice what had happened to me ; it was not until after her departure that, wishing to think of Julia, I was struck with surprise at being unable to think of any one but Madame d'Houdetot. Then it was that my eyes were opened : I felt my misfortune, and

lamented what had happened, but I did not foresee the consequences.

I hesitated a long time on the manner in which I should conduct myself towards her, as if real love left behind it sufficient reason to deliberate and act accordingly. I had not yet determined upon this, when she unexpectedly returned and found me unprovided. It was this time, perfectly acquainted with my situation, shame, the companion of evil, rendered me dumb, and made me tremble in her presence. I neither dared to open my mouth nor raise my eyes. I was in an inexpressible confusion, which it was impossible she should not perceive. I resolved to confess to her my troubled state of mind, and left her to guess the cause whence it proceeded: this was telling her in terms sufficiently clear.

Had I been young and amiable, and Madame d'Houdetot afterwards weak, I should here blame her conduct; but this was not the case, and I am obliged to applaud and admire it. The resolution she took was equally prudent and generous. She could not suddenly break with me without giving her reasons for it to St. Lambert, who himself had desired her to come and see me; this would have exposed two friends to a rupture, and perhaps a public one, which she wished to avoid. She had for me esteem and good wishes: she pitied my folly without encouraging it, and endeavoured to restore me to reason. She was glad to preserve to her lover and herself a friend, for whom she had some respect, and she spoke of nothing with more pleasure than the intimate and agreeable society we might form between us three the moment I should become reasonable. She did not always confine herself to these friendly exhortations, and, in case of need, did not spare me more severe reproaches, which I had richly deserved.

I spared myself still less. The moment I was alone I began to recover. I was more calm after my declaration: love known to the person by whom it is inspired becomes more supportable. The forcible manner in which I reproached myself with mine ought to have cured me of it

had the thing been possible. What powerful motives did I not call to my aid to stifle it? My morals, sentiments, and principles; the shame, the treachery, and crime of abusing what was confided to friendship, and the ridiculousness of feeling, at my age, the extravagant passion for an object whose heart was pre-engaged, and who could neither make me a return, nor the least hope; moreover, with a passion which, far from having anything to gain by constancy, daily became less sufferable.

Who would imagine that the last consideration, which ought to have added weight to all the others, was that whereby I eluded them! "What scruple," thought I, "ought I to make of a folly prejudicial to nobody but myself? Am I, then, a young man of whom Madame d'Houdetot ought to be afraid? Would it not be said, by my presumptive remorse, that by my gallantry, manner, and dress I was going to seduce her? Poor Jean-Jacques, love on at thy ease, in all safety of conscience, and be not afraid that thy sighs will be prejudicial to St. Lambert!"

It has been seen that I never was a coxcomb, not even in my youth. The manner of thinking, of which I have spoken, was according to my turn of mind; it flattered my passion. This was sufficient to induce me to abandon myself to it without reserve, and to laugh even at the impertinent scruple I thought I had made from vanity rather than from reason. This is a great lesson for virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly; it finds means to surprise them by masking itself with sophisms, and not infrequently with a virtue. §

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure; and I entreat it may be observed in what manner my passion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyss. In the first place, it assumed an air of humility to encourage me; and to render me intrepid, it carried this humility even to mistrust. Madame d'Houdetot incessantly putting me in mind of my duty, without once for a single moment flattering my folly, treated me with the greatest mildness, and remained with me upon the footing

of the most tender friendship. This friendship would, I protest, have satisfied my wishes, had I thought it sincere; but finding it too strong to be real, I took it into my head that love, so ill-suited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot; that this young mad creature only wished to divert herself with me and my superannuated passion; that she had communicated this to St. Lambert, and that the indignation caused by my breach of friendship having made her lover enter into her views, they were agreed to turn my head and then to laugh at me. This folly, which at twenty-six years of age had made me guilty of some extravagant behaviour to Madame Larnage, whom I did not know, would have been pardonable in me at forty-five with Madame d'Houdetot, had not I known that she and her lover were persons of too much uprightness to indulge themselves in such a barbarous amusement.

Madame d'Houdetot continued her visits, which I delayed not to return. She, as well as myself, was fond of walking, and we took long walks in an enchanting country. Satisfied with loving and daring to say I loved, I should have been in the most agreeable situation had not my extravagance spoiled all the charm of it. At first, she could not comprehend the foolish pettishness with which I received her attentions, but my heart, incapable of concealing what passed within it, did not long leave her ignorant of my suspicions. She endeavoured to laugh at them, but this expedient did not succeed; transports of rage would have been the consequence, and she changed her tone. Her compassionate gentleness was invincible. She made me reproaches which penetrated my heart; she expressed an inquietude at my unjust fears, of which I took advantage. I required proofs of her being in earnest. She perceived there was no other means of relieving me of my apprehensions. I became pressing: the step was delicate. It is astonishing, and perhaps without example, but a woman having suffered herself to be brought to hesitate should have got herself off so well. She refused me nothing the most

tender friendship could grant, yet she granted me nothing that rendered her unfaithful, and I had the mortification to see that the disorder into which her most trifling favours had thrown all my senses had not the least effect upon hers.

I have somewhere said that nothing should be granted to the senses when we wish to refuse them anything. To prove how false this maxim was relative to Madame d'Houdetot, and how far she was right to depend upon her own strength of mind, it would be necessary to enter into the detail of our long and frequent conversations, and follow them, in all their liveliness, during the four months we passed together in an intimacy almost without example between two friends of different sexes who contain themselves within the bounds which we never exceeded. Ah ! if I had lived so long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and senses abundantly paid the arrears. What, therefore, are the transports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, since the passions of which my idol did not partake inspired such as I felt ?

But I am wrong in saying Madame d'Houdetot did not partake of the passion of love ; that what I felt was in some measure confined to myself ; yet love was equal on both sides, but not reciprocal. We were both intoxicated with the passion : she for her lover, and I for herself ; our sighs and delicious tears were mingled together. Tender confidants of the secrets of each other, there was so great a similarity in our sentiments that it was impossible they should not find some common point of union. In the midst of this delicious intoxication she never forgot herself for a moment, and I solemnly protest that, if ever led away by my senses I have attempted to render her unfaithful, I was never really desirous of succeeding. The vehemence itself of my passion restrained it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had elevated my mind. The lustre of every virtue adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart ; to have soiled their divine image would have been to destroy it. I might have committed the crime : it has been a hundred times committed in my heart ; but to dishonour my Sophie !

—ah! was this ever possible? No! I have told her a hundred times it was not. Had I had it in my power to satisfy my desires, had she consented to commit herself to my discretion, I should, except in a few moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at the price of her honour. I loved her too well to wish to possess her.

The distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne is almost a league; in my frequent excursions to it I have sometimes slept there. One evening, after having supped *tête-à-tête*, we went to walk in the garden by moonlight. At the bottom of the garden was a considerable copse, through which we passed on our way to a pretty grove ornamented with a cascade, of which I had given her the idea, and she had procured it to be executed accordingly.

Eternal remembrance of innocence and enjoyment! It was in this grove, seated by her side upon a seat of turf under an acacia in full bloom, that I found expression for the emotions of my heart in words that were worthy of them. It was the first and only time of my life; but I was sublime, if everything amiable and seducing with which the most tender and ardent love can inspire the heart of man can be so called. What intoxicating tears did I shed at her knees!—how many did I make her shed in spite of herself! At length in an involuntary transport she exclaimed, “No, never was a man so amiable, never was there one who loved like you! But your friend St. Lambert hears us, and my heart is incapable of loving twice.” I exhausted myself with sighs. I embraced her—what an embrace! But this was all. She had lived alone for the last six months, that is to say, absent from her husband and lover; I had seen her almost every day during three months, and Love seldom failed to make a third person. We had supped *tête-à-tête*, we were alone in the grove by moonlight, and after two hours of the most lively and tender conversation, she left this grove at midnight, and the arms of her lover, as morally and physically pure as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances: I will add nothing more.

Do not, however, imagine that in this situation my passions left me as undisturbed as I was with Thérèse and "Mamam." I have already observed I was this time inspired not only with love, but with love and all its energy and fury. I will not describe either the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsionary emotions, nor faintings of the heart I continually experienced; these may be judged of by the effect her image alone made upon me. I have already stated that the distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was considerable. I went by the hills of Andilly, which are delightful; I mused, as I walked, on her whom I was going to see, the charming reception she would give me, and upon the kiss which awaited me on my arrival. This single kiss, this pernicious embrace, even before I received it, inflamed my blood to such a degree as to affect my head; my eyes were dazzled, my knees trembled, and were unable to support me; I was obliged to stop and sit down; my whole frame was in inconceivable disorder, and I was upon the point of fainting. Knowing the danger, I endeavoured at setting out to divert my attention from the object, and think of something else. I had not proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all that was the consequence of it, assailed me in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid them, and in spite of all my efforts I do not believe I ever made this little excursion alone with impunity. I arrived at Eaubonne weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her everything was repaired; all I felt in her presence was the importunity of an inexhaustible and useless ardour. Upon the road to Eaubonne there was a pleasant terrace called "Mont Olympe," at which we sometimes met. Arriving first, it was proper I should wait for her; but how dear this waiting cost me! To divert my attention, I endeavoured to write with my pencil billets which I could have written with the purest drops of my blood; I never could finish one that was eligible. When she found a note in the niche upon which we had agreed, all she learned from the contents was the deplorable

state in which I was when I wrote it. This state and its continuation during the three months of irritation and self-denial so exhausted me, that it was several years before I recovered from it, and at the end of these it left me an ailment that I shall carry with me to the grave. Such was the sole enjoyment of a man of the most combustible constitution, but who was, at the same time, perhaps one of the most timid mortals nature ever produced. Such were the last happy days I can reckon upon earth ; at the end of these began the long train of evils, in which there will be found but little interruption.

It has been seen that, during the whole course of my life, my heart, as transparent as crystal, has never been capable of concealing for the space of a moment any sentiment in the least lively which had taken refuge in it. It will, therefore, be judged whether or not it was possible for me long to conceal my affection for Madame d'Houdetot. Our intimacy struck the eyes of everybody, we did not make of it either a secret or a mystery ; it was not of a nature to require any such precaution ; and as Madame d'Houdetot had for me the most tender friendship with which she did not reproach herself, and I for her an esteem with the justice of which nobody was better acquainted than myself : she, frank, absent, heedless ; I, true, awkward, haughty, impatient, and choleric ; we exposed ourselves more in deceitful security than we should have done had we been culpable. We both went to La Chevrette ; we sometimes met there by appointment. We lived there according to our accustomed manner ; walking together every day, talking of our amours, our duties, our friends, and our innocent projects ; all this in the park, opposite the apartment of Madame d'Epinay, under her windows, whence, incessantly examining us and thinking herself braved, she by her eyes filled her heart with rage and indignation.

Women have the art of concealing their anger, especially when it is great. Madame d'Epinay, violent but deliberate, possessed this art to an eminent degree. She feigned not to

see or suspect anything, and at the same time that she doubled towards me her cares, attention, and allurements, she affected to load her sisters-in-law with incivilities and marks of disdain, which she seemingly wished to communicate to me. That she did not succeed it will easily be imagined ; but I was on the rack. Torn by opposite passions, at the same time that I was sensible of her caresses, I could scarcely contain my anger when I saw her wanting in good manners to Madame d'Houdetot. The angelic sweetness of this lady made her endure everything without a complaint or even without being offended. She was, in fact, so absent and always so little attentive to these things, that half the time she did not perceive them.

I was so taken up with my passion, that seeing nothing but Sophia (one of the names of Madame d'Houdetot), I did not perceive that I had become the laughing-stock of the whole house, and all those who came to it. The Baron d'Holbach, who never, as I heard of, had been at La Chevrette, was one of the latter. Had I at that time been as mistrustful as I have since become, I should strongly have suspected Madame d'Epinay to have contrived this journey to give the Baron the amusing spectacle of the amorous citizen. But I was then so stupid that I saw not even that which was glaring to everybody. My stupidity did not, however, prevent me from finding in the Baron a more jovial and satisfied appearance than ordinary. Instead of looking upon me with his usual moroseness, he said to me a hundred jocose things without my understanding what he meant. Surprise was painted in my countenance, but I said not a word ; Madame d'Epinay shook her sides with laughing ; I knew not what possessed them. As nothing yet passed the bounds of pleasantry, the best thing I could have done, had I been in the secret, would have been to have humoured the joke. It is true, I perceived amid the rallying gaiety of the Baron that his eyes sparkled with a malicious joy, which would have given me pain had I then remarked it to the degree it has since occurred to my mind.

One day when I went to see Madame d'Houdetot at Eaubonne, after her return from one of her journeys to Paris, I found her melancholy, and observed that she had been weeping. I was obliged to put a restraint on myself, because Madame de Blainville, sister to her husband, was present; but the moment I found an opportunity, I expressed to her my uneasiness. "Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "I am much afraid your follies will cost me the repose of the rest of my days. St. Lambert has been informed of what has passed, and is ill-informed of it. He does me justice, but he is vexed; and, what is still worse, he hides part of his vexation. Fortunately, I have not concealed from him anything relative to our connection, which was formed under his auspices. My letters, like my heart, were full of yourself. I made him acquainted with everything except your extravagant passion, of which I hoped to cure you, and which he imputes to me as a crime. Somebody has done us ill-offices; I have been injured, but what does that signify? Either let us break entirely with each other, or do you be what you ought to be; I will not in future have anything to conceal from my lover."

This was the first moment in which I was sensible of the shame of feeling myself humbled by the sentiment of my fault, in presence of a young woman of whose just reproaches I approved, and to whom I ought to have been a mentor. The indignation I felt against myself would, perhaps, have been sufficient to overcome my weakness, had not the tender passion inspired by the victim of it again softened my heart. Alas! was this a moment to harden it when it was overflowed by the tears which penetrated it in every part? This tenderness was soon changed into rage against the vile informers, who had seen nothing but the evil of a criminal, but involuntary sentiment, without believing, or even imagining, the sincere uprightness of heart by which it was counteracted. We did not remain long in doubt about the hand by which the blow was directed.

We both knew that Madame d'Epinay corresponded with

St. Lambert. This was not the first storm she had raised up against Madame d'Houdetot, from whom she had made a thousand efforts to detach her lover, the success of some of which made the consequences to be dreaded. Besides, Grimm, who I think had accompanied M. de Castries to the army, was in Westphalia, as well as St. Lambert; they sometimes visited. Grimm had made some attempts on Madame d'Houdetot, which had not succeeded, and being extremely piqued, suddenly discontinued his visits to her. Let it be judged with what calmness, modest as he is known to be, he supposed she preferred to him a man older than himself, and of whom, since he had frequented the great, he had never spoken but as a person whom he patronized.

My suspicions of Madame d'Epinay were changed into a certainty the moment I heard what had passed in my own house. When I was at La Chevette, Thérèse frequently came there, either to bring me letters or to pay me that attention which my ill state of health rendered necessary. Madame d'Epinay questioned her as to whether Madame d'Houdetot and I did not write to each other. Upon her answering in the affirmative, Madame d'Epinay pressed her to give her the letters of Madame d'Houdetot, assuring her she would re-seal them in such a manner as it should never be known. Thérèse, without showing how much she was shocked at the proposition, and without even putting me upon my guard, did nothing more than seal the letters she brought me more carefully; a lucky precaution, for Madame d'Epinay had her watched when she arrived, and waiting for her in the passage, several times carried her audaciousness so far as to examine her tucker. She did more, even, than this: having one day invited herself with M. de Margency to dinner at the Hermitage, for the first time since I had resided there, she seized the moment I was walking with Margency to go into my closet with the mother and daughter, and to press them to show her the letters of Madame d'Houdetot. Had the mother known where the letters were, they would have been given to her; but, fortunately, the

daughter was the only person who was in the secret, and denied my having preserved any of them. A virtuous, faithful, and generous falsehood ; whilst truth would have been a perfidy. Madame d'Epinay perceiving Thérèse was not to be seduced, endeavoured to irritate her by jealousy, reproaching her with her easy temper and blindness. "How is it possible," said she to her, "you cannot perceive there is a criminal intercourse between them ? If besides what strikes your eyes you stand in need of other proofs, lend your assistance to obtain that which may furnish them. You say he tears up the letters from Madame d'Houdetot as soon as he has read them. Well, carefully gather up the pieces and give them to me ; I will take upon myself to put them together." Such were the lessons my friend gave to the partner of my bed.

Thérèse had the discretion to conceal from me, for a considerable time, all these attempts ; but perceiving how much I was perplexed, she thought herself obliged to inform me of everything, to the end that, knowing with whom I had to do, I might take my measures accordingly. My rage and indignation are not to be described. Instead of dissembling with Madame d'Epinay according to her own example, and making use of counter-plots, I abandoned myself without reserve to the natural impetuosity of my temper ; and with my accustomed inconsiderateness came to an open rupture. My imprudence will be judged of by the following letters, which sufficiently show the manner of proceeding of both parties on this occasion.

[LETTER FROM MADAME D'EPINAY.]

"Why, my dear friend, do I not see you ? You make me uneasy. You have so often promised me to do nothing but go and come between this place and the Hermitage ! In this I have left you at your liberty ; and you have suffered a week to pass without coming. Had not I been told you were well, I should have imagined the contrary. I expected you either the day before yesterday or yesterday, but found myself disappointed. My God ! what is the

matter with you? You have no business, nor can you have any uneasiness; for, had this been the case, I flatter myself you would have come and communicated it to me. You are, therefore, ill! Relieve me, I beseech you, speedily from my fears. Adieu, my dear friend: let this 'adieu' produce me a 'good morning' from you."

[ANSWER.]

"I cannot yet say anything to you. I wait to be better informed, and this I shall be, sooner or later. In the meantime, be persuaded that innocence will find a defender sufficiently powerful to cause some repentance in the slanderers, be they who they may.

[SECOND LETTER FROM THE SAME.]

"Do you know that your letter frightens me? What does it mean? I have read it twenty times. In truth, I do not understand what it means. All I can perceive is, that you are uneasy and tormented, and that you wait until you are no longer so before you speak to me upon the subject. Is this, my dear friend, what we agreed upon? What, then, is become of that friendship and confidence, and by what means have I lost them? Is it with me or for me that you are angry? However this may be, come to me this evening, I conjure you: remember you promised me, no longer than a week ago, to let nothing remain upon your mind, but immediately to communicate to me whatever might make it uneasy. My dear friend, I live in that confidence—There—I have just read your letter again; I do not understand the contents better, but they make me tremble. You seem to be cruelly agitated. I could wish to calm your mind; but as I am ignorant of the cause whence your uneasiness arises, I know not what to say, except that I am as wretched as yourself, and shall remain so until we meet. If you are not here this evening at six o'clock, I set off to-morrow for the Hermitage, let the weather be how it will, and in whatever state of health I may be; for I can no longer support the inquietude I now feel. Good-day, my

dear friend. At all risks, I take the liberty to tell you, without knowing whether or not you are in need of such advice, to endeavour to stop the progress uneasiness makes in solitude. A fly becomes a monster : I have frequently experienced it."

[ANSWER.]

"I can neither come to see you nor receive your visit so long as my present inquietude continues. The confidence of which you speak no longer exists, and it will be easy for you to recover it. I see nothing more in your present anxiety than the desire of drawing from the confessions of others some advantage agreeable to your views ; and my heart, so ready to pour its overflowings into another which opens itself to receive them, is shut against trick and cunning. I distinguish your ordinary address in the difficulty you find in understanding my note. Do you think me dupe enough to believe you have not comprehended what it meant ? No ; but I shall know how to overcome your subtleties by my frankness. I will explain myself more clearly, that you may understand me still less.

"Two lovers, closely united and worthy of each other's love, are dear to me ; I expect you will not know who I mean unless I name them. I presume attempts have been made to disunite them, and that I had been made use of to inspire one of the two with jealousy. The choice was not judicious, but it appeared convenient to the purposes of malice, and of this malice it is you whom I suspect to be guilty. I hope this becomes more clear.

"Thus the woman whom I most esteem would, with my knowledge, have been loaded with the infamy of dividing her heart and person between two lovers, and I with that of being one of these wretches. If I knew that, for a single moment in your life, you ever had thought this, either of her or myself, I should hate you until my last hour. But it is with having said, and not with having thought it, that I charge you. In this case, I cannot comprehend which of the three you wished to injure ; but if you love peace of mind,

tremble lest you should have succeeded. I have not concealed, either from you or her, all the ill I think of certain connections, but I wish these to end by a means as virtuous as their cause, and that an illegitimate love may be changed into an eternal friendship. Should I, who never did ill to any person, be the innocent means of doing it to my friends? No; I should never forgive you; I should become your irreconcilable enemy. Your secrets are all I should respect; for I will never be a man without honour.

“I do not apprehend my present perplexity will continue a long time. I shall soon know whether or not I am deceived. I shall then, perhaps, have great injuries to repair, a duty I shall enter upon with as much cheerfulness as that with which the most agreeable act of my life has been accompanied. But do you know in what manner I will make amends for my faults during the short space of time I have to remain near you? By doing what nobody but myself would do—by telling you freely what the world thinks of you, and the breaches you have to repair in your reputation. Notwithstanding all the pretended friends by whom you are surrounded, the moment you see me depart, you may bid adieu to truth; you will no longer find any person who will tell it to you.”

[THIRD LETTER FROM THE SAME.]

“I did not understand your letter of this morning; this I told you because it was the case. I understand that of this evening; do not imagine that I shall ever return an answer to it: I am too anxious to forget what it contains; and although you excite my pity, I am not proof against the bitterness with which it has filled my mind. I descend to trick and cunning with you! I accused of the blackest of all infamies! Adieu, I regret you having the——adieu. I know not what I say——adieu! I shall be very anxious to forgive you. You will come when you please; you will be better received than your suspicions deserve. All I have to desire of you is not to trouble yourself about my reputation. The opinion of the world concerning me is but little importance in my

esteem. My conduct is good, and this is sufficient for me. Besides, I am ignorant of what has happened to the two persons who are dear to me as they are to you."

This last letter extricated me from a terrible embarrassment, and threw me into another of almost the same magnitude. Although these letters and replies were sent and returned the same day with an extreme rapidity, the interval had been sufficient to place another between my rage and transport, and to give me time to reflect on the enormity of my imprudence. Madame d'Houdetot had not recommended to me anything so much as to remain quiet, to leave her the care of extricating herself, and to avoid, especially at that moment, all noise and rupture; and I, by the most open and atrocious insults, took the most effective means of carrying rage to its greatest height in the heart of a woman who was already but too well disposed to it. I now could naturally expect nothing from her but an answer so haughty, disdainful, and expressive of contempt, that I could not, without the utmost meanness, do otherwise than immediately quit her house. Happily she, more adroit than I was furious, avoided by the manner of her answer reducing me to that extremity. But it was necessary to either quit or immediately see her; the alternative was inevitable. I resolved on the latter, though I foresaw how much I must be embarrassed in the explanation. For how was I to get through it without exposing either Madame d'Houdetot or Thérèse? and woe to her whom I should have named! There was nothing that the vengeance of an implacable and an intriguing woman did not make me fear for the person who should be the object of it. It was to prevent this misfortune that in my letter I had spoken of nothing but suspicions, that I might not be under the necessity of producing my proofs. This, it is true, rendered my transports less excusable, no simple suspicions being sufficient to authorize me to treat a woman, and especially a friend, in a manner I had treated Madame d'Epinay. But here begins the noble task I worthily fulfilled, of expiating my thoughts and secret weaknesses by charging

myself with such of the former as I was incapable of committing, and which I never did commit.

I had not to bear the attack I had expected, and fear was the greatest evil I received from it. At my approach, Madame d'Epinay threw her arms about my neck, bursting into tears. This unexpected reception, and by an old friend, extremely affected me ; I also shed many tears. I said to her a few words which had not much meaning ; she uttered others with still less, and everything ended here. Supper was served ; we sat down to table, where, in the expectation of the explanation I imagined to be deferred until supper was over, I made a very poor figure, for I am so overpowered by the most trifling inquietude of mind that I cannot conceal it from persons the least clear-sighted. My embarrassed appearance must have given her courage, yet she did not risk anything upon that foundation. There was no more explanation after than before supper ; none took place on the next day, and our little *tête-à-tête* conversations consisted of indifferent things, or some complimentary words on my part, by which, while I informed her I could not say more relative to my suspicions, I asserted, with the greatest truth, that if they were ill-founded, my whole life should be employed in repairing the injustice. She did not show the least curiosity to know precisely what they were, nor for what reason I had formed them, and all our peace-making consisted on her part as well as mine in the embrace of our first meeting. Since she was the only person offended, at least in form, I thought it was not for me to strive to bring about an *éclaircissement* for which she herself did not seem anxious, and I returned as I had come ; continuing, besides, to live with her upon the same footing as before, I soon almost entirely forgot the quarrel, and foolishly believed she had done the same, because she seemed not to remember what had passed.

This, as it will soon appear, was not the only vexation caused me by weakness ; but I had others not less disagreeable, which I had not brought upon myself. The only

cause of these was a desire of forcing me from my solitude,* by means of tormenting me. These originated from Diderot and the Holbachiens. Since I had resided at the Hermitage, Diderot incessantly harassed me, either himself or by means of De Leyre, and I soon comprehended from the pleasantries of the latter upon my ramblings in the groves, with what delight he had travestied the hermit into the gallant shepherd. But this was not the question in my quarrels with Diderot; the causes of these were more serious. After the publication of the *Fils Naturel* he had sent me a copy of it, which I had read with the interest and attention I usually bestow on the works of a friend. In reading the kind of poem annexed to it, I was surprised and rather grieved to find in it, amongst several things disobliging but supportable against men in solitude, this bitter and severe sentence without the least softening: "Il n'y a que le méchant qui soit seul." (The wicked only is alone.) This sentence is equivocal, and seems to present a double meaning; the one true, the other false, since it is impossible that a man who is determined to remain alone can do the least harm to anybody, and consequently he cannot be wicked. The sentence in itself therefore required an interpretation—the more so from an author who, when he sent it to the press, had a friend retired from the world. It appeared to me shocking and uncivil either to have forgotten that solitary friend, or, in remembering him, not to have made from the general maxim the honourable and just exception which he owed, not only to his friend, but to so many respectable sages, who, in all ages, have sought for peace and tranquillity in retirement, and of whom, for the first time since the creation of the world, a writer took it into his head indiscriminately to make so many villains.

I had a great affection and the most sincere esteem for Diderot, and fully depended upon his having the same

* That is, to take from it Madame Le Vasseur, who was wanted in the conspiracy. It is astonishing that during this long quarrel my stupid confidence prevented me from comprehending that it was not me, but her whom they wanted at Paris.

sentiments for me. But tired with his indefatigable obstinacy in persistently opposing my inclinations, taste, and manner of living, and everything which related to no person but myself; shocked at seeing a man younger than I was wish, at all events, to govern me like a child; disgusted with his facility in promising, and his negligence in performing; weary of so many appointments made by himself, and capriciously broken, while new ones were again made only to be again broken; displeased at uselessly waiting for him three or four times a month on the days he had assigned, and in dining alone at night after having gone to St. Denis to meet him, and waited the whole day for his coming; my heart was already full of these multiplied injuries. The last appeared to me still more serious, and gave me infinite pain. I wrote to complain of it, but in so mild and tender a manner that I moistened the paper with my tears, and my letter was sufficiently affecting to have drawn others from himself. It would be impossible to guess his answer on this subject; it was literally as follows: "I am glad my work has pleased and affected you. You are not of my opinion relative to hermits. Say as much good of them as you please, you will be the only one in the world of whom I shall think well; even on this there would be much to say were it possible to speak to you without giving offence. A woman eighty years of age, &c. A phrase of a letter from a son of Madame d'Epinay which, if I know you well, must have given you much pain, has been mentioned to me."

The last two expressions of this letter want explanation.

Soon after I went to reside at the Hermitage, Madame Le Vasseur seemed dissatisfied with her situation, and to think the habitation too retired. Having heard she had expressed her dislike to the place, I offered to send her back to Paris if that was more agreeable to her, to pay her lodging, and to have the same care taken of her as if she remained with me. She rejected my offer, assured me she was well satisfied with the Hermitage, and that the country air was of service to her. This was evident, for, if I may

so speak, she seemed to become young again, and enjoyed better health than at Paris. Her daughter told me her mother would, on the whole, have been very sorry to quit the Hermitage, which was really a very delightful abode, being fond of the little amusements of the garden and the care of the fruit, of which she had the handling, but that she had said what she had been desired to say to induce me to return to Paris.

Failing in this attempt, they endeavoured to obtain by a scruple the effect which complaisance had not produced, and construed into a crime my keeping the old woman at a distance from the succours at which, at her age, she might be in need. They did not recollect that she and many other old people, whose lives were prolonged by the air of the country, might obtain these succours at Montmorency, near to which I lived; as if there were no old people except in Paris, and that it was impossible for them to live in any other place. Madame Le Vasseur, who ate a good deal, and with extreme voracity, was subject to overflowings of bile and to strong diarrhoeas, which lasted several days, and served her instead of clysters. At Paris she neither did nor took anything for them, but left nature to itself. She observed the same rule at the Hermitage, knowing it was the best thing she could do. No matter, since there were not in the country either physicians or apothecaries, keeping her there must, no doubt, be with a desire to put an end to her existence, although she was in perfect health. Diderot should have determined at what age, under pain of being punished for homicide, it is no longer permitted to let old people remain out of Paris.

This was one of the atrocious accusations from which he did not except me in his remark—that none but the wicked were alone; and the meaning of his pathetic exclamation with the *et ceteræ* which he had benignantly added: “A woman of eighty years of age, &c.”

I thought the best answer that could be given to this reproach would be from Madame Le Vasseur herself. I desired her to write freely and naturally her sentiments to

Madame d'Epinay. To relieve her from all constraint, I would not see her letter. I showed her that which I am going to transcribe. I wrote it to Madame d'Epinay, upon the subject of an answer I wished to return to a letter still more severe from Diderot, and which she had prevented me from sending.

“ Thursday.

“My good friend, Madame Le Vasseur, is to write to you. I have desired her to tell you sincerely what she thinks. To remove from her all constraint, I have intimated to her that I will not see what she writes, and I beg of you not to communicate to me any part of the contents of her letter.

“I will not send my letter, because you do not choose I should ; but feeling myself grievously offended, it would be baseness and falsehood, of either of which it is impossible for me to be guilty, to acknowledge myself in the wrong. Holy Writ commands him to whom a blow is given to turn the other cheek, but not to ask pardon. Do you remember the man in the comedy who exclaims, while he is giving another blows with his staff, ‘This is the part of a philosopher’ ?

“Do not flatter yourself that he will be prevented from coming by the bad weather we now have. His rage will give him the time and strength which friendship refuses him, and it will be the first time in his life he ever came upon the day he had appointed.

“He will neglect nothing to come and repeat to me verbally the injuries with which he loads me in his letters. I will endure them all with patience. He will return to Paris to be ill again, and, according to custom, I shall be a very hateful man. What is to be done ? Endure it all.

“But do not you admire the wisdom of the man who would absolutely come to St. Denis in a hackney coach to dine there, bring me home in a hackney coach, and whose finances, eight days afterwards, necessitate him coming to the Hermitage on foot ? It is not possible, to speak his own language, that this should be the style of sincerity. But

were this the case, strange changes of fortune must have happened in the course of a week.

"I join in your afflictions for the illness of madame your mother, but you will acknowledge your grief is not equal to mine. We suffer less by seeing the persons we love ill than when they are unjust and cruel.

"Adieu, my good friend, I shall never again mention to you this unhappy affair. You speak of going to Paris with an unconcern which, at any other time, would give me pleasure."

I wrote to Diderot, telling him what I had done relative to Madame Le Vasseur, upon the proposal of Madame d'Epinay herself; and Madame Le Vasseur having, as it may be imagined, chosen to remain at the Hermitage, where she enjoyed a good state of health, always had company, and lived very agreeably. Diderot, not knowing what else to attribute to me as a crime, construed my precaution into one, and discover another in Madame Le Vasseur continuing to reside at the Hermitage, although this was by her own choice, and though her going to Paris had depended, and still depended, upon herself, where she would continue to receive the same succours from me as I extended to her in my house.

This is the explanation of the first approach in the letter of Diderot. That of the second is in the letter which follows:—

"The learned man" (a name given in a joke by Grimm to the son of Madame d'Epinay) "must have informed you there were upon the rampart twenty poor persons who were dying with cold and hunger, and waiting for the farthing you customarily gave them. This is a specimen of our little babbling—And if you understand the rest, it would amuse you, perhaps."

My answer to this terrible argument, of which Diderot seemed so proud, was in the following words:—

"I think I answered the learned man—that is, the farmer-general—that I did not pity the poor whom he had seen upon the rampart waiting for my farthing; that he

had probably amply made it up to them ; that I appointed him my substitute ; that the poor of Paris would have no reason to complain of the change ; and that I should not easily find so good a one for the poor of Montmorency, who were in much greater need of assistance. Here is a good and respectable old man, who, after having worked hard all his lifetime, no longer being able to continue his labours, is in his old days dying with hunger. My conscience is more satisfied with the two *sous* I give him every Monday than with the hundred farthings I should have distributed amongst all the beggars on the rampart. You are pleasant men, you philosophers, while you consider the inhabitants of cities as the only persons whom you ought to befriend. It is in the country men learn how to love and serve humanity ; all they learn in cities is to despise it."

Such were the singular scruples on which a man of sense had the folly to attribute to me as a crime my retiring from Paris, and pretended to prove to me by my own example that it was not possible to live out of the capital without becoming a bad man. I cannot at present conceive how I could be guilty of the folly of answering him, and of suffering myself to be angry instead of laughing in his face. However, the decisions of Madame d'Épinay and the clamours of the *coterie Holbachique* had so far operated in her favour, that the general opinion was that I was in the wrong ; and Madame d'Houdetot herself, greatly admiring Diderot, insisted upon my going to see him at Paris, and making all the advances towards an accommodation, which, full and sincere as it was on my part, was not of long duration. The victorious argument by which she subdued my heart was, that at the moment Diderot was in distress. Besides the storm excited by the *Encyclopédie*, he had then another violent one to make head against, relative to his piece, which, notwithstanding the short history he had printed at the head of it, he was accused of having entirely extracted from Goldoni. Diderot, more wounded by criticisms than Voltaire, was overwhelmed by them. Madame de Grafigny had been malicious enough to spread a

report that I had broken with him on this account. I thought it would be just and generous publicly to prove to the contrary, and I went to pass two days, not only with him, but at his lodgings. This, since I had taken up my abode at the Hermitage, was my second journey to Paris. I had made the first to run to poor Gauffecourt, who had had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he has never perfectly recovered. I did not quit the side of his pillow until he was so far restored as to have no further need of assistance.

Diderot received me well. How many wrongs are effaced by the embraces of a friend !—after these, what resentment can remain in the heart ? We came to but little explanation. This is needless after reciprocal invectives. The only thing necessary is to know how to forget them. There had been no underhand proceedings, none at least that had come to my knowledge. The case was not the same with Madame d'Epinay. He showed me the plan of the *Père de famille*. "This," said I to him, "is the best defence of the *Fils Naturel*. Be silent, give your attention to this piece, and then throw it at the heads of your enemies as the only answer you think proper to make them." He did so, and was satisfied with what he had done. I had six months before sent him the first two parts of my *Julie*, to have his opinion upon them. He had not yet read the work over. We read a part of it together. He found this *feuillet*, that was his term, by which he meant loaded with words and redundancies. I myself had already seen it ; but it was the babbling of the fever : I have never been able to correct it. The last parts are not the same. The fourth especially, and the sixth, are masterpieces of diction.

The day after my arrival he insisted on taking me to sup with M. d'Holbach. We were far from agreeing upon this point, for I wished even to get rid of the bargain for the manuscript on chemistry, for which I was enraged to be obliged to that man. Diderot carried all before him. He swore D'Holbach loved me with all his heart, said I must forgive him his manner, which was the same to everybody, and more repugnant to his friends than to others. He

observed to me that refusing the produce of this manuscript after having accepted it two years before was an affront to the donor which he had not deserved, and that my refusal might be interpreted into a secret reproach for having waited so long to conclude the bargain. "I see," added he, "D'Holbach every day, and know better than you do the nature of his disposition. Had you reason to be dissatisfied with him, do you think your friend capable of advising you to do a mean thing?" In short, with my accustomed weakness, I allowed myself to be prevailed upon, and we went to sup with the Baron, who received me as he usually had done. But his wife behaved coldly, and almost uncivilly. I saw nothing in her which resembled the amiable Caroline, who, when a maid, expressed for me so many good wishes. I thought I had already perceived that since Grimm had frequented the *Maison d'Aine* I had not met there so friendly a reception.

Whilst I was at Paris, St. Lambert arrived there from the army. As I was not acquainted with his arrival, I did not see him until after my return to the country, first at *La Chevrette* and afterwards at the *Hermitage*, to which he came with *Madame d'Houdetot*, and invited himself to dinner with me. It may be judged whether or not I received him with pleasure!—but I felt one still greater at seeing the good understanding between my guests. Satisfied with not having disturbed their happiness, I myself was happy in being a witness to it, and I can safely assert that during the whole of my mad passion, and especially at the moment of which I speak, had it been in my power to take from him *Madame d'Houdetot*, I would not have done it, nor should I have been tempted to undertake it. I found her so amiable in her passion for St. Lambert, that I could scarcely imagine she would have been as much so had she loved me instead of him; and without wishing to disturb their union, all I really desired of her was to permit herself to be loved. Finally, however violent my passion may have been for this lady, I found it as agreeable to be the confidant as the object of her amours, and I never for a moment

considered her lover as a rival, but always as my friend. It will be remarked that this was not love. Be it so ; but it was something more.

As for St. Lambert, he behaved like an honest and judicious man : as I was the only person culpable, so was I the only one who was punished ; this, however, was with the greatest indulgence. He treated me severely, but in a friendly manner, and I knew I had lost something in his esteem, but not the least part of his friendship. For this I consoled myself, thinking it would be much easier for me to recover the one than the other, and that he had too much sense to confound an involuntary weakness and a passion with a vice of character. If even I were in fault in all that had passed, I was but very little so. Had I first sought after his mistress ? Had not he himself sent her to me ? Did not she come in search of me ? Could I avoid receiving her ? What could I do ? They themselves had done the evil, and I was the person on whom it fell. In my situation they would have done as much as I did, and perhaps more ; for, however estimable and faithful Madame d'Houdetot might be, she was still a woman ; her lover was absent ; opportunities were frequent, temptations strong, and it would have been very difficult for her always to have defended herself with the same success against a more enterprising man. We certainly had done a great deal in our situation, in placing boundaries beyond which we never permitted ourselves to pass.

Although, at the bottom of my heart, I found evidence sufficiently honourable in my favour, so many appearances were against me, that the invincible shame always predominant in me gave me, in his presence, the appearance of guilt, and this he took advantage of for the purpose of humbling me : a single circumstance will describe this reciprocal situation. I read to him, after dinner, the letter I had written the preceding year to Voltaire, and of which St. Lambert had heard speak. Whilst I was reading he fell asleep ; and I, lately so haughty, at present so foolish dared not stop, and continued to read whilst he continued

to snore. Such were my indignities, and such his revenge ; but his generosity never permitted him to exercise them, except between ourselves.

After he had gone, I found Madame d'Houdetot greatly changed in her manner with me. At this I was as much surprised as if it had not been what I ought to have expected ; it affected me more than it ought to have done, and did me considerable harm. It seemed that everything from which I expected a cure still plunged deeper into my heart the dart, which I, at length, broke in rather than drew out.

I was quite determined to conquer myself, and leave no means untried to change my foolish passion into a pure and lasting friendship. For this purpose I had formed the finest projects in the world, for the execution of which the concurrence of Madame d'Houdetot was necessary. When I wished to speak to her, I found her absent and embarrassed ; I found I was no longer agreeable to her, and that something had passed which she would not communicate to me, and with which I have never yet been acquainted. This change, and the impossibility of knowing the reason of it, grieved me to the heart. She asked me for her letters ; these I returned her with a fidelity of which she did me the insult to doubt for a moment.

This doubt was another wound given to my heart, with which she must have been so well acquainted. She did me justice, but not immediately. I understood that an examination of the packet I had sent her made her sensible of her error. I saw she reproached herself with it, that I was a gainer of something. She could not take back her letters without returning me mine. She told me she had burnt them : of this I dared to doubt in my turn, and I confess I doubt of it at this moment. No ; such letters as were mine to her are never thrown into the fire. Those of "Julia" have been found ardent. Heavens ! what would have been said of these ? No, no ; she who can inspire a like passion will never have the courage to burn the proofs of it. But I am not afraid of her having made a bad use

of them ; of this I do not think her capable ; and, besides, I had taken proper measures to prevent it. The foolish but strong apprehension of raillery had made me begin this correspondence in a manner to secure my letters from all communication. I carried the familiarity I permitted myself with her in my intoxication so far as to speak to her in the singular number ; but what *theeing* and *thouing* ! she certainly could not be offended with it. Yet she several times complained, but this was always useless ; her complaints had no other effect than that of awakening my fears, and I, besides, could not suffer myself to lose ground. If these letters be not yet destroyed, and should they ever be made public, the world will see in what manner I have loved.

The grief caused me by the coldness of Madame d'Houdetot, and the certainty of not having merited it, made me take the singular resolution to complain of it to St. Lambert himself. While waiting the effect of the letter I wrote to him, I sought dissipations to which I ought sooner to have had recourse. Fêtes were given at La Chevrette, for which I composed music. The pleasure of honouring myself in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot by a talent she loved warmed my imagination ; and another object still contributed to give it animation : this was the desire the author of *Devin du Village* had of showing he appreciated music ; for I had perceived some persons had, for a considerable time past, endeavoured to render this doubtful, at least, with respect to composition. My beginning at Paris the ordeal, through which I had several times passed there, both at the house of M. Dupin and that of M. de La Poplinière ; the quantity of music I had composed during fourteen years in the midst of the most celebrated masters and before their eyes ; finally, the opera of the *Muses Galantes*, and even that of the *Devin* ; a motet I had composed for Mademoiselle Fel, and which she had sung at the *Concert spirituel* ; the frequent conferences I had had upon this fine art with the first composers—all seemed to prevent or dissipate a doubt of such a nature. This, however, existed even at La Chevrette, and in the mind of

M. d'Epinay himself. Without appearing to observe it, I undertook to compose him a motet for the dedication of the chapel of La Chevrette, and I begged him to make choice of the words. He directed De Linant, the tutor to his son, to furnish me with these. De Linant gave me words proper to the subject, and in a week after I had received them the motet was finished. This time spite was my Apollo, and never did better music come from my hand. The words began with: *Ecce sedes hic tonantis*. (I have since learned these were by Santeuil, and that M. de Linant had, without scruple, appropriated them to himself.) The grandeur of the opening is suitable to the words, and the rest of the motet is so elegantly harmonious that every one was struck with it. I had composed it for a great orchestra. D'Epinay procured the best performers. Madame Bruna, an Italian singer, sang the motet, and was well accompanied. The composition succeeded so well that it was afterwards performed at the *Concert spirituel*, where, in spite of secret cabals, and notwithstanding that it was badly executed, it was twice generally applauded. I gave, for the birthday of M. d'Epinay, the idea of a kind of piece half dramatic and half pantomimical, of which I also composed the music. Grimm, on his arrival, heard my musical success spoken of. An hour afterwards not a word more was said upon the subject; but there no longer remained a doubt—not at least that I knew of—of my knowledge of composition.

Grimm had scarcely arrived at La Chevrette—where I already did not much amuse myself—before he made it insupportable to me by airs I never before saw in any person, and of which I had no idea. The evening before he came I was dislodged from the chamber of favour, contiguous to that of Madame d'Epinay; it was prepared for Grimm, and, instead of it, I was put into another farther off. "In this manner," said I laughingly to Madame d'Epinay, "new-comers displace those who are established." She seemed embarrassed. I was better acquainted the same evening with the reason of the change,

in learning that between her chamber and that I had quitted was a private door, which she had thought needless to show me. Her intercourse with Grimm was not a secret, either in her own house or to the public, not even to her husband ; yet, far from confessing it to me, the confidant of secrets more important to her, and which she was sure would be faithfully kept, she constantly denied in the strongest manner. I understood that this reserve proceeded from Grimm, who, though intrusted with all my secrets, did not choose that I should know any of his.

However prejudiced I was in favour of this man by former sentiments, which were not extinguished, and by the real merit he had, all was not proof against the care he took to destroy it. He received me like the Comte de Tuffière ; he scarcely deigned to return my salute ; he never once spoke to me, and prevented my speaking to him by not making me any answer ; he everywhere passed first, and took the first place, without ever paying me the smallest attention. All this would have been supportable had he not accompanied it with a shocking affectation, which may be judged of by one example taken from a hundred. One evening Madame d'Epinay, finding herself a little indisposed, ordered supper to be carried into her chamber, and went upstairs to sup by the side of the fire. She invited me to go with her, which I did. Grimm came afterwards. The little table was already placed, and there were but two covers. Supper was served : Madame d'Epinay took her place on one side of the fire ; Grimm took an arm-chair, seated himself at the other, drew the little table between them, opened his *serviette*, and prepared himself for eating without speaking to me a single word. Madame d'Epinay blushed at his behaviour, and, to induce him to repair his rudeness, offered me her place. He said nothing, nor did he even look at me. Not being able to approach the fire, I walked about the chamber until a cover was brought. Indisposed as I was, older than himself, longer acquainted in the house than he had been, the person who had introduced him there, and to whom, as favourite of the

lady, he ought to have done the honours, he suffered me to sup at the end of the table, at a distance from the fire, without showing me the least civility. His whole behaviour to me corresponded with this example of it. He did not treat me precisely as his inferior, but he looked upon me as a cipher. I could scarcely recognise the same Grimm, who, in the house of the Prince de Saxe-Gotha, thought himself honoured when I cast my eyes upon him. I had still more difficulty in reconciling this profound silence and insulting haughtiness with the tender friendship he professed for me to those whom he knew to be real friends. It is true the only proofs he gave of it was pitying my wretched fortune, of which I did not complain ; compassionating my sad fate, with which I was satisfied ; and lamenting to see me obstinately refuse the benevolent services he said he wished to render me. Thus was it he artfully made the world admire his affectionate generosity, blame my ungrateful misanthropy, and insensibly accustomed people to imagine there was nothing more between a protector like him and a wretch like myself than a connection founded upon benefactions on one part and obligations on the other, without once thinking of a friendship between equals. For my part, I have vainly sought to discover in what I was under an obligation to this new protector. I had lent him money, he had never lent me any ; I had attended him in his illness, he scarcely came to see me in mine ; I had given him all my friends, he never had given me any of his ; I had said everything I could in his favour, and if ever he has spoken of me, it has been less publicly and in another manner. He has never either rendered or offered me the least service of any kind. How, therefore, was he my Mécenas ? In what manner was I protected by him ? This was incomprehensible to me, and still remains so.

It is true, he was more or less arrogant with everybody, but I was the only person to whom he was brutally so. I remember St. Lambert once ready to throw a plate at his head, upon his, in some measure, giving him the lie at

the table by vulgarly saying, "That is not true." With his naturally imperious manner, he had the self-sufficiency of an upstart, and became ridiculous by being extravagantly impertinent. An intercourse with the great had so far intoxicated him that he gave himself airs which none but the contemptible part of them ever assume. He never called his lackey but by "Eh!" as if amongst the number of his servants my lord had not known which was in waiting. When he sent him to buy anything, he threw the money upon the ground instead of putting it into his hand. In short, entirely forgetting he was a man, he treated him with such shocking contempt and so cruel a disdain in everything, that the poor lad, a very good creature, whom Madame d'Epinay had recommended, quitted his service without any other complaint than that of the impossibility of enduring such treatment. This was the La Fleur of this new *Glorieux*.

All these things were nothing more than ridiculous, but quite opposite to my character. They contributed to render me suspicious of his. I could easily imagine that a man whose head was so much deranged could not have a heart well placed. He piqued himself upon nothing so much as upon sentiment. How could this agree with defects which are peculiar to little minds? How can the continued overflowings of a susceptible heart suffer it to be incessantly employed in so many little cares relative to the person? He who feels his heart inflamed with this celestial fire strives to diffuse it, and wishes to show what he is internally. He would wish to place his heart in his countenance, and thinks not of other paint for his cheeks.

I remember the summary of his morality, which Madame d'Epinay had mentioned to me and adopted. This consisted in one single article: that the sole duty of man is to follow all the inclinations of his heart. This morality, when I heard it mentioned, gave me great matter of reflection, although I at first considered it solely as a play of wit. But I soon perceived that this principle was really the rule of his conduct, and of this I afterwards had, at my own

expense, but too many convincing proofs. It is the interior doctrine Diderot has so frequently intimated to me, but which I never heard him explain.

I remember having several years before been frequently told that Grimm was false, that he had nothing more than the appearance of sentiment, and particularly that he had no affection for me. I recollected several little anecdotes I had heard of him by M. de Francueil and Madame de Chenonceaux, neither of whom esteemed him, and to whom he must have been known, as Madame de Chenonceaux was daughter to Madame de Rochechouart, the intimate friend of the late Comte de Frièse, and that M. de Francueil, at that time very intimate with the Viscomte de Polignac, had lived a good deal at the Palais-Royal precisely when Grimm began to introduce himself there. All Paris heard of his despair after the death of the Comte de Frièse. It was necessary to support the reputation he had acquired after the rigours of Mademoiselle Fel, and of which I, more than any other person, should have detected the imposture had I been less blind. He was obliged to be dragged to the Hôtel de Castries, where he worthily played his part, abandoned to the most mortal affliction. There he every morning went into the garden to weep at his ease, holding before his eyes his handkerchief moistened with tears as long as he was in sight of the hotel, but at the turning of a certain alley, people, of whom he little thought, saw him instantly put his handkerchief into his pocket and take out of it a book. This observation, which was repeatedly made, soon became public in Paris, and was almost as soon forgotten. I myself had forgotten it; a circumstance in which I was concerned brought it to my recollection. I was at the point of death in my bed in the Rue de Grenelle; Grimm was in the country; he came one morning, quite out of breath, to see me, saying he had arrived in town that very instant, and a moment afterwards I learned he had arrived the evening before, and had been present at the theatre.

I heard many things of the same kind; but an observation, which I was surprised not to have made sooner, struck me

more than everything else. I had presented to Grimm all my friends without exception, they were become his. I was so inseparable from him that I should have had some difficulty in continuing to visit at a house where he was not received. Madame de Créqui was the only person who refused to admit him into her company, and whom, for that reason, I have seldom since seen. Grimm on his part made himself other friends, as well by his own means as by those of the Comte de Frièse. Of all these, not one of them ever became my friend ; he never said a word to induce me even to become acquainted with them, and not one of those I sometimes met at his apartments ever showed me the slightest good will ; the Comte de Frièse, in whose house he lived, and with whom it consequently would have been agreeable to me to form some connection, not excepted, nor the Comte de Schomberg, his relation, with whom Grimm was still more intimate.

Added to this, my own friends, whom I made his, and who were all tenderly attached to me before this acquaintance, were no longer so the moment it was made. He never gave me one of his ; I gave him all mine, and these he has taken from me. If these be the effects of friendship, what are those of enmity ?

Diderot himself told me several times at the beginning that Grimm, in whom I had so much confidence, was not my friend. He changed his language the moment he was no longer so himself.

The manner in which I had disposed of my children wanted not the concurrence of any person. Yet I informed some of my friends of it, solely to make it known to them, and that I might not in their eyes appear better than I was. These friends were three in number—Diderot, Grimm, and Madame d'Epinay. Duclos, the most worthy of my confidence, was the only real friend whom I did not inform of it. He nevertheless knew what I had done. By whom ? This I know not. It is not very probable the perfidy came from Madame d'Epinay, who knew that by following her example, had I been capable of doing it, I had in my power

the means of a cruel revenge. It remains, therefore, between Grimm and Diderot, then so much united, especially against me, and it is probable this crime was common to them both. I would lay a wager that Duclos, to whom I never told my secret, and who consequently was at liberty to make what use he pleased of his information, is the only person who has not spoken of it again.

Grimm and Diderot, in their project to take from me the *governesses*, had used the greatest efforts to persuade Duclos to enter into their views; but this he with disdain refused to do. It was not until some time afterwards that I learned from him what had passed between them on the subject; but I gathered at the time from Thérèse enough to perceive that there was some secret design, and that they desired to dispose of me, if not against my own consent, at least without my knowledge, or had an intention of making these two persons serve as instruments of some project they had in view. This was far from upright conduct. The opposition of Duclos is a convincing proof of it. They who think proper may believe it to be friendship.

The pretended friendship was as fatal to me at home as it was abroad. The long and frequent conversations with Madame Le Vasseur for several years past had made a sensible change in this woman's behaviour to me, and the change was far from being in my favour. What was the subject of these singular conversations? Why such a profound mystery? Was the conversation of that old woman agreeable enough to take her into favour, and of sufficient importance to make it so great a secret? During the two or three years these colloquies had, from time to time, been continued, they had appeared to me ridiculous; but when I thought of them again, they began to astonish me. This astonishment would have been carried to inquietude had I then known what the old creature was preparing for me.

Notwithstanding the pretended zeal for my welfare, of which Grimm made such a public boast, difficult to reconcile with the airs he gave himself when we were together, I

heard nothing of him from any quarter the least to my advantage, and his feigned commiseration tended less to do me service than to render me contemptible. He deprived me as much as he possibly could of the resource I found in the employment I had chosen, by decrying me as a bad copyist. I confess he spoke the truth ; but, in this case, it was not for him to do it. He proved himself in earnest by employing another copyist, and prevailed upon everybody he could by whom I was engaged to do the same. His intention might have been supposed to be that of reducing me to a dependence upon him and his credit for subsistence, and to cut off the latter until I was brought to that degree of distress.

All things considered, my reason imposed silence upon my former prejudice, which still pleaded in his favour. I judged his character to be at least suspicious ; with respect to his friendship, I positively decided it to be false. I then resolved to meet him no more, and informed Madame d'Epinay of the resolution I had taken, supporting it with several unanswerable facts, but which I have now forgotten.

She strongly combated my resolution without knowing how to reply to the reasons on which it was founded. She had not concerted with him ; but the next day, instead of explaining herself verbally, she with great address gave me a letter they had drawn up together, and by which, without entering into a detail of facts, she justified him by his concentrated character, attributed to me as a crime my having suspected him of perfidy towards his friend, and exhorted me to come to an accommodation with him. This letter staggered me. In a conversation we afterwards had together, and in which I found her better prepared than she had been the first time, I suffered myself to be quite prevailed upon, and was inclined to believe I might have judged erroneously. In this case I thought I really had done a friend a very serious injury, which it was my duty to repair. In short, as I had already done several times with Diderot and the Baron d'Holbach, half from inclination and half from weakness, I made all the advances I had

a right to require. I went to M. Grimm, like another Georges Dandin, to make him my apologies for the offence he had given me, still in the false persuasion, which in the course of my life has made me guilty of a thousand meannesses to my pretended friends, that there is no hatred which may not be disarmed by mildness and proper behaviour, whereas, on the contrary, the hatred of the wicked becomes still more envenomed by the impossibility of finding anything to found it upon, and the sentiment of their own injustice is another cause of offence against the person who is the object of it. I have, without going further than my own history, a strong proof of this maxim in Grimm and in Tronchin: both become my implacable enemies from inclination, pleasure, and fancy, without having been able to charge me with having done either of them the most trifling injury,* and whose rage, like that of tigers, grows daily more fierce by the facility of satiating it.

I expected that Grimm, confused by my condescension and advances, would receive me with open arms and the most tender friendship. He received me as a Roman emperor would have done, and with a haughtiness I never saw in any person but himself. I was by no means prepared for such a reception. When, in the embarrassment of the part I had to act, and which was so unworthy of me, I had in a few words and with a timid air fulfilled the object which had brought me to him, before he received me into favour he pronounced, with a deal of majesty, an harangue he had prepared, and which contained a long enumeration of his rare virtues, and especially those connected with friendship. He laid great stress upon a thing which at first struck me a good deal—this was his always having preserved the same friends. Whilst he was yet speaking I said to myself it would be cruel for me to be the only exception to

* I did not give the surname of *Jongleur* only to the latter until a long time after his enmity had been declared, and the persecutions he brought upon me at Geneva and elsewhere. I soon suppressed the name the moment I perceived I was entirely his victim. Mean vengeance is unworthy of my heart, and hatred never takes the least root in it.

this rule. He returned to the subject so frequently, and with such emphasis, that I thought if in this he followed nothing but the sentiments of his heart, he would be less struck by the maxim, and that he made of it an art useful to his views, by procuring the means of accomplishing them.

Until then I had been in the same situation ; I had preserved all my first friends, those even from my tenderest infancy, without having lost one of them except by death, and yet I had never before made the reflection. It was not a maxim I had prescribed myself. Since, therefore, the advantage was common to both, why did he boast of it in preference, if he had not previously intended to deprive me of the merit ? He afterwards endeavoured to humble me by proofs of the preference our common friends gave to him over me. With this I was as well acquainted as himself ; the question was, by what means had he obtained it ? whether it was by merit or address ; by exalting himself, or endeavouring to abase me ? At last, when he had placed between us all the distance that he could add to the value of the favour he was about to confer, he granted me the kiss of peace, in a slight embrace which resembled the *accolade* which the king gives to new-made knights. I was stupefied with surprise ; I knew not what to say ; not a word could I utter. This whole scene had the appearance of the reprimand a preceptor gives to his pupils, while he graciously spares the inflicting rod. I never think of it without perceiving to what degree judgments founded upon appearances, to which the vulgar give so much weight, are deceitful, and how frequently audaciousness and pride are found in the guilty, and shame and embarrassment in the 'unocent.

We were reconciled. This was a relief to my heart, which every kind of quarrel fills with anguish. It will naturally be supposed that a like reconciliation changed nothing in his manners ; all it effected was to deprive me of the right of complaining of them. For this reason I resolved to endure everything, and for the future to venture not a word.

So many successive vexations overwhelmed me to such a

degree as to leave me but little power over my mind. Receiving no answer from St. Lambert, neglected by Madamed'Houdetot, and no longer daring to open my heart to any person, I began to be afraid that by making friendship my idol I should sacrifice my whole life to chimeras. After putting all those with whom I had been acquainted to the test, their remained but two who had preserved my esteem, and in whom my heart could confide : Duclos, of whom since my retreat to the Hermitage I had lost sight, and St. Lambert. I thought the only means of repairing the wrongs I had done the latter was to open myself without reserve, and I resolved to confess to him everything by which his mistress should not be exposed. I have no doubt this was another snare of my passion to keep me nearer to her person ; but I should certainly have had no reserve with her lover, entirely submitting to his direction, and carrying sincerity as far as it was possible to do so. I was on the point of writing to him a second letter, to which I was certain he would have returned an answer, when I learned the melancholy cause of his silence relative to the first. He had been unable to support until the end the fatigues of the campaign. Madame d'Epinay informed me he had an attack of the palsy, and Madame d'Houdetot, ill from affliction, wrote me two or three days afterwards from Paris, that he was going to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the benefit of the waters. I will not say this sorrowful circumstance afflicted me as it did her ; but I am of opinion my grief of heart was as painful as her tears. The pain of knowing him to be in such a state, increased by the fear lest inquietude should have contributed to occasion it, affected me more than anything that had yet happened, and I felt most cruelly a want of fortitude, which in my estimation was necessary to enable me to support so many misfortunes. Happily, this generous friend did not long leave me so overwhelmed with affliction ; he did not forget me, notwithstanding his attack ; and I soon learned from himself that I had ill-judged his sentiments, and been too much alarmed for his situation.

It is now time I should come to the grand revolution of my destiny, to the catastrophe which has divided my life into two parts, so different from each other, and, from a very trifling cause, produced such terrible effects.

One day, little thinking of what was to happen, Madame d'Epinay sent for me to La Chevrette. The moment I saw her, I detected in her eyes and whole countenance an appearance of uneasiness, which struck me particularly, as this was not customary, nobody knowing better than she did how to govern their features and movements. "My friend," said she to me, "I intend setting off for Geneva; my breast is in a bad state, and my health so deranged, that I must go and consult Tronchin." I was the more astonished at this resolve, so suddenly taken, and at the beginning of the bad season of the year, as thirty-six hours before she had not, when I quitted her, so much as thought of it. I asked her who she would take with her. She said, her son, and M. de Linant; and afterwards carelessly added, "And you, my dear 'bear,' will not you go also?" As I did not think she spoke seriously, knowing that at that season of the year I was scarcely in a state to leave my chamber, I joked upon the utility of the company of one sick person to another. She herself had not seemed to make the proposition seriously, and here the matter dropped. The rest of our conversation ran upon the necessary preparations for her journey, about which she immediately gave orders, being determined to set off within a fortnight. She lost nothing by my refusal, having prevailed upon her husband to accompany her.

A few days afterwards I received from Diderot the note I am going to transcribe. This note, simply doubled up, so that the contents were easily read, was addressed to me at Madame d'Epinay's, and sent to M. de Linant, tutor to the son and confidant to the mother.

[NOTE FROM DIDEROT.]

"I am naturally disposed to love you, and am born to give you trouble. I am informed that Madame d'Epinay is

going to Geneva, and do not hear you are to accompany her. My friend, you are satisfied with Madame d'Epinau, you must go with her ; if dissatisfied, you ought still less to hesitate. Do you find the weight of the obligations you are under to her uneasy to you ? This is an opportunity of discharging a part of them, and relieving your mind. Do you ever expect another opportunity like the present one of giving her proofs of your gratitude ? She is going to a country where she will be quite a stranger. She is ill, and will stand in need of amusement and dissipation. The winter season too ! Consider, my friend. Your ill state of health may be a much greater objection than I think it is ; but are you now more indisposed than you were a month ago, or than you will be at the beginning of spring ? Will you, three months hence, be in a situation to perform the journey more at your ease than at present ? For my part, I cannot but observe to you that, were I unable to bear the shaking of the carriage, I would take my staff and follow her. Have you no fears lest your conduct should be misinterpreted ? You will be suspected of ingratitude or of a secret motive. I well know that, let you do as you will, you will have in your favour the testimony of your conscience ; but will this alone be sufficient, and is it permitted to neglect to a certain degree that which is necessary to acquire the approbation of others ? What I now write, my good friend, is to acquit myself of what I think I owe to us both. Should my letter displease you, throw it into the fire and let it be forgotten. I salute, love, and embrace you."

Although trembling and almost blind with rage whilst I read this epistle, I remarked the address with which Diderot affected a milder and more polite language than he had hitherto done in his former ones, wherein he never went further than "my dear," without ever deigning to add the name of "friend." I easily discovered the second-hand means by which the letter was conveyed to me ; the superscription, manner, and form awkwardly betrayed her manœuvre, for we commonly wrote to each other by post, to

the messenger of Montmorency, and this was the first and only time he sent me his letter by any other conveyance.

As soon as the first transports of my indignation permitted me to write, I, with great precipitation, wrote him the following answer, which I immediately carried from the Hermitage, where I then was, to La Chevrette, to show it to Madame d'Epinay, to whom in my blind rage I read the contents, as well as the letter from Diderot.

"You cannot, my dear friend, either know the magnitude of the obligations I am under to Madame d'Epinay, to what a degree I am bound by them, whether or not she is desirous of my accompanying her, that this is possible, or the reasons I may have for my non-compliance. I have no objection to discuss all these points with you; but you will in the meantime confess that prescribing to me so positively what I ought to do, without first enabling yourself to judge of the matter, is, my dear philosopher, acting very inconsiderately. What is still worse, the opinion you give comes not from yourself. Besides my being but little disposed to suffer myself to be led by the nose under your name by any third or fourth person, I observe in this secondary advice certain underhand dealing, which ill agrees with your candour, and from which you will on your account as well as mine do well in future to abstain.

"You are afraid my conduct should be misinterpreted, but I defy a heart like yours to think ill of mine. Others would, perhaps, speak better of me if I resembled them more. God preserve me from gaining their approbation! Let the vile and wicked watch over my conduct and misinterpret my actions, Rousseau is not a man to be afraid of them, nor is Diderot to be prevailed upon to hearken to what they say.

"If I am displeased with your letter, you wish me to throw it into the fire, and pay no attention to the contents. Do you imagine that anything coming from you can be forgotten in such a manner? You hold, my dear friend, my tears as cheap in the pain you give me as you do my life and health in the cares you exhort me to take. Could you

but break yourself of this, your friendship would be more pleasing to me, and I should be less to be pitied."

On entering the chamber of Madame d'Epinay, I found Grimm with her, and I was highly delighted thereby. I read to them, in a loud and clear voice, the two letters, with an intrepidity of which I should not have thought myself capable, and concluded with a few observations not in the least derogatory to it. At this unexpected audacity in a man generally timid they were struck dumb with surprise. I perceived that arrogant man look down upon the ground, not daring to meet my eyes, which sparkled with indignation; but in the bottom of his heart he from that instant resolved upon my destruction, and with Madame d'Epinay, I am certain, concerted measures to that effect before they separated.

It was much about this time that I at length received, by Madame d'Houdetot, the answer from St. Lambert, dated from Wolfenbutel, a few days after the accident that happened to him, to my letter, which had been long delayed upon the road. This answer gave me the consolation of which I then stood so much in need; it was full of assurance of esteem and friendship, and these gave me strength and courage to deserve them. From that moment I did my duty, but had St. Lambert been less reasonable, generous, and honest, I was inevitably lost.

The season became bad, and people began to quit the country. Madame d'Houdetot informed me of the day on which she intended to come and bid adieu to the valley, and gave me a rendezvous at Eaubonne. This happened to be the same day on which Madame d'Epinay left La Chevrette to go to Paris for the purpose of completing the preparations for her journey. Fortunately she set off in the morning, and I had still time to go and dine with her sister-in-law. I had the letter from St. Lambert in my pocket, and read it over several times as I walked along. This letter served me as a shield against my weakness. I made and kept to the resolution of seeing nothing in Madame d'Houdetot but my friend and the mistress of

St. Lambert, and I passed with her a *tête-à-tête* of four hours in a most delicious calm, infinitely preferable, even with respect to enjoyment, to the paroxysms of a burning fever, which always, until that moment, I was subject to when in her presence. As she too well knew my heart was not to be changed, she was sensible of the efforts I made to conquer myself, and esteemed me the more for them, and I had the pleasure of being enabled to reassure myself that her friendship for me was not extinguished. She announced to me the approaching return of St. Lambert, who, although well enough recovered from his attack, was unable to bear the fatigues of war, and was quitting the service, to come and live in peace with her. We formed the charming project of an intimate connection among us three, and had reason to hope that it would be lasting, since it was founded upon every sentiment by which honest and susceptible hearts could be united ; and we had, moreover, amongst us all the knowledge and talents necessary to be sufficient ourselves, without the aid of any foreign supplement. Alas ! in abandoning myself to the hope of so agreeable a life, I little suspected that which awaited me.

We afterwards spoke of my situation with Madame d'Épinay. I showed her the letter from Diderot, with my answer to it ; I related to her everything that had passed upon the subject, and declared to her my resolution of quitting the Hermitage. This she vehemently opposed, and by reasons all powerful over my heart. She expressed to me how much she could have wished I had been of the party to Geneva, foreseeing she should inevitably be considered as having caused the refusal, which the letter of Diderot seemed previously to announce. However, as she was aware of my reasons, she did not insist on this point, but conjured me to avoid coming to an open rupture, let it cost me what mortification it would, and to palliate my refusal by reasons sufficiently plausible, to put away all unjust suspicions of her having been the cause of it. I told her the task she imposed on me was not easy, but that, determined to expiate my faults at the expense of my reputation, I

would give the preference to hers in everything that honour permitted me to suffer. It will soon be seen whether or not I fulfilled this engagement.

My passion was so far from having lost any part of its force, that I never in my life loved my Sophie so ardently and tenderly as on that day ; but such was the impression made upon me by the letter of St. Lambert, the sentiment of my duty, and the horror in which I held perfidy, that during the whole time of the interview my senses left me in peace, and I was not so much as tempted to kiss her hand. At parting she embraced me before her servants. This embrace, so different from those I had sometimes stolen from her under the foliage, proved I was become master of myself ; and I am certain that had my mind, undisturbed, had time to acquire more firmness, three months would have cured me radically.

Here end my personal connections with Madame d'Iloudetot, connections of which each has been able to judge by appearance according to the disposition of his own heart, but in which the passion inspired me by that amiable woman, the most lively passion perhaps man ever felt, will be honourable in our own eyes by the rare and painful sacrifice we both made to duty, honour, love, and friendship. We each had too high an opinion of the other easily to suffer ourselves to do anything derogatory to our dignity. We must have been unworthy of all esteem had we not set a proper value upon one like this ; and the energy of my sentiments, which have rendered us culpable, was that which prevented us from becoming so.

Thus, after a long friendship for one of these women, and the strongest affection for the other, I bade them both adieu the same day—to one, never to see her more ; to the other, to see her again twice, upon occasions of which I shall hereafter speak.

After their departure, I found myself much embarrassed to fulfil so many pressing and contradictory duties, the consequences of my imprudence. Had I been in my natural situation, after the proposition and refusal of the journey to

Geneva, I had only to remain quiet, and everything was as it should be. But I had foolishly made of it an affair which could not remain in the state it was, and an explanation was absolutely necessary, unless I quitted the *Hermitage*, which I had just promised *Madame d'Houdetot* not to do, at all events for the present. Further, she had required me to make known the reasons for my refusal to my pretended friends, that it might not be imputed to her. Yet I could not state the true reason without doing an outrage to *Madame d'Epinay*, who certainly had a right to my gratitude for what she had done for me. Everything well considered, I found myself reduced to the severe but indispensable necessity of failing in respect either to *Madame d'Epinay*, *Madame d'Houdetot*, or to myself, and it was the last I resolved to make my victim. This I did without hesitation, openly and fully, and with so much generosity as to make the act worthy of expiating the faults which had reduced me to such an extremity. This sacrifice, taken advantage of by my enemies, and which they, perhaps, did not expect, has ruined my reputation, and, by their assiduity, deprived me of the esteem of the public; but it has restored to me my own, and given me consolation in my misfortune. This, as it will hereafter appear, is not the last time I made such a sacrifice, nor that advantages were taken of it to do me injury.

Grimm was the only person who appeared to have taken no part in the affair, and it was to him I determined to address myself. I wrote him a long letter, in which I set forth the ridiculousness of considering it as my duty to accompany *Madame d'Epinay* to Geneva, the inutility of the measure, and the embarrassment even it would have caused her, besides the inconvenience to myself. I could not resist the temptation of letting him perceive in this letter how fully I was informed in what manner things were arranged, and that to me it appeared remarkable that I should be expected to undertake the journey while he himself dispensed with it, and that his name was never mentioned. This letter, wherein, on account of my not being able clearly to

state my reasons, I was often obliged to wander from the text, would have rendered me culpable in the eyes of the public, but it was a model of reservedness and discretion for the people who, like Grimm, were fully acquainted with the things I forbore to mention, and which justified my conduct. I did not even hesitate to raise another prejudice against myself in attributing the advice of Diderot to my other friends. This I did to insinuate that Madame d'Houdetot had been in the same opinion as she really was, and in not mentioning that, upon the reasons I gave her, she thought differently, I could not better remove the suspicion of her having connived at my proceedings than by appearing dissatisfied with her behaviour.

This letter was concluded by an act of confidence which would have had an effect upon any other man, for in desiring Grimm to weigh my reasons and afterwards to give me his opinion, I informed him that, let this be what it would, I should act accordingly, and such was my intention, had he even thought I ought to set off; for M. d'Epinay having appointed himself the conductor of his wife, my going with them would then have had a different appearance, whereas it was I who, in the first place, was asked to take upon me that employment, and he was out of the question until after my refusal.

The answer from Grimm was tardy in coming. It was singular enough, on which account I will here transcribe it.

"The departure of Madame d'Epinay is postponed. Her son is ill, and it is necessary to wait until his health is re-established. I will consider the contents of your letter. Remain quiet at your Hermitage. I will send you my opinion as soon as this shall be necessary. As she will certainly not set off for some days, there is no immediate occasion for it. In the meantime you may, if you think proper, make her your offers, although this to me seems a matter of indifference. For, knowing your situation as well as you do yourself, I doubt not of her returning to your offers such an answer as she ought to do; and all the advantage which, in my opinion, can result from this will

be your having it in your power to say to those by whom you may be importuned, that your not being of the travelling party was not for want of you having made offers to that effect. Moreover, I do not see why you will positively have it that the philosopher is the speaking-trumpet of all the world, nor because he maintains you ought to go, why you should imagine all your friends think as he does. If you write to Madame d'Epinay, her answer will be yours to all your friends, since you have it so much at heart to give them all an answer. Adieu. I embrace Madame Le Vasseur and the *Criminal*."¹

Struck with astonishment at reading this letter, I vainly endeavoured to fathom what it meant. How ! instead of answering me with simplicity, he took time to consider of what I had written, as if the time he had already taken did not suffice. He intimates even the state of suspense in which he wishes to keep me, as if a profound problem was to be solved, or that it was of importance to his views to deprive me of every means of comprehending his intentions until the moment he should think proper to ventilate them. What, therefore, did he mean by these precautions, delays, and mysteries ? Was this manner of acting consistent with honour and uprightness ? I vainly sought for some favourable interpretation of his conduct. It was impossible to find one. Whatever his design might be, were this inimical to me, his situation facilitated the execution of it without its being possible for me in mine to oppose the least obstacle. In favour, in the house of a great prince, having an extensive acquaintance, and giving the *ton* to common circles of which he was the oracle, he had it in his power, with his usual address, to dispose everything in his favour ; and I, alone in my Hermitage, far removed from all society, without the benefit of advice, and having no communication with the world, had nothing to do but to remain in peace. All I did was to write to Madame d'Epinay upon the

¹ M. Le Vasseur, whose wife governed him rather rudely, called her the *Lieutenant-Criminal*. Grimm, in a joke, gave the same name to the daughter, and, by way of abridgment, was pleased to retrench the first word.

illness of her son as polite a letter as could be written, but in which I did not fall into the snare of offering to accompany her to Geneva.

After waiting for a long time in the most cruel uncertainty into which that barbarous man had plunged me, I learned, at the expiration of eight or ten days, that Madame d'Epinay had started, and received from him a second letter. It contained not more than seven or eight lines, which I did not entirely read. It was a rupture, but in such terms as the most infernal hatred only can dictate, and these became unmeaning by the excessive degree of acrimony with which he wished to charge them. He forbade me his presence as he would have forbidden me his states. All that was wanting to his letter to make it laughable was to be read over with coolness. Without taking a copy of it, or perusing the whole of the contents, I returned it him immediately, accompanied by the following note :—

“I refuse to admit the force of the just reasons I have of suspicion. I now, when it is too late, am become sufficiently acquainted with your character.

“This, then, is the letter upon which you took time to meditate. I return it to you ; it is not for me. You may show mine to the whole world and hate me openly. This on your part will be a falsehood the less.”

My telling he might show my preceding letter, related to an article in his by which his profound address throughout the whole affair will be judged of.

I have observed that my letter might inculcate me in the eyes of persons unacquainted with the particulars of what had passed. This he was delighted to discover ; but how was he to take advantage of it without exposing himself By showing the letter he ran the risk of being reproached with abusing the confidence of his friend.

To relieve himself from this embarrassment, he resolved to break with me in the most violent manner conceivable, and to set forth in his letter the favour he did me in not showing mine. He was certain that in my indignation and

anger I should refuse his feigned discretion, and permit him to show my letter to everybody. This was what he wished for, and everything turned out as he had anticipated. He despatched my letter all over Paris, with his own commentaries upon it, which, however, were not so successful as he had expected them to be. It was not judged that the permission he had extorted to make my letter public exempted him from the blame of having so lightly taken me at my word to do me an injury. People continually asked what personal complaints he had against me to authorize so violent a hatred. Finally it was thought that even if my behaviour had been such as to authorize him to quarrel with me, friendship, although extinguished, had rights which he ought to have respected. But unfortunately the inhabitants of Paris are frivolous; remarks of the moment are soon forgotten, the absent and unfortunate are neglected, the man who prospers secures favour by his presence, the intriguing and malicious support each other, renew their vile efforts, and the effects of these incessantly succeeding each other, efface everything by which they were preceded.

Thus, after having so long deceived me, this man threw aside his mask, convinced that, in the state to which he had brought things, he no longer stood in need of it. Relieved from the fear of being unjust towards the wretch, I left him to his reflections, and thought no more of him. A week afterwards I received an answer from Madame d'Epinay, dated from Geneva. I understood from the manner of her letter, in which, for the first time in her life, she put on airs of state with me, that both depending but little upon the success of their measures, and considering me as a man inevitably lost, their intentions were to give themselves the pleasure of completing my destruction.

In fact, my situation was deplorable. I perceived all my friends withdrew themselves from me without knowing how, or for why. Diderot, who boasted of the continuation of his attachment, and who for three months past had promised me a visit, did not come. The winter began to

make its appearance, bringing with it my habitual disorders. My constitution, although vigorous, had been unequal to the combat of so many opposite passions. I was so exhausted that I had neither strength nor courage sufficient to resist the most trifling indisposition. Had my engagements, and the continued remonstrances of Diderot and Madame d'Houdetot then permitted me to quit the Hermitage, I knew not where to go, nor in what manner to drag myself along. I remained stupid and immovable. The idea alone of a step to take, of a letter to write, or a word to say made me tremble; I could not, however, do otherwise than reply to the letter of Madame d'Epinay. Without acknowledging myself to be worthy of the treatment with which she and her friend overwhelmed me, I determined upon notifying to her my sentiments and resolutions, not doubting a moment that from humanity, generosity, propriety, and the good manner of thinking I imagined I had observed in her, notwithstanding her bad one, she would immediately subscribe to them. My letter was as follows:—

“*Hermitage*, 23rd Nov., 1757.

“Were it possible to die of grief, I should not now be alive. But I have at length determined to triumph over everything. Friendship, madame, is extinguished between us, but that which no longer exists still has its rights, and I respect them. I have not forgotten your goodness to me, and you may, on my part, expect as much gratitude as it is possible to have towards a person I no longer can love. All further explanation would be useless. I have in my favour my own conscience, and I return you your letter.

“I wished to quit the Hermitage, and I ought to have done it. My friends pretend I must stay there until spring; and since my friends desire it, I will remain there until that season, if you will consent to my stay.”

After writing and despatching this letter, all I thought of was remaining quiet at the Hermitage, and taking care of my health; of endeavouring to recover my strength, and taking measures to remove in the spring without noise or

making the rupture public. But these were not the intentions either of Grimm or Madame d'Epinay, as will presently appear.

A few days afterwards, I had the pleasure of receiving from Diderot the visit he had so frequently promised, and in which he as constantly failed. He could not have come more opportunely: he was my oldest friend, almost the only one who remained to me; the pleasure I felt in seeing him, as things were circumstanced, may easily be imagined. My heart was full, and I disclosed it to him. I explained to him several facts, which either had not come to his knowledge, or had been disguised or supposed. I informed him, as far as I could with propriety, of all that had passed. I did not affect to conceal from him that with which he was but too well acquainted, that a passion, equally unreasonable and unfortunate, had been the cause of my destruction; but I never acknowledged that Madame d'Houdetot had been made cognisant of it, or that I had declared it to her. I mentioned to him the unworthy manœuvres of Madame d'Epinay to intercept the innocent letters her sister-in-law wrote to me. I was determined he should hear the particulars from the mouth of the persons whom she had attempted to seduce. Thérèse related them with great precision: but what was my astonishment when the mother came to speak, as I heard her declare and maintain that nothing of this had come to her knowledge! These were her words, from which she would never depart. Not four days before, she herself had recited to me all the particulars Thérèse had just stated, and in presence of my friend she contradicted me to my face. This, to me, was decisive, and I then saw my imprudence in having for so long a time kept such a woman near me. I made no use of invective; I scarcely deigned to speak to her a few words of contempt. I felt what I owed to the daughter, whose steadfast uprightness was a perfect contrast to the base manœuvres of the mother. But from that moment my resolution was taken relative to the old woman, and I waited for nothing but to put it into execution.

This presented itself sooner than I expected. On the 10th of December I received from Madame d'Epinay the following answer to my preceding letter:—

“ Geneva, 1st December, 1757.

“ After having for several years given you every possible mark of friendship, all I can now do is to pity you. You are very unhappy. I wish your conscience may be as calm as mine; this may be necessary to the repose of your whole life.

“ Since you are determined to quit the Hermitage, and are persuaded that you ought to do it, I am astonished that your friends have prevailed upon you to remain there. For my part, I never consult mine upon my duty, and I have nothing further to say to you upon your own.”

Such an unforeseen dismissal, and so fully pronounced, left me not a moment to hesitate. It was necessary to quit immediately, let the weather and my health be in what state they might, although I were to sleep in the woods, and upon the snow, with which the ground was then covered, and in defiance of everything Madame d'Houdetot might say; for I was willing to do everything to please her except render myself infamous. I never had been so embarrassed in my whole life as I then was; but my mode of procedure was settled. I swore, irrespective of what would happen, not to sleep at the Hermitage on the night of that day week. I began to prepare for sending away my effects, resolving to leave them in the open field rather than not give up the key in the course of the week; for I was determined everything should be done before a letter could be written to Geneva, and an answer to it received. I never felt myself so inspired with courage; I had recovered all my strength. Honour and indignation, upon which Madame d'Epinay had not calculated, contributed to restore me to vigour. Fortune aided my audacity. M. Mathas, fiscal-procurator, heard of my embarrassment. He sent to offer me a little house he had in his garden at Mont-Louis, Montmorency. I accepted it with eagerness and gratitude. The bargain was soon concluded. I immediately made

arrangements to purchase a little furniture, to add to that we already possessed. My effects I had carted away with a deal of trouble, and at great expense. Notwithstanding the ice and snow, my removal was completed in a couple of days and on the fifteenth of December I handed over the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the wages of the gardener.

With respect to Madame Le Vasseur, I told her we must part. Her daughter attempted to make me change my order, but I was inflexible. I sent her off to Paris in the carriage of the messenger with all the furniture and effects she and her daughter had in common. I gave her some money, and engaged to pay her lodging with her children, to provide for her subsistence as much as it was in my power to do, and never to let her want bread as long as I should have it myself.

Finally, the day after my arrival at Mont-Louis, I wrote to Madame d'Epinay the following letter :—

“Montmorency, 17th December 1757.

“Nothing, madame, is so natural and necessary as to leave your house the moment you no longer approve of my remaining there. Upon your refusing your consent to my passing the rest of the winter at the Hermitage, I quitted it on the 15th of December. My destiny was to enter it in spite of myself, and to leave it the same way. I thank you for the residence you prevailed upon me to make there, and I would thank you still more had I paid for it less dear. You are right in believing me unhappy ; nobody upon earth knows better than yourself to what a degree I must be so. If being deceived in the choice of our friends be a misfortune, it is another not less cruel to recover from so pleasing an error.”

Such is the faithful narration of my residence at the Hermitage, and of the reasons which obliged me to leave it. I could not break off the recital ; it was necessary to continue it with the greatest exactness, this epoch of my life having had upon the rest of it an influence which will extend to my latest remembrance.



LEAVING THE HERMITAGE.

Vol. II., facing p. 160.

BOOK X.

MONTMORENCY.

THE extraordinary degree of strength a momentary effervescence had given me to quit the Hermitage deserted me the moment I was out of it. I was scarcely established in my new habitation before I frequently suffered from retentions, which were accompanied by a new complaint, that of a rupture, from which I had for some time, without knowing what it was, felt great inconvenience. I was rapidly reduced to the most cruel state. The physician Thierry, my old friend, came to see me, and made me acquainted with my situation. The sight of all the apparatus of the infirmities of years made me severely feel that when the body is no longer young, the heart is not so with impunity. The fine season did not restore me, and I passed the whole year, 1758, in a state of languor, which made me think I was almost at the end of my career. I saw with impatience the closing scene approach. Recovered from the chimeras of friendship, and detached from everything which had made life desirable to me, I saw nothing more in it that could render it agreeable; all I perceived was wretchedness and misery, which prevented me from enjoying myself. I sighed after the moment when I was to be free and escape from my enemies. But I must follow the order of events.

My retreat to Montmorency seemed to disconcert Madame d'Épinay; probably she did not expect it. My melancholy situation, the severity of the season, the general abandonment of me by my friends, all made her and Grimm believe that by driving me to the last extremity they would force me to implore mercy, and thus, by vile meanness, render myself contemptible, to be suffered to remain in an asylum which honour commanded me to leave. I left it so suddenly that they had not time to prevent the step being taken, and they were reduced to the alternative of double or quit, to endeavour to ruin me entirely, or to prevail upon me to

return. Grimm chose the former, but I am of opinion Madame d'Epinay would have preferred the latter, and this from her answer to my last letter, in which she seemed to have laid aside the airs she had given herself in the former ones, and to give an opening to an accommodation. The long delay of this answer, for which she made me wait a whole month, sufficiently indicates the difficulty she found in giving it a proper turn, and the deliberations by which it was preceded. She could not make any further advances without exposing herself; but after her other letters, and my sudden retreat from her house, it is impossible not to be struck with the care she takes in this letter not to suffer an offensive expression to escape her. I will copy it at length to enable my reader to judge of what she wrote.

“ Geneva, January 17th, 1758.

“Sir,—I did not receive your letter of the 17th of December until yesterday. It was sent me in a box filled with different things, and which has been all this time upon the road. I shall answer only the postscript. You may recollect, sir, that we agreed that the wages of the gardener of the Hermitage should pass through your hands, the better to make him feel that he depended upon you, and to avoid the ridiculous and indecent scenes which happened in the time of his predecessor. As a proof of this, the first quarter of his wages was given to you, and a few days before my departure we agreed I should reimburse what you had advanced. I know that of this you at first made some difficulty; but as I had desired you to make these advances, it was natural I should acquit myself towards you, and this we concluded upon. Cahouet informs me that you refused to receive the money. There is certainly some mistake in the matter. I have given orders that it may again be offered to you, and I see no reason for your wishing to pay my gardener, notwithstanding our conventions, and beyond the term even of your inhabiting the Hermitage. I therefore expect, sir, that, recollecting everything I have the honour to state, you will not refuse

to be reimbursed for the sums you have been pleased to advance for me."

After what had passed, not having the least confidence in Madame d'Epinay, I was unwilling to renew my connection with her; I returned no answer to this letter, and there our correspondence ended. Perceiving I had taken my resolution, she took hers, and, entering into all the views of Grimm and the *coterie Holbachique*, she united her efforts with theirs to accomplish my destruction. Whilst they manœuvred at Paris, she did the same at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to her there, completed what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they had no difficulty in gaining over, seconded them powerfully, and became the most violent of my persecutors, without having against me, any more than Grimm had, the least subject of complaint. They all three spread reports, the effects of which were seen there for years afterwards.

They had more trouble at Paris, where I was better known to the citizens, whose hearts, less disposed to hatred, less easily received its impressions. The better to direct their blow, they began by declaring that it was I who had left them. Thence, still feigning to be my friends, they dexterously spread their malignant accusations by complaining of the injustice of their friend. Their auditors, thus thrown off their guard, listened more attentively to what was said of me, and were inclined to blame my conduct. The secret accusations of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and by that means with greater effect. I knew they imputed to me the most atrocious crimes, without being able to learn in what these consisted. All I could infer from public rumour was, that this was founded upon the four following capital offences: my retiring to the country; my passion for Madame d'Houdetot; my refusing to accompany Madame d'Epinay to Geneva; and my leaving the Hermitage. If to these they added other griefs, they took their measures so well that it has hitherto been impossible for me to learn the subject of them.

It is, therefore, at this period that I think I may fix the

establishment of a system, since adopted by those with whom my fate has been determined, and which has made such a progress as will seem miraculous to persons who know not with what facility everything which favours the malignity of man is established. I will endeavour to explain, in a few words, what to me appeared visible in this profound and obscure system.

With a name already distinguished and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved my primitive simplicity. My mortal aversion to all party faction and cabal had kept me free and independent, without any other chain than the attachments of my heart. Alone, without family or fortune, and unconnected with anything except my principles and duties, I followed the paths of uprightness, never flattering or favouring any person at the expense of truth and justice. Besides, having lived for two years past in solitude, without observing the course of events, I was unconnected with the affairs of the world, and, not informed of what passed, nor desirous of being acquainted with it, I lived four leagues from Paris, as much separated from that capital by my negligence as I should have been in the island of Tinian by the sea.

Grimm, Diderot, and d'Holbach were, on the contrary, in the centre of the vortex, lived in the great world, and divided amongst them almost all the spheres of it. The great wits, men of letters, the lawyers, and women, all listened to them when they chose to act in concert. The advantage three men in this situation united must have over a fourth in mine cannot be denied. It is true, Diderot and d'Holbach were incapable, at least I think so, of forming black conspiracies; one of them was not base enough, nor the other sufficiently able; but it was for this reason that the party was more united. Grimm alone formed his plan in his own mind, and discovered more of it than was necessary to induce his associates to concur in the execution. The ascendancy he had gained over them made this quite easy, and the effect of the whole answered to the superiority of his talents.

It was with these superior talents that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our respective situations, he conceived the project of overturning my reputation, and, without exposing himself, of giving me one of a nature quite opposite, by raising up about me an edifice of obscurity which it was impossible for me to penetrate.

This enterprise was difficult, because it was necessary to palliate its iniquity in the eyes of those of whose assistance he stood in need. He had honest men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of everybody, and to deprive me of all my friends. What say I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that not a single word of truth might reach my ears. Had a single man of generosity come and said to me, "You assume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and these the circumstances by which you are judged: what have you to say?" truth would have triumphed, and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced; but he had examined his own heart, and estimated men according to their merit. I am sorry, for the honour of humanity, that he judged with so much truth.

In these dark and crooked paths, his steps, to be the more sure, were necessarily slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plan, and the most difficult part of the execution of it is still to come: this is to deceive the public entirely. He is afraid of this public, and dares not lay his conspiracy open.* But he has found the easy means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances with less danger. The agents of power piquing themselves but little on uprightness, and still less on candour, he has no longer the indiscretion of any honest man to fear. His safety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity, and in concealing from me his conspiracy, well knowing that with whatever act he may

* Since this was written he has made the dangerous step with the fullest and most inconceivable success. I am of opinion it was Tronchin who inspired him with courage, and supplied him with means.

have formed it, I could, by a single glance of the eye, discover the whole. His great address consists in appearing to favour whilst he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system by the secret accusations of the *coterie Holbachique*, without its being possible for me to know in what the accusations consisted, or to form a probable conjecture as to the nature of them. De Leyre informed me, in his letters, that heinous things were attributed to me; Diderot, more mysteriously, advised me of the same thing; and when I came to an explanation with both, the whole was reduced to the heads of accusation of which I have already spoken. I noticed a gradual increase of coolness in the letters from Madame d'Houdetot. This I could not attribute to St. Lambert; he continued to write to me with the same friendship, and came to see me after his return. It was impossible to think myself the cause of it, as we had separated well satisfied with each other and nothing since that time had occurred on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which she felt the necessity. Therefore, not knowing whence this coolness—which she refused to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived—could proceed, I was uneasy upon every account. I knew she greatly favoured her sister-in-law and Grimm, in consequence of their connections with St. Lambert, and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation opened my wounds, and rendered my correspondence so disagreeable as quite to disgust her with it. I saw, as at a distance, a thousand cruel circumstances, without discovering anything distinctly. I was in a situation terribly insupportable to a man whose imagination is easily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I should have become calmer; but my heart still clung to attachments, by means of which my enemies had great advantage over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my asylum conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, make me fear everything from those concealed from me, if, fortunately, objects sufficiently interesting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my mind was filled, had not presented themselves. In the last visit Diderot paid me at the Hermitage he had spoken of the article "Geneva," which D'Alembert had inserted in the *Encyclopédie*. He had informed me that this article, concerted with people of the first consideration, had for its object the establishment of a theatre at Geneva, that measures had been taken accordingly, and that the establishment would soon take place. As Diderot seemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the success of the measure; and as I had, besides, to speak to him upon too many other subjects to touch upon that article, I made him no answer; but, scandalized at these preparatives to corruption and licentiousness in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the *Encyclopédie* in which the article was inserted, to see whether or not it would be possible to give a reply which might ward off the blow. I received the volume shortly after my establishment at Mont-Louis, and found the article to be written with much art and address, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This, however, did not extinguish my desire to answer it, and notwithstanding the dejection of spirits under which I then laboured, my griefs and pains, the severity of the season, and the inconvenience of my new abode, in which I had not yet had time to arrange myself, I set to work with a zeal which surmounted every obstacle.

In a severe winter in February, and in the situation I have described, I went every day, morning and evening, to pass a couple of hours in an open alcove which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation stood. This alcove, which terminated an alley of a terrace, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and presented to me, as the closing point of a prospect, the plain but

respectable castle of St. Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then, exposed to freezing cold, that, without being sheltered from the wind and snow, and having no other fire than that in my heart, I composed, in the space of three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert on theatres. It was in this, for my *Julie* was not then half written, that I found charms in philosophical labour. Until then virtuous indignation had been a substitute to Apollo; tenderness and a gentleness of mind now became so. The injustice I had been witness to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterness was that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by those in whom it had confided, was obliged to remain concentrated. Full of that which had befallen me, and still affected by so many violent emotions, my heart added the sentiment of its sufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my subject had inspired me; what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Without perceiving it, I described the situation I was then in, gave portraits of Grimm, Madame d'Epinay, Madame Houdetot, St. Lambert, and myself. What delicious tears did I shed as I wrote! Alas! in these descriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made such efforts to cure myself, still remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain tenderness relative to myself. I thought I was dying, and imagined I bid the public my last adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully saw it approach: but I felt some regret at leaving my fellow-creatures without their having been taught my real merit, and being convinced how much I should have deserved their esteem had they known me better. These are the secret causes of the singular manner in which this work, opposite to that of the work by which it was preceded,* is written.

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it, when, after a long silence, I received one from

* *Le Discours sur l'Inégalité des Conditions.*

Madame d'Houdetot, which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet suffered. She informed me that my passion for her was known to all Paris, that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public, that this rumour, having reached the ears of her lover, had nearly cost him his life ; yet he did her justice, and peace was restored between them ; but on his account, as well as on hers, and for the sake of her reputation, she thought it her duty to break off all correspondence with me, at the same time assuring me that she and her friend were both interested in my welfare, that they would defend me to the public, and that she herself would from time to time send to enquire after my health.

“ And thou, also, Diderot,” exclaimed I, “unworthy friend !” I could not, however, yet resolve to condemn him. My weakness was known to others, who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt—but this was soon out of my power. St. Lambert shortly after performed an action worthy of himself. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the state in which I must be : betrayed by one part of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. The first time he had not many moments to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèse had with him a conversation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to us all. The surprise with which I learned that nobody doubted of my having lived with Madame d'Epinay, as Grimm then did, cannot be equalled, except by that of St. Lambert, when he was convinced that the rumour was false. He, to the intense dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same situation as myself, and the *éclaircissements* resulting from the conversation removed from me all regret on account of my having broken with her for ever. Relative to Madame d'Houdetot, he mentioned several circumstances with which neither Thérèse nor Madame d'Houdetot herself were acquainted ; these were known to me only in the first instance, and I had never mentioned them, except to Diderot, under the seal of friend-

ship ; and it was to St. Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to communicate them. This last step was sufficient to determine me. I resolved to break with Diderot for ever, and this without further deliberation, except in the manner of doing it ; for I had detected secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, because they left the mask of friendship in possession of my most cruel enemies.

The rules of high breeding established in the world on this head seemed to have been dictated by a spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear the friend of a man when in reality we are no longer so, is to reserve to ourselves the means of doing him an injury by leading honest men into an error. I recollected that when the gifted Montesquieu broke with Père de Tournemine he immediately said to everybody, "Listen neither to Père de Tournemine nor myself when we speak of each other, for we are no longer friends." This straightforward and generous proceeding was universally applauded. I resolved to follow the example with Diderot ; but what method was I to take to publish the rupture authentically from my retreat without creating scandal ? I concluded to insert in my work, in the form of a note, a passage from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which declared the rupture, and even the subject of it, in terms sufficiently concise to such as were acquainted with the previous circumstances, but could signify nothing to the rest of the world. I resolved not to speak in my work of the friend whom I renounced, except with the honour always due to extinguished friendship. The whole may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world save crime and misfortune, and every act of courage seems to be a crime in adversity. For that which had been admired in Montesquieu, I received only blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I despatched one to St. Lambert, who the previous evening had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'Houdetot a note expressive of the most tender friendship. The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy I had sent him :—

“Eaubonne, 10th October 1758.

“Indeed, sir, I cannot accept the present you have just made me. In that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes [*he is wrong, it is from Ecclesiasticus*], the book dropped from my hand. In the conversations we had together last summer, you seemed to be persuaded that Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. You may, for aught I know to the contrary, have cause to complain of him, but this does not give you a right to insult him publicly. You are not unacquainted with the nature of the persecutions he suffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, sir, how much this heinous act of yours has shocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honour him, and I have a lively sense of the pain you give to a man whom, at least not in my hearing, you have never reproached with anything more than a trifling weakness. You and I, sir, differ too much in our principles ever to be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exist; this you will easily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promise you, sir, to forget your person, and to remember nothing relative to you but your talents.”

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction; and in the excess of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I answered him by the following note:—

“Montmorency, 11th October 1758.

“Sir,—While reading your letter, I did you the honour to be astonished at it, and had the weakness to suffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an answer.

“I will no longer continue the copies of *Madame d’Houdetot*. If it be not agreeable to her to keep that she has, she may send it me back and I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper and the money; and at the same time I beg she will return me the prospectus which she has in her possession. Adieu, sir.”

Courage under misfortune irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleasing to generous minds. This note seemed to make St. Lambert reflect with himself, and to regret his having been so violent ; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he seized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of palliating what he had done. A fortnight afterwards I received from M. d'Epinay the following letter :—

“ Thursday, 26th.

“ Sir,—I received the book you had the goodness to send me, and which I have read with much pleasure. I have invariably experienced the same sentiment in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I should have returned you these in person had my affairs permitted me to remain in your neighbourhood ; but I was not this year long at La Chevette. M. and Madame Dupin will dine with me on Sunday. I expect M. de St. Lambert, M. de Francueil, and Madame d'Houdetot will be of the party ; you will do me much pleasure by making one also. All the persons who are to dine with me desire it, and will, as well as myself, be delighted to pass with you a part of the day. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration,” &c.

This letter made my heart beat violently ; after having for a year past been the subject of conversation of all Paris, the idea of presenting myself as a spectacle before Madame d'Houdetot made me tremble, and I had much difficulty to find sufficient courage to support that ceremony. Yet, as she and St. Lambert were desirous of it, and M. d'Epinay spoke in the name of all the guests without naming one whom I should not be able to see, I did not think I should expose myself by accepting a dinner to which I was in some degree invited by all the persons who with myself were to partake of it. I therefore promised to go. On Sunday the weather was bad ; M. d'Epinay sent me his carriage, and I went.

My arrival caused a sensation ; I never received a better reception ; an observer would have thought the whole com-

pany felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are susceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I expected to see ; amongst others, the Comte d'Houdetot, whom I did not know, and his sister Madame de Blainville, without whose company I should have been as well pleased. She had the year before come several times to Eaubonne, and her sister-in-law had left her in our solitary walks, to wait until she thought proper to suffer her to join us. She had harboured a resentment against me, which, during this dinner, she gratified at her ease. The presence of the Comte d'Houdetot and St. Lambert did not give me the laugh on my side, and it may be judged that a man embarrassed in the most common conversations was not brilliant in that which then took place. I never suffered so much, appeared so awkward, or received more unexpected mortifications. As soon as we had risen from table, I withdrew from that wicked woman ; I had the pleasure of seeing St. Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot approach me, and we conversed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent it is true, but with the same familiarity as before my involuntary error. This friendly attention was not lost upon my heart, and could St. Lambert have read what passed there, he certainly would have been satisfied with it. I can safely assert that, although on my arrival the presence of Madame d'Houdetot gave me the most violent palpitations, on returning from the house I scarcely thought of her ; my mind was entirely taken up with St. Lambert.

Notwithstanding the malignant sarcasms of Madame Blainville, the dinner was of immense service to me, and I congratulated myself upon not having refused the invitation. I not only discovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the *Holbachiens* had failed to deprive me of my old acquaintance,* but, what flattered me still more, was that Madame d'Houdetot and St. Lambert were less changed than I had

* Such, in the simplicity of my heart, was my opinion when I wrote these "Confessions."

imagined, and I at length understood that his keeping her at a distance from me proceeded more from jealousy than contempt. This was a consolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons whom I esteemed, I worked upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not exactly extinguish in it a guilty and an unhappy passion, I at least so well regulated the remains of it that they have never since that moment led me into the most trifling error. The copies of Madame d'Houdetot, which she once more prevailed upon me to accept, and my works, which I continued to send her as soon as they appeared, produced from her a few notes and messages, obliging if indifferent. She did still more, as will hereafter appear, and the reciprocal conduct of her lover and myself, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the manner in which persons of honour separate when it is no longer agreeable to them to associate with each other.

An additional advantage this dinner procured me was its being spoken of in Paris, where it served as a refutation of the rumour spread by my enemies, that I had quarrelled with every person who partook of it, and especially with M. d'Epinay. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he answered not less politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well between us as between M. de Lalive, his brother-in-law, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me some of his engravings. Excepting the two sisters-in-law of Madame d'Houdetot, I have never been on bad terms with any person of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert met with great success. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favourable to me. It taught the public to guard against the insinuations of the *coterie Holbachique*. When I went to the Hermitage, this *coterie* predicted with its usual sufficiency that I should not remain there three months. When I had resided there twenty months, and was obliged to leave it, I still fixed my residence in the country. The

coterie insisted this was from a motive of pure obstinacy, and that I was weary to death of my retirement; but that, eaten up with pride, I chose rather to become a victim to my stubbornness than to recover from it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of mind which every one knew not to be affected. Had I been dissatisfied with my retreat, my style and manner would have borne evident traces of my ill-humour. This was apparent in all the works I had composed at Paris; but in the first I wrote in the country not the slightest appearance of it was to be found. To persons knowing how to distinguish, this remark was decisive. They perceived I had returned to my element.

Yet the same work, notwithstanding all the mildness it breathed, made me, by a mistake of my own and my usual ill-luck, another enemy amongst men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the house of M. de La Poplinière, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the Baron. Marmontel at that time wrote the *Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to send my works to the author of periodical publications, and wishing to send him this without his imagining it was in consequence of that title, or being desirous he should speak of it in the *Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of the *Mercure*, but for M. Marmontel. I thought I paid him a high compliment; but he mistook it, however, for a cruel offence, and became my irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against the letter with politeness, it is true, but with a bitterness at once perceptible; and since that time he has never lost an opportunity of injuring me in society, and of indirectly ill-treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable self-love of men of letters, and so careful ought every person to be to leave nothing equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

Having nothing more to disturb me, I took advantage of my leisure and independence to continue my literary pursuits with more coherence. That winter I finished my *Julie*, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed the year

following. I was, however, interrupted in my projects by a very unpleasant circumstance. I heard that new preparations were being made at the Opera House to give the *Devin du Village*. Enraged at seeing these people arrogantly dispose of my property, I again took up the memoir I had sent to M. d'Argenson, to which no answer had been returned, and having made some trifling alterations in it, I sent the manuscript by M. Sellon, resident from Geneva, and a letter with which he was pleased to charge himself, to the Comte de St. Florentin, who had succeeded M. d'Argenson in the opera department. Duclos, to whom I communicated what I had done, mentioned it to the *petits violons*, who offered to restore me, not my opera, but my freedom of the theatre, which I was no longer in a situation to enjoy. Sensible that I had not from any quarter the most minute particle of justice to expect, I gave up the affair; and the directors of the Opera, without either replying or listening to my reasons, have continued to dispose as of their own property and to turn to their profit the *Devin du Village*, which incontestably belongs to nobody but myself. However, it now belongs to them by virtue of an agreement made to that effect.

Since I had shaken off the yoke of tyrants, I led a life sufficiently pleasant and peaceful; deprived of the charm of too strong attachments, I was delivered from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with the friends who pretended to be my protectors, but who wished absolutely to dispose of me at will, and, in spite of myself, to subject me to their pretended good services, I decided in future to have no other connections than those of simple benevolence. These, without the least constraint upon liberty, constitute the pleasure of society, of which equality is the basis. I had of them as many as were necessary to enable me to taste of the charms of liberty without being subject to its dependence; and as soon as I had made an experiment of this manner of life, I felt it was the most appropriate to my age to end my days in peace, far removed from those agitations, quarrels, and cavillings in which I had so recently been half submerged.

During my residence at the Hermitage, and after my settlement at Montmorency, I had made in the neighbourhood some agreeable acquaintance, which did not subject me to any inconvenience. The chief of these was young Loysseau de Mauléon, who, then beginning to plead at the bar, had not yet the least conception of the rank he would one day hold there. I, for my part, was not in the least doubt about the matter. I soon pointed out to him the illustrious career in the midst of which he is now seen, and predicted that if he laid down to himself rigid rules for the choice of causes, and never became the defender of anything but virtue and justice, his genius, elevated by this sublime sentiment, would be equal to that of the greatest orators. He followed my advice, and now feels the good effects of it. His defence of M. de Portes is worthy of Demosthenes. He came annually within a quarter of a league of the Hermitage to pass the vacation at St. Brice, in the fief of Mauléon, belonging to his mother, and where the great Bossuet had formerly lodged. This is a fief of which a like succession of proprietors would render nobility difficult to support.

I had also for a neighbour in the same village of St. Brice the bookseller Guerin, a man of wit and learning, of an amiable disposition, and a leading member of his profession. He made me acquainted with Jean Néaulme, bookseller, of Amsterdam, his friend and correspondent, who subsequently published *Emilus*.

I had another acquaintance still nearer than St. Brice: this was M. Maltor, vicar of Groslay, a man better adapted for the functions of a statesman and a minister than for those of the vicar of a village, and to whom a diocese at least would have been given to govern, if talents decided the disposal of places. He had formerly acted as secretary to the Comte du Luc, and had been intimately acquainted with Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. Holding in as much esteem the memory of that illustrious exile, as he held the villain Saurin who ruined him in horror, he possessed curious anecdotes of both, which Séguir had not inserted in the life, still in manuscript, of the former, and he assured me that

the Comte du Luc, far from ever having had reason to complain of his conduct, had until his last moment preserved for him the warmest friendship. M. Maltor, to whom M. de Vintimille presented this retreat after the death of his patron, had formerly been employed in many affairs of which, although far advanced in years, he still preserved a distinct remembrance, and reasoned upon fashion tolerably well. His conversation, equally amusing and instructive, had nothing in it resembling that of a village pastor; he combined the manners of a man of the world to the knowledge of one who passes his life in study. He, of all my permanent neighbours, was the person whose society was the most congenial to me.

I was also acquainted at Montmorency with several fathers of the Oratory, and amongst others Père Berthier, professor of natural philosophy, to whom, notwithstanding some little tincture of pedantry, I became attached on account of a certain air of cordial good nature I observed in him. I had, however, some difficulty in reconciling this great simplicity with the desire and the art he had of everywhere thrusting himself into the company of the great, as well as that of the women, devotees, and philosophers. He knew how to accommodate himself to every one. I was greatly pleased with the man, and spoke of my satisfaction to all other acquaintances. Apparently what I said of him came to his ears. He one day thanked me for having thought him a good-natured man. I observed something in his forced smile which, in my eyes, totally changed his physiognomy, and which has since often occurred to my mind. I cannot better compare this smile than to that of Panurge purchasing the sheep of Dindenaut. Our acquaintance had commenced a little time after my arrival at the Hermitage, at which abode he frequently came to visit me. I was already settled at Montmorency when he left to go and reside at Paris. He often met Madame Le Vasseur there. One day, when I least expected anything of the kind, he wrote to me in behalf of that woman, informing me that Grimm offered to maintain her, and to ask my

permission to accept the offer. This I understood consisted in a pension of three hundred livres, and that Madame L  Vasseur was to come and live at Deuil, between La Chevrette and Montmorency. I will not relate what impression the application made on me. It would have been less surprising had Grimm possessed ten thousand livres a year, or any relation more easy to understand with that woman, and had not such a crime been made of me taking her to the country, where, as if she had become younger, he was now pleased to think of placing her. I perceived the good old lady had no other reason for asking my permission, with which, by the way, she might easily have dispensed, but the fear of losing what I already allowed her, should I think ill of the step she took. Although this charity appeared to be very extraordinary, it did not strike me so much then as afterwards. But had I known even everything I have since discovered, I would still as readily have granted my consent as I did, and was obliged to do, unless I had exceeded the offer of M. Grimm. P re Berthier afterwards cured me a little of my opinion of his good nature and cordiality which I had so unthinkingly bestowed on him.

This same P re Berthier was acquainted with two men who, for what reason I knew not, were to become so with me ; there was but little similarity between their tastes and mine. They were the children of Melchisedec, of whom neither the country nor the family was known no more than, in all probability, the real name. They were Jansenists, and passed for priests in disguise, perhaps on account of their manner of wearing long swords, to which they appeared to have been fastened. The unfathomable mystery surrounding all their proceedings gave them the appearance of the principles of a party, and I never had the least doubt of their being the authors of the *Gazette Eccl siastique*. The one, tall, smooth-tongued, and sharp, was named Ferrand ; the other, short, squat, a sneerer, and punctilious, was M. Minard. They called each other cousin. They lodged at Paris with M. d'Alembert, in the house of his nurse, Madame Rousseau, and had taken at Mont-

morency a little apartment in which to pass the summer. They did everything for themselves, employing neither servant nor runner ; each had his turn weekly to purchase provisions, do the business of the kitchen, and sweep the house. They managed tolerably well, and we sometimes ate with each other. I know not for what reason they gave themselves any concern about me : for my part, my sole motive for beginning an acquaintance with them was their playing at chess, and to make a poor little party I suffered four hours' fatigue. As they thrust themselves into all companies, and wished to intermeddle in everything, Thérèse called them the *gossips*, and by this name they were long recognized at Montmorency.

Such, with my host M. Mathas, who was a good man, were my principal country acquaintances. I still had a sufficient number at Paris to live there happily whenever I chose, out of the sphere of men of letters, amongst whom Duclos was the only friend I reckoned ; for De Leyre was as yet too young, and although, after having been a witness to the manœuvres of the philosophical tribe against me, he had withdrawn from it—at least so I thought—I could not yet banish from my memory the facility with which he had made himself the mouthpiece of all the people of that description.

In the first place, I had my old and respectable friend Roguin. This was a good old-fashioned friend, for whom I was not indebted to my writings, but to myself, and whose friendship, for that reason, I have always preserved. I had the kind-hearted Lenieps, my countryman, and his daughter, then alive, Madame Lambert. I had also a young Genevese, named Coindet, a good creature, careful, officious, zealous, who came to see me soon after I had gone to reside at the Hermitage, and, without any other introducer than himself, had made his way into my good graces. He had a taste for drawing, and was acquainted with artists. He was of service to me relative to the engravings of *Julie*, undertaking the direction of the drawing and the plates, and acquitted himself well of the commission.

I had free access to the house of M. Dupin, which, less brilliant than in Madame Dupin's young days, was still, by the merit of the heads of the family and the choice of company which assembled there, one of the most enjoyable houses in Paris. As I had not preferred anybody to them, and had separated myself from their society to live independently and without constraint, they had always received me in a friendly manner, and I was always certain of being well received by Madame Dupin. I might even have counted her amongst my country neighbours after her establishment at Clichy, whither I sometimes went to pass a day or two and where I should have been found more frequently had Madame Dupin and Madame de Chenonceaux been upon better terms. But the difficulty of dividing my time in the same house between two women who were unsympathetic with each other made this disagreeable. However, I had the pleasure of seeing Madame de Chenonceaux more at my ease at Deuil, where, at a trifling distance from me, she had taken a small house, and even at my own habitation, where she often came to call on me.

I had likewise for a friend Madame de Créqui, who, having become devout, no longer received D'Alembert, Marmontel, or a single man of letters, except, I fancy, the Abbé Trublete, half a hypocrite, of whom she was weary. I, whose acquaintance she had sought, lost neither her good wishes nor intercourse. She sent me young fat pullets from Mans; and her intention was to come and see me the year following, had not a journey, upon which Madame de Luxembourg determined, prevented her. I here owe her a place apart; she will for ever hold a distinguished one in my remembrance.

In this list I should also place a man whom, except Roguin, I ought to have mentioned as the first upon it—my old friend and brother politician, De Carrio, formerly titular secretary to the embassy from Spain to Venice, afterwards in Sweden, where he was *chargé des affaires*, and at length really secretary to the embassy from Spain at Paris. He came and surprised me at Montmorency when I least

expected him. He was decorated with the insignia of a Spanish order, the name of which I cannot recollect, with a fine cross in jewellery. He had been obliged, in his proofs of nobility, to add a letter to his name of Carrio, and to bear that of the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him still the same man, possessing the same excellent heart, his mind daily improving, and becoming more and more amiable. We should have renewed our former intimacy had not Coindet interposed, according to custom, and, taking advantage of the distance I was from town to insinuate himself into my place, and, in my name, into his confidence, and thus supplant me by the excess of his zeal to render me service.

The recollection of Carrion brings to my mind one of my country neighbours, of whom it would be inexcusable of me not to speak, as I have to make confession of an unpardonable neglect of which I was guilty towards him—this was the honest M. Le Blond, who had done me a service at Venice, and, having made an excursion to France with his family, had leased a house in the country at Briché, not far from Montmorency. As soon as I gathered that he was my neighbour, I, in the joy of my heart, and making it more a pleasure than a duty, went to pay him a visit.* I set off upon this errand the following day. I was met by people who were coming to see me, and with whom I was obliged to return. Two days afterwards I set off again for the same purpose. He had dined at Paris with all his family. A third time he was at home. I heard the voices of women, and saw at the door a coach, which alarmed me. I desired to see him, at least for the first time, quite at my ease, that we might talk over what had passed during our former connection.

Indeed, I so often postponed my visit from day to day, that the shame of discharging a like duty so late prevented me from accomplishing it at all. After having dared to wait so long, I no longer had the courage to present myself.

* When I wrote this, full of my blind confidence, I was far from suspecting the true motive and the effect of this journey to Paris.

This negligence, at which M. Le Blond could not but be justly offended, gave, relative to him, the appearance of ingratitude to my indolence, and yet I felt my heart so little culpable, that, had it been in my power to do M. Le Blond the slightest service, even unknown to himself, I am certain he would not have found me idle. But indolence, negligence, and delay in little duties to be fulfilled have been more prejudicial to me than grave vices. My greatest faults have been omissions; I have seldom done what I ought to have done.

Since I am now upon the subject of my Venetian acquaintance, I must not forget one which I still preserved for a considerable time after my intercourse with the rest had ceased. This was M. de Jonville, who continued, after his return from Genoa, to show me considerable friendship. He was fond of seeing me, and of conversing with me upon the affairs of Italy, and the follies of M. de Montaigne, of whom he himself knew many anecdotes, by means of his acquaintance in the office for foreign affairs, with which he was much connected. I had also the pleasure of receiving at my house my old comrade Dupont, who had purchased a house in the province where he was situated, and whose affairs had brought him to Paris. M. de Jonville became by degrees so desirous of meeting me, that he in some measure laid me under constraint, and although our places of residence were at a great distance from each other, we had a friendly quarrel when I let a week pass without dining with him. When he went to Jonville he was always desirous of my accompanying him; but having once been there to pass a week, I had not the least inclination to return. M. de Jonville was certainly an honest man, and even amiable in certain respects, but his understanding was beneath mediocrity; he was handsome, rather fond of his person, and to some extent fatiguing. He had one of the most singular collections perhaps in the world, to which he gave much of his attention, endeavouring to acquire for it that of his friends, to whom it sometimes afforded less amusement than it did to himself. This was a complete

collection of songs of the Court and Paris for upwards of fifty years past, in which many anecdotes were to be found that would have been sought for in vain elsewhere. These are memoirs for the history of France, scarcely to be thought of in any other country.

One day, whilst we were still upon the very best terms, he received me so coldly, and in a manner so different from that customary to him, that, after having given him an opportunity to explain, and even having begged him to do so, I quitted his house with a resolution in which I have persevered—that of never to return to it again ; for I am seldom seen where I have been once ill received, and, in this case, there was no Diderot who pleaded for M. de Jonville. I vainly endeavoured to discover what I had done to offend him ; for I could not recollect a circumstance at which he could possibly have taken offence. I was certain of never having spoken of him or his in any other than in the most honourable manner, for he had acquired my friendship ; and besides my having nothing but favourable things to say of him, my most inviolable maxim has been that of never speaking but in an honourable manner of the houses I frequented.

At length, by continually ruminating, I formed the following conjecture. The last time we had seen each other, I had supped with him at the apartment of some girls of his acquaintance, in company with two or three clerks in the office of foreign affairs, very amiable men, and who had neither the manner nor the appearance of libertines ; and, on my part, I can assert that the whole evening passed in making melancholy reflections on the wretched fate of the creatures with whom we were. I did not pay anything, as M. de Jonville gave the supper, nor did I make the girls the least present, because I did not give the opportunity I had done to the *Padouana* of establishing a claim to the trifle I might have offered. We all came away together, cheerfully and upon good terms. Without having made a second visit to the girls, I went two or three days afterwards to dine with M. de Jonville, whom I had not seen

during that interval, and who gave me the reception just referred to. Unable to imagine any other cause for it than some misunderstanding relative to the supper, and perceiving he had no inclination to explain, I resolved to visit him no longer. Nevertheless, I still continued to send him my works. He frequently sent me his compliments, and one evening, meeting him in the green-room of the French Theatre, he obligingly chided me with not having called to see him, a reproach, however, which did not induce me to depart from my resolution. This affair, therefore, had rather the appearance of a coolness than a rupture. However, not having heard of nor seen him since that time, it would have been too late, after an absence of so many years, to renew the acquaintance. It is for this reason M. de Jonville is not named in my list, although for a considerable time I had frequented his house.

I will not swell my catalogue with the names of many other persons with whom I was or had become less intimate, although I sometimes met them in the country, either at my own house or that of some neighbour, such, for instance, as the Abbés de Condillac and De Mably, M. de Mairan, De Lalive, De Boisgelou, Watelet, Ancelet, and others. I will also pass lightly over that of M. de Margency, gentleman in ordinary to the King, an ancient member of the *coterie Holbachique*, which he had quitted like myself, and an old friend of Madame d'Epinay, from whom he had separated, as I had done. I likewise consider that of M. Desmahis, his friend, the celebrated but short-lived author of the comedy of *Le Impertinent*, of much the same importance. The former was my neighbour in the country, his estate at Margency being near to Montmorency. We were old acquaintances, but the neighbourhood and a certain conformity of experience connected us still more. The latter died soon afterwards. He had merit and even wit, but he was in some degree the original of his comedy, and a little of a coxcomb with women, by whom he was not much regretted.

I cannot, however, omit taking notice of a fresh corre-

spondence I entered into at this period, which has had too much influence over the rest of my life not to make it necessary for me to mark its origin. The person in question is M. de Lamoignon de Malesherbes of the *Cour des Aides*, then censor of books, which office he exercised with equal intelligence and mildness, to the great satisfaction of men of letters. I had not once been to see him at Paris; yet I had never received from him any other than the most obliging condescensions relative to the censorship, and I knew that he had more than once very severely reprimanded persons who had written against me. I had fresh proofs of his goodness upon the subject of the edition of *Julie*. The postage of the proofs of so large a work from Amsterdam being very expensive, he having the freedom of the post, permitted these to be addressed to him, and sent them to me under the countersign of the chancellor, his father. When the work was printed, he did not permit the sale of it in the kingdom, until, contrary to my wishes, an edition had been sold for my benefit. As the profit of this would, on my part, have been a theft committed upon Rey, to whom I had sold the manuscript, I not only refused to accept the present intended for me, without his consent (which he very generously gave), but insisted upon dividing with him the hundred pistols to which it amounted, but of which he would not receive anything. For these hundred pistols I had the mortification, against which M. de Malesherbes had not guarded me, of seeing my work hideously mutilated, and the sale of the better edition stopped until the bad one was entirely disposed of.

I have always considered M. de Malesherbes a man whose uprightness was proof against every temptation. Nothing that has happened ever made me doubt his probity for a moment; but, as weak as he is polite, he sometimes injures those he wishes to serve by the excess of his zeal to preserve them from evil. He not only retrenched a hundred pages in the edition of Paris, but he effected another retrenchment, which no person but the author could permit himself to do, in the copy of the good edition

he sent to Madame de Pompadour. It is somewhere said in that work, "the wife of a coal-heaver is more respectable than the mistress of a prince." This phrase had occurred to me in the warmth of composition without any application. In reading over the work I perceived it would be applied, yet in consequence of the imprudent maxim I had adopted of not suppressing anything, on account of the application which might be made, when my conscience bore witness to me that I had not made them at the time I wrote, I determined not to expunge the phrase, and contented myself with substituting the word prince for king, which I had first written. This softening did not seem sufficient to M. de Malesherbes, who retrenched the entire expression in a new sheet which he had printed purposely, and stuck in between the other with as much exactness as possible in the copy of Madame de Pompadour. She was not ignorant of this manoeuvre. Some good-natured people took the trouble to inform her of it. For my part, it was not until a long time afterwards, and when I began to feel the consequences of it, that the matter came to my knowledge.

Is not this the origin of the concealed but implacable hatred of another lady who was in a like situation, without my knowing it, or even being acquainted with her when I penned the passage? When the book was published the acquaintance was made, and I was very uneasy. I mentioned this to the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who laughed at me, and said the lady was so little offended that she had not even taken notice of the matter. I believed him, perhaps rather too lightly, and made myself easy when there was decided reason for my being otherwise.

At the beginning of the winter I received an additional proof of the kind nature of M. de Malesherbes, of which I was very sensible, although I did not think proper to take advantage of it. A post was vacant in the *Journal des Savans*. Margency wrote to me, offering me the place, as from himself. But I easily understood from the manner of the letter that he was dictated to, and authorized; he afterwards told me he had been desired to make me the

offer. The occupations of this place were but trifling. All I should have to do would have been to make two extracts a month from the books brought to me for that purpose, without being under the necessity of going once to Paris, not even to pay the magistrate a visit of thanks. By this employment I should have entered a society of men of letters of the first merit—M. de Mairan, Clairaut, De Guignes, and the Abbé Barthelemy. The two first I already knew, and I very much desired to become acquainted with the other two. In fine, for this trifling employment, the duties of which I might so conveniently have discharged, there was a salary of 800 livres. For a few hours I was undecided, and this from a fear of making Margency angry, and displeasing M. de Malesherbes. But at length the unbearable constraint of not having it in my power to work when I thought proper, and to be commanded by time, and, moreover, the certainty of badly performing the functions with which I was to charge myself, prevailed over everything, and led me to refuse a place for which I was unfit. I knew that my whole talent consisted in a certain warmth of mind with respect to the subjects I had to treat, and that nothing but the love of the great, beautiful, and sublime could animate my genius. What would the subjects of the extracts I should have had to make from books, or even the books themselves, have signified to me? My indifference about them would have frozen my pen, and stupefied my mind. People thought I could make a trade of writing, as most of the other men of letters did, instead of which I never could write but from the warmth of imagination. This certainly was not necessary for the *Journal des Savans*. I therefore wrote to Margency in the politest terms possible, and so well explained to him my reasons that it was not possible that either he or M. de Malesherbes could imagine there was pride or ill-humour in my refusal. They both approved of it without receiving me less politely, and the secret was so well kept that it was never known to the public.

The proposition did not occur at a favourable moment. I

had some time previous to this formed the project of quitting literature, and especially the trade of an author. By everything that had lately befallen me, I had been disgusted with men of letters, and had learned from experience that it was impossible to proceed in the same track without having some connections with them. I was not much less dissatisfied with men of the world, and in general with the mixed life I had lately led, half to myself, and half devoted to society for which I was unfit. I felt more than ever, and by constant experience, that every unequal association is disadvantageous to the weaker person. Living with opulent people, and in a situation different from the one I had chosen, without keeping a house as they did, I was obliged to imitate them in many things; and little expenses, which were nothing to their fortunes, were for me not less ruinous than indispensable. Another man in the country-house of a friend is served by his own servant, at table as well as in his chamber; he sends him to seek for everything he wants, having nothing directly to do with the servants of the house, not even seeing them; he gives them what he pleases, and when he thinks proper; but I, alone, and without a servant, was at the mercy of the servants of the house, of whom it was necessary to gain their good graces in order that I might not have much to suffer; and being treated as the equal of their master. I was obliged to treat them accordingly, and better than another would have done, because, in fact, I stood in greater need of their services. This, where there are but few domestics, may be complied with, but in the houses I frequented there was a great number, and the knaves so well understood their interest that they knew how to make me require the services of them all successively. The women of Paris, who have so much wit, have no adequate idea of this inconvenience, and in their zeal to economize my purse they ruined me. If I supped in town at any considerable distance from my lodgings, instead of permitting me to send for a hackney-coach, the mistress of the house ordered her horses to be put to, and sent me home in her

carriage ; she was very glad to save me the twenty-four sous for the fiacre, but never thought of the half-crown I gave to her coachman and footman. If a lady wrote to me from Paris to the Hermitage, or to Montmorency, she regretted the four sous the postage of the letter would have cost me, and sent it by one of her servants, who came sweating on foot, and to whom I gave a dinner and half-a-crown, a sum he certainly had well earned. If she proposed to me to pass a week or a fortnight with her at her country-house, she still said to herself, "It will be a saving to the poor man ; during that time his eating will cost him nothing." Not for an instant did she recollect that I was the whole time idle, that the expenses of my family, my rent, linen, and clothes were still going on, that I paid my barber double, that it cost me more being in her house than in my own, and although I confined my little largesses to the house in which I customarily lived, that these were still ruinous to me. I am certain I have paid upwards of twenty-five crowns in the house of Madame d'Houdetot, at Eaubonne, where I never slept more than four or five times, and upwards of 1000 livres as well at Epinay as at La Chevrette, during the five or six years I was most assiduous there. These expenses are inevitable to a man like me, who knows not how to provide anything for himself, and cannot support the sight of a lackey who grumbles and serves him with a sour look. With Madame Dupin, even where I was one of the family, and in whose house I rendered many services to the servants, I never received theirs save in return for my money. In course of time it was imperative for me to renounce these little liberalities, which my situation no longer permitted me to bestow, and I felt still more severely the inconvenience of associating with people in a situation different from my own.

Had this manner of life been congenial to me, I should have been consoled for a heavy expense which I dedicated to my pleasures ; but to ruin myself at the same time that I fatigued my mind was insupportable ; and I felt the weight

of this so much, that, profiting by the interval of liberty I then had, I was determined to perpetuate it, and entirely to renounce great companies, the composition of books, and all literary concerns, and for the remainder of my life to confine myself to the narrow and peaceful sphere in which I felt I was born to move.

The produce of the "Letter to D'Alembert" and of the "New Heloisa" had a little improved the state of my finances, which had been considerably exhausted at the Hermitage. I had now about a thousand crowns in my purse. *Emilius*, to which, after I had finished *Heloisa*, I had given diligent application, was well forward, and the production of this work could not be less than the sum of which I was already in possession. I intended to place this money in such a manner as to produce me a little income, which, with my copying, might be sufficient for my wants without further writing. I had two other works upon the stocks. The first of these was my *Institutions Politiques*. I examined the state of this manuscript, and found it required several years' labour. I had not courage enough to continue it and to wait until it was finished before I carried my intentions into execution. Therefore, laying the book aside, I made up my mind to extract from it all I could, and to burn the rest; and continuing this with zeal, without interrupting *Emilius*, I finished the "Social Contract."

The "Dictionary of Music" now remained. This was mechanical, and might be taken up at any time; the object of it was entirely pecuniary. I reserved to myself the liberty of laying it aside, or of finishing it at my ease, according as my other resources should render this imperative or superfluous. With respect to the *Morale Sensitive*, of which I had nothing more than a sketch, I entirely abandoned it.

As my last project, if I found I could not entirely do without copying, was that of removing from Paris, where the affluence of my visitors rendered my housekeeping expensive, and deprived me of the time I should have

turned to advantage to provide for it, to prevent in my retirement the state of lassitude into which an author is said to fall when he has laid down his pen, I reserved to myself an occupation which might fill up the void in my solitude without tempting me to print anything further. I know not for what reason they had long tormented me to write the memoirs of my life. Although these were not until that time interesting as to the facts, I felt they might become so by the candour which I was capable of giving them, and I resolved to make of these the only work of the kind, by an unexampled veracity, that, for once at least, the world might judge a man such as he internally was. I had always laughed at the false ingenuousness of Montaigne, who, feigning to confess his faults, takes great care not to record any of himself, except such as are amiable; whilst I, who have ever thought, and still think, myself, considering everything, the best of men, felt there is no human being, however pure he may be, who does not internally conceal some odious vice. I knew I was described to the public as being very contrary to what I really was, that notwithstanding my faults, all of which I was determined to relate, I could not but be a gainer by showing myself in my true colours. This, besides, not being done without setting forth others also in theirs, and the work for the same reason not being of a nature to appear during my lifetime, and that of several other persons, I was the more encouraged to make my confessions, at which I should never have to blush before any person. I therefore resolved to dedicate my leisure to the execution of this undertaking, and immediately began to collect such letters and papers as might guide or assist my memory, greatly regretting the loss of all I had burned, mislaid, and destroyed.

The project of absolute retirement, one of the most reasonable I had ever formed, was strongly impressed upon my mind, and I was already taking measures for the execution of it, when heaven, which prepared me a different destiny, plunged me into another vortex.

Montmorency, the ancient and magnificent patrimony of the illustrious family of that name, was taken by confiscation. It passed by the sister of Duke Henry to the House of Condé, which has changed the name of Montmorency to that of Enghien, and the duchy has no other castle than an old tower, where the archives are kept, and the vassals come to do homage. But at Montmorency or Enghien there is a private house, built by Croisat, called *Le Pauvre*, which, having the magnificence of the most superb chateau, deserves and bears the name of a castle. The majestic appearance of this noble edifice, the view from it, not equalled, perhaps, in any country ; the spacious saloon, painted by the hand of a master ; the garden, planted by the celebrated *Le Nostre* ; all combined to form a whole strikingly majestic, in which there is still a simplicity that enforces admiration. The *Maréchal* Duke de Luxembourg, who then inhabited this palatial residence, every year visited the neighbourhood where formerly his ancestors were the masters, to pass five or six weeks as a private individual, but with a splendour which did not degenerate from the ancient lustre of his family. On the first journey he made to it after my residing at Montmorency, he and his lady sent a *valet de chambre* to me with their compliments, inviting me to sup with them as frequently as it should be agreeable to me ; and at each time of their coming they never failed to reiterate the same compliments and invitation. This called to my recollection Madame Beuzenval sending me to dine in the servants' hall. Times are changed ; but I was still the identical man. I did not choose to dine in the servants' hall, and was but little desirous of appearing at the table of the great. I should have been much better pleased had they left me as I was, without caressing me and rendering me ridiculous. I answered politely and respectfully to M. and Madame de Luxembourg, but I did not accept their offers, my indisposition and timidity, together with my embarrassment in speaking, making me tremble at the idea alone of appearing in an assembly of people of the Court. I did not even go to the castle to pay a visit of thanks,

although I sufficiently comprehended this was all they desired, and that their eager politeness was rather a matter of curiosity than benevolence.

However, advances were still made, and even became more pressing. The Comtesse de Boufflers, who was very intimate with the Maréchal's lady, sent to inquire after my health, and to beg I would go and see her. I returned her a proper answer, but did not stir from my house. At the end of Easter, the year following 1759, the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who belonged to the Court of the Prince de Conti, and was intimate with Madame de Luxembourg, came several times to see me, and we became acquainted ; he pressed me to go to the castle, but I refused to comply. At length, one afternoon, when I had no idea of anything of the kind, I saw the Maréchal de Luxembourg, followed by five or six persons, coming up to the house. There was now no longer any means of defence ; and I could not, without being arrogant and unmannerly, do otherwise then return this visit, and make my court to Madame la Maréchale, from whom the Maréchal had been the bearer of the most obliging compliments to me. Thus, under unfortunate auspices, began the connection from which I could no longer preserve myself, although a too-well-founded foresight made me afraid of them until it was made.

I was excessively nervous of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew she was amiable as to manner. I had seen her several times at the theatre with the Duchess of Boufflers, and in the bloom of her beauty ; but she was said to be malignant ; and this, in a woman of her rank, made me tremble. I had scarcely seen her before I was subjugated. I thought her charming, with that charm of being proof against time, and which had the most powerful action upon my heart. I expected to find her conversation satirical and full of pleasantries and points. It was not so : it was much better. The conversation of Madame de Luxembourg is not remarkably full of wit ; it has no sallies, nor even *finesse* ; it is exquisitely delicate, never striking, but always pleasing. Her flattery is the more intoxicating as it is natural ;

it seems to escape her involuntarily, and her heart to overflow because it is too full. I thought I detected on my first visit, that, notwithstanding my awkward manner and embarrassed expression, I was not displeasing to her. All the women of the Court know how to persuade us of this when they please, whether it be true or not, but they do not all, like Madame de Luxembourg, possess the art of rendering that persuasion so pleasant that we are no longer disposed ever to have a doubt remaining. From the first day my confidence in her would have been as full as it soon afterwards became, had not the Duchess of Montmorency, her daughter-in-law, young, giddy, and malicious also, taken it into her head to attack me, and in the midst of the eulogiums of her mamma, and feigned allurements on her own account, forced me to suspect I was only considered by them as a subject of ridicule.

It would perhaps have been difficult to relieve me of this fear of the two ladies had not the extreme graciousness of the Maréchal confirmed me in the belief that theirs was not real. Nothing is more astonishing, considering my timidity, than the promptitude with which I took him at his word on the footing of equality that he would absolutely reduce himself with me, except it be that he took me at mine with respect to the absolute independence in which I was determined to live. Both persuaded I had reason to be contented with my situation, and that I was unwilling to change it, neither he nor Madame de Luxembourg appeared to think a moment of my purse or fortune: although I can have no doubt of the tender concern they had for me, they never proposed to me a place nor offered me their interest, excepting once, when Madame de Luxembourg seemed to wish me to become a member of the French Academy. I alleged my religion; this she averred was no obstacle, or if it was one, she engaged to remove it. I replied that, however great the honour of becoming a member of so illustrious a body might be, having refused M. de Tressan, and, in some measure, the King of Poland, to become a member of the Academy at Nancy, I could not

with propriety enter into any other. Madame de Luxembourg did not insist, and nothing more was remarked upon the subject. This simplicity of intercourse with persons of such rank, and who had the power of doing anything in my favour, M. de Luxembourg being, and highly deserving to be, the particular friend of the king, affords a remarkable contrast with the continual cares, equally importunate and officious, of the friends and protectors from whom I had recently separated, and who endeavoured less to serve me than to render me contemptible.

When the Maréchal came to see me at Mont-Louis, I was uneasy at receiving him and his retinue in my only chamber ; not because I was compelled to make them all sit down in the midst of my dirty plates and broken pots, but on account of the floor, which was rotten and falling to ruin, and I was afraid the weight of his attendants would entirely sink it. Less concerned on account of my own danger than for that to which the affability of the Maréchal exposed him, I hastened to remove him from it by conducting him, notwithstanding the extreme cold, to my alcove, which was quite unsheltered, and had no chimney. When he was there I told him my reason for having brought him to it : he told it to his lady, and they both pressed me to accept, until the floor was repaired, a lodging at the castle ; or, if I preferred it, in a separate edifice called the Little Castle, which was in the middle of the park. This delightful abode deserves to be spoken of.

The park or garden of Montmorency is not a plain, like that of La Chevette. It is uneven, mountainous, raised by little hills and valleys, of which the able artist has taken advantage, and thereby varied his groves, ornaments, waters, and points of view, and, if I may so speak, multiplied by art and genius a space in itself rather narrow. This park is bounded at the top by a terrace and the castle : at bottom it forms a narrow passage, which opens and becomes wider towards the valley, the angle of which is filled up with a large piece of water. Between the orangery, which is in this widening, and the piece of water, the

banks of which are agreeably decorated, stands the Little Castle, to which I have referred. This edifice and the ground about it formerly belonged to the celebrated Le Brun, who amused himself in building and decorating it in the exquisite taste of architectural ornaments which that great painter had formed to himself. The castle has since been rebuilt, but still according to the plan and design of its first master. It is diminutive and simple, but elegant. As it stands in a hollow between the orangery and the large piece of water, and consequently is liable to be damp, it is open in the middle by a peristyle between the two rows of columns, by which means the air circulating throughout the whole edifice keeps it dry, notwithstanding its unfavourable situation. When the building is seen from the opposite elevation, which is a point of view, it appears absolutely surrounded with water, and we imagine we have before our eyes an enchanted island, or the most beautiful of the three Borromean Islands called *Isola bella*, in the greater lake.

In this solitary edifice I was offered the choice of the four complete apartments it contained, besides the ground floor, consisting of a dancing-room, billiard-room, and a kitchen. I chose the smallest over the kitchen, which also I had with it. It was charmingly neat, with blue and white furniture. In this profound and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods, the singing of birds of every kind, and the perfume of orange flowers, I composed, in a continual ecstasy, the fifth book of *Emilius*, the colouring of which I owed in a great measure to the lively impression I received from the place I inhabited.

With what eagerness did I run every morning at sunrise to respire the perfumed air in the peristyle ! What excellent coffee I took there *tête-à-tête* with my Thérèse ! My cat and dog were our company. This retinue alone would have been sufficient for me during my whole life, and I should not have had a single weary moment. I was there in a terrestrial paradise. I lived in innocence and tasted of happiness.

When July came, M. and Madame de Luxembourg showed me so much attention, and were so extremely kind, that, lodged in their house, and overwhelmed with their kindness, I could not do less than make them a proper return in assiduous respect near their persons. I scarcely quitted them. I went in the morning to pay my court to Madame la Maréchale; after dinner I walked with the Maréchal; but I did not sup at the castle on account of the numerous guests, and because they supped too late for me. Thus far everything was as it should be, and no harm would have been done could I have remained at this point. But I have never known how to preserve a medium in my attachments, and simply fulfil the duties of society. I have ever been everything or nothing. I was soon everything; and receiving the most polite attention from persons of the loftiest rank, I passed the proper bounds, and conceived for them a friendship not permitted except among equals. Of these I had all the familiarity in my manners, whilst they still preserved in theirs the same politeness to which they had accustomed me. Yet I was never quite at ease with Madame de Luxembourg. Although I was not quite relieved from my fears regarding her character, I apprehended less danger from it than from her wit. It was by this especially that she impressed me with awe. I knew she was difficult as to conversation, and she had a right to be so. I knew women, especially those of her rank, would absolutely be amused; that it was better to offend than to weary them: and I judged by her commentaries upon what the people who went away had said what she must think of my blunders. I thought of an expedient to spare me with her the embarrassment of speaking: this was reading. She had heard of my *Julie*, and was aware that it was in the press; she expressed a desire to see the work; I offered to read it to her, and she accepted. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock; M. de Luxembourg was present, and the door was shut. I read by the side of her bed, and so well proportioned my readings that there would have been sufficient for the whole time she had to stay, had they not

been interrupted.* The success of this expedient surpassed my expectation. Madame de Luxembourg took a great liking to *Julie* and the author; she spoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing else, said civil things to me from morning to night, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted on my always having my place by her side at table, and when any great lords wished to take it she told them it was mine, and made them sit elsewhere. The impression these charming manners made upon me—subjugated as I was by the least mark of affection—may be easily judged of. I became really attached to her in proportion to the attachment she showed me. All my fears in perceiving this infatuation and feeling the want of agreeableness in myself to support it, was that it would be changed into disgust; and, unfortunately, this fear was only too well founded.

There must have been a natural opposition between her turn of mind and mine, since, independently of the numerous stupid things which at every instance escaped me in conversation, and even in my letters, and when I was upon the best of terms with her, there were certain other things that displeased her without my being able to imagine the reason. I will quote one instance from among twenty. She knew I was writing a copy of the “*New Heloisa*” for Madame d’Houdetot. She was desirous of having one on a similar footing. This I promised her, and thereby making her one of my customers, I wrote her a polite letter upon the subject, at least such was my intention. Her answer, which was as follows, stupefied me with surprise.

“*Versailles, Tuesday.*”

“I am ravished, I am satisfied: your letter has given me infinite pleasure, and I take the earliest moment to acquaint you with, and thank you for it.

“These are the exact words of your letter: ‘*Although you are certainly a very good customer, I have some pain in receiving your money: according to regular order, I ought to*

* The loss of a great battle, which much affected the king, obliged M. de Luxembourg precipitately to return to Court.

pay for the pleasure I should have in working for you.' I will say nothing more on the subject. I have to complain of your not speaking of your state of health: nothing interests me more. I love you with all my heart; and be assured that I write this to you in a very melancholy mood, for I should have much pleasure in telling it you myself. M. de Luxembourg loves and embraces you with all his heart."

On receiving the letter I hastened to answer it, reserving to myself more fully to examine the matter, protesting against all disobliging interpretation, and after having given several days to this examination with an inquietude which may easily be conceived, and still without being able to discover in what I could have erred, what follows was my final answer on the subject.

"Montmorency, 8th December 1759.

"Since my last letter I have examined a hundred times the passage in question. I have considered it in its proper and natural meaning, as well as in every other which may be given to it, and I confess to you, madame, that I know not whether it be I who owe you excuses, or you from whom they are due to me."

It is now ten years since these letters were written. I have since that time frequently pondered over the subject of them; and such is still my stupidity, that I have hitherto been unable to discover what in the passage, quoted from my letter, she could find offensive, or even displeasing.

I must here mention, relative to the manuscript copy of *Heloisa*, Madame de Luxembourg wished to have, in what manner I thought to give it some marked advantage that should distinguish it from all others. I had written separately the adventures of Lord Edward, and had long been undecided whether I should insert them fully, or in extracts, in the work in which they seemed to be wanting. I at length determined to retrench them entirely, because, not being in the manner of the rest, they would have spoiled the interesting simplicity, which was its principal merit. I had

still a stronger reason when I came to know Madame de Luxembourg. There was in these adventures a Roman marchioness of a bad character, some parts of which, without being applicable, might have been applied to her by those to whom she was not particularly known. I was, therefore, highly pleased with the conclusion to which I had come, and resolved to abide by it. But in the ardent desire to enrich her copy with something not to be found in the other, what should I fall upon but these unfortunate adventures, and I concluded on making an extract from them to add to the work : a project dictated by madness, the extravagance of which is inexplicable, except by the blind fatality that led me on to destruction.

Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat.

I was stupid enough to make this extract with infinite care and pains, and to send it her as the finest thing in the world. It is true, I at the same time informed her that the original was burned, which was really the case ; that the extract was for her alone, and would never be seen except by herself unless she chose to show it ; which, far from proving to her my prudence and discretion, as it was my intention to do, clearly intimated what I thought of the application by which she might be offended. My stupidity was such that I had no doubt of her being delighted with what I had done. She did not make me the compliment upon it I had anticipated, and, to my intense astonishment, never once mentioned the paper I had sent her. I was so satisfied with myself, that it was not until a long time afterwards I judged, from other indications, of the effect it had produced.

I had still in favour of her manuscript another idea more reasonable, but which, by more distant effects, has not been much less prejudicial to me ; so much does everything concur with the work of destiny, when that hurries on a man to misfortune. I thought of oriammenting the manuscript with the engravings of the "New Heloisa," which were of the same size. I asked Coindet for these engravings, as they belonged to me by every kind of title, and the more so

as I had given him the produce of the plates, which had a considerable sale. Coindet is as cunning as I am the contrary. By frequently asking him for the engravings, he came to the knowledge of the use I intended to make of them. He then, under pretence of adding some new ornament, still kept them from me, and at length presented them himself.

Ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

This gave him an introduction upon a certain footing to the Hotel de Luxembourg. After my establishment at the Little Castle, he came somewhat frequently to see me, always in the morning, and particularly when M. and Madame de Luxembourg were at Montmorency. Therefore, that I might pass the day with him, I did not go to the castle. Reproaches were made me on account of my absence ; I gave the reason of them. I was desired to bring M. Coindet with me ; I did so. This was what he had sought after. Therefore, thanks to the excessive goodness M. and Madame de Luxembourg had for me, a clerk to M. Thélusson, who was sometimes pleased to give him his table when he had nobody else to dine with him, was suddenly placed at that of a Maréchal of France, with princes, duchesses, and persons of the highest rank at court. I shall never forget that one day, being obliged to return early to Paris, the Maréchal said, "Let us take a walk upon the road to St. Denis, and we will accompany M. Coindet." This was too much for the poor man ; his head was quite turned. For my part, my heart was so affected that I could not say a word. I followed the company, weeping like a child, and having the strongest desire to kiss the foot of the good Maréchal ; but the continuation of the history of the manuscript has made me anticipate. I will go back a little, and, as far as my memory will permit, mark each event in its proper order.

As soon as the little house at Mont-Louis was ready, I had it neatly furnished and again established myself there. I could not break through the resolution I had made on quitting the Hermitage, of always having an apartment to myself ; but I found a difficulty in resolving to quit the

Little Castle. I kept the key of it, and, being delighted with the charming breakfasts in the peristyle, oftentimes went to the castle to sleep, remaining there three or four days, as at a country house. I was at that time perhaps better and more agreeably lodged than any private individual in Europe. My host, M. Mathas, one of the best men in the world, had left me the absolute direction of the repairs at Mont-Louis, and insisted upon my disposing of his workmen without his interference. I therefore found the means of making a single chamber upon the first storey a complete set of apartments, consisting of a chamber, antechamber, and a wardrobe. Upon the ground-floor was the kitchen and Thérèse's chamber. The alcove served me for a study by means of a glazed partition and a chimney I had constructed there. After my return to this habitation, I amused myself in decorating the terrace, which was already shaded by two rows of linden trees. I added two others to make a cabinet of verdure, and placed in it a table and stone benches. I surrounded it with lilies, seringa, and woodbines, and had a beautiful border of flowers parallel with the two rows of trees. This terrace, more elevated than that of the castle, from which the view was at least as fine, and where I had tamed a great number of birds, was my drawing-room, in which I received M. and Madame de Luxembourg, the Duke of Villeroy, the Prince of Tingry, the Marquis of Armentières, the Duchess of Montmorency, the Duchess of Boufflers, the Countess of Valentinois, the Countess of Boufflers, and other persons of the front rank : who, from the castle, disdained not to make, over a very fatiguing mountain, the pilgrimage of Mont-Louis. I owed all these visits to the favour of M. and Madame de Luxembourg ; this I felt, and my heart on that account did them all due homage. It was with the same sentiment that I once said to M. de Luxembourg, embracing him : " Ah ! Monsieur le Maréchal, I hated the great before I knew you, and I have hated them still more since you have shown me with what ease they might acquire universal respect." Further than this, I defy any person with whom I then

was acquainted to say I was ever dazzled for an instant by splendour, or that the vapour of the incense I received ever affected my head ; that I was less uniform in my manner, less plain in my dress, less easy of access to people of the lowest rank, less familiar with neighbours, or less ready to render service to every person when I had it in my power so to do, without ever once being discouraged by the numerous and frequently unreasonable importunities with which I was incessantly assailed.

Although my heart led me to the castle of Montmorency, through my sincere attachment to those by whom it was inhabited ; by the same means it drew me back to the neighbourhood of it, there to taste the sweets of the equal and simple life, in which my only happiness consisted. Thérèse had contracted a friendship with the daughter of one of my neighbours, a mason of the name of Pilleu. I did the same with the father, and, after having dined at the castle, not without some constraint, to please Madame de Luxembourg, with what eagerness did I return in the evening to sup with the good man Pilleu and his family, sometimes at his house and sometimes at mine !

Besides my two lodgings in the country, I soon had a third at the Hotel de Luxembourg, the proprietors of which pressed me so much to go and see them there that I consented, notwithstanding my aversion to Paris, where, since my retiring to the Hermitage, I had been but twice, upon the two occasions of which I have spoken. I did not now go there except on the days agreed upon, solely to supper, and the next morning I returned to the country. I entered and came out by the garden facing the boulevard, so that I could with the greatest truth say I had not set my foot upon the stones of Paris.

In the midst of this transient prosperity, a catastrophe, which was to be the conclusion of it, was preparing at a distance. A short time after my return to Mont-Louis, I made there, and, as was customary, against my inclination, a new acquaintance, which makes another era in my private history. Whether this be favourable or unfavourable, the

reader will hereafter be able to judge. The person with whom I became acquainted was the Marchioness of Verdelin, my neighbour, whose husband had just bought a country house at Soisy, near Montmorency. Mademoiselle d'Ars, daughter to the Comte d'Ars, a man of fashion, but poor, had married M. de Verdelin, old, ugly, deaf, uncouth, brutal, jealous, with gashes in his face, and blind in one eye, but, upon the whole, a good man when properly managed, and in possession of a fortune of from fifteen to twenty thousand livres a year. This charming object, swearing, roaring, scolding, storming, and making his wife weep all day long, ended by doing whatever she thought proper, and this to set her in a rage, because she knew how to persuade him that it was he who would, and she who would not have it so. M. de Margency, of whom I have spoken, was the friend of Madame, and became that of Monsieur. A few years before he had let them his castle of Margency, near Eaubonne and Andilly, and they resided there precisely at the time of my passion for Madame d'Houdetot. Madame d'Houdetot and Madame de Verdelin became acquainted with each other by means of Madame d'Aubeterre, their common friend; and as the garden of Margency was in the road by which Madame d'Houdetot went to Mont-Olympe, her favourite walk, Madame de Verdelin gave her a key that she might pass through it. By means of this key I crossed it several times with her; but I did not like unexpected meetings, and when Madame de Verdelin was by chance upon our way I left them together without speaking to her, and went on before. This want of gallantry must have made on her an impression unfavourable to me. Yet when she was at Soisy she was anxious to have my company. She came several times to see me at Mont-Louis, without finding me at home; and perceiving I did not return her visit, she took it into her head, as a means of forcing me to do it, to send me pots of flowers for my terrace. I was thus under the necessity of going to thank her; this was all she wanted, and we became acquainted.

This connection, like every other I formed, or was led into contrary to my inclination, began rather boisterously. There never reigned in it a real calm. The turn of mind of Madame de Verdelin was too opposite to mine. Malignant expressions and pointed sarcasms came from her with so much simplicity, that a continual attention, too fatiguing for me, was necessary to discover that she was turning into ridicule the person with whom she conversed. One trivial circumstance which occurs to my recollection will be sufficient to give an idea of her manner. Her brother had just obtained the command of a frigate cruising against the English. I spoke of the manner of arming this frigate without diminishing its swiftness of sailing. "Yes," replied she in the most natural tone of voice, "no more cannon are taken than are necessary for fighting." I seldom have heard her speak well of any of her absent friends without letting slip something to their prejudice. What she did not see with an evil eye she looked upon with one of ridicule, and her friend Margency was not excepted. What I found most disagreeable in her was the perpetual constraint proceeding from her little messages, presents, and billets, to which it was a labour for me to answer, and I had continual embarrassments either in thanking or refusing. However, by continually meeting this lady, I became attached to her. She had her troubles and I had mine. Reciprocal confidence rendered our conversations interesting. Nothing so cordially attaches two persons as the satisfaction of weeping together. We sought the company of each other for our reciprocal consolation, and the want of this has frequently made me pass over many things. I had been so severe in my frankness with her, that, after having sometimes shown so little esteem for her character, a great deal was necessary to be able to believe she could sincerely forgive me. The following letter is a specimen of the epistles I sometimes indited to her, and it is to be remarked that she never once in any of her replies seemed in the least degree piqued.

“Montmorency, 5th November 1760.

“You tell me, madame, that you have not well explained yourself in order to make me understand, I have explained myself ill. You speak of your pretended stupidity for the purpose of making me feel my own. You boast of being nothing more than a good kind of woman, as if you trembled to be taken at your word, and you make me apologies, to tell me I owe them to you. Yes, madame, I know it; it is I who am the fool, a good kind of man; and if it be possible, worse than all this; it is I who made a bad choice of my expressions in the opinion of a fine French lady, who pays as much attention to words, and speaks as well as you do. But consider that I take them in the common meaning of the language, without knowing or troubling my head about the polite acceptations in which they are taken in the virtuous societies of Paris. If my expressions are sometimes equivocal, I endeavoured by my conduct to determine their meaning,” &c. The rest of the letter is much the same.

Coindet, enterprising, bold, even to effrontery, and who was upon the watch after all my friends, soon introduced himself in my name to the house of Madame de Verdelin, and, unknown to me, shortly became there more familiar than myself. This Coindet was an extraordinary man. He presented himself in my name in the houses of all my acquaintance, gained a footing in them, and ate there without ceremony. Transported with zeal to do me service, he never mentioned my name without his eyes being suffused with tears; but when he came to see me, he maintained the most profound silence on the subject of all these connections, and especially on that in which he knew I must be interested. Instead of telling me what he had heard, said, or seen, relative to my affairs, he waited for my speaking to him, and even interrogated me. He never knew anything of what passed in Paris, except that which I told him. Finally, although everybody spoke to me of him, he never once spoke to me of any person; he was secret and mysterious with his friend only; but I will, for the present, leave

Coidet and Madame de Verdelin, and return to them at a proper time.

Some time after my return to Mont-Louis, La Tour, the painter, came to see me, and brought with him my portrait in crayons, which a few years before he had exhibited at the Salon. He wished to give me this portrait, but I did not choose to accept it. Madame d'Epinay, however, who had presented me with hers, and would have had this, prevailed upon me to ask him for it. He had taken some time to retouch the features. In the interval occurred my rupture with Madame d'Epinay. I returned her portrait, and giving her mine being no longer in the question, I put it into my chamber in the castle. M. de Luxembourg saw it there, and found it a good one; I offered it to him, he accepted it, and I sent it to the castle. He and his lady thought I should be glad to have theirs. They had them taken in miniature by a very skilful hand, set in a box of rock crystal, mounted with gold, and in a very handsome manner, with which I was delighted, made me a present of both. Madame de Luxembourg would never consent that her portrait should be on the upper part of the box. She had reproached me several times with loving M. de Luxembourg better than I did her; I had not denied it because it was true. By this manner of placing her portrait she showed, very politely, but very clearly, that she had not forgotten the preference.

Much about this time I was guilty of a folly which did not contribute to preserve to me her good graces. Although I had no knowledge of M. de Silhouette, and was not much disposed to like him, I had a high opinion of his administration. When he began to let his hand fall rather heavily upon financiers, I saw that he did not begin his operation in a favourable moment, but he had my warmest wishes for his success; and as soon as I heard he was displaced, I wrote to him, in my intrepid, heedless fashion, the following letter, which I certainly do not undertake to justify.

Montmorency, 2nd December 1759.

“ Vouchsafe, sir, to receive the homage of a solitary man, who is unknown to you, but who esteems you for your talents, respects you for your administration, and who did you the honour to believe you would not long remain in it. Unable to save the State, except at the expense of the capital by which it has been ruined, you have braved the clamours of the gainers of money. When I saw you crush these wretches, I envied you your place ; and at seeing you quit it without departing from your system, I admire you. Be satisfied with yourself, sir ; the step you have taken will leave you an honour you will long enjoy without a competitor. The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honest man.”

Madame de Luxembourg, who knew I had written this letter, spoke to me of it when she came into the country at Easter. I showed it to her, and she was desirous of a copy ; this I gave her, but when I did it I did not know she was interested in under farms, and the displacing of M. de Silhouette. By my numerous follies, any person would have imagined I wilfully endeavoured to bring on myself the hatred of an amiable woman who had power, and to whom, in truth, I daily became more attached, and was far from wishing to occasion her displeasure, although by my awkward manner of proceeding, I did everything expedient for that purpose. I think it superfluous to remark here that it is to her the history of the opiate of M. Tronchin, of which I have spoken in the first part of my memoirs, relates ; the other lady was Madame de Mirepoix. They have never mentioned the circumstance to me, nor has either of them given the least intimation of having preserved a remembrance of it ; but to presume that Madame de Luxembourg can possibly have forgotten it, appears to me exceedingly difficult, and would still remain so, even were the subsequent events entirely unknown. For my part, I fell into a deceitful security relative to the effects of my foolish mistakes, by an internal evidence of my not having taken any step with an intention to offend,

as if a woman could ever forgive what I had done, although she might be certain the will had not the least part in the matter.

Although she seemed not to see or feel anything, and that I did not immediately find either her warmth of friendship diminished or the least change in her manner, the continuation and even increase of a too well-founded foreboding made me incessantly tremble lest disgust should succeed to infatuation. Was it possible for me to expect in a lady of such high rank a constancy proof against my want of address to support it? I was unable to conceal from her this secret foreboding, which made me uneasy, and rendered me still more disagreeable. This will be judged of by the following letter, which contains a very singular prediction.

N.B.—This letter, without date in my rough copy, was written in October 1760, at latest.

“How cruel is your goodness! Why disturb the peace of a solitary mortal who had renounced the pleasures of life, that he might no longer suffer the fatigues of them? I have passed my days in vainly searching for solid attachments. I have not been able to form any in the ranks to which I was equal; is it in yours that I ought to seek for them? Neither ambition nor interest can tempt me. I am not vain, but little fearful. I can resist everything except caresses. Why, then, do you attack me by a weakness which I must overcome, because, in the distance by which we are separated, the overflowings of susceptible hearts cannot bring mine near to you? Will gratitude be sufficient for a heart which knows not two manners of bestowing its affections, and feels itself incapable of everything except friendship! Of friendship, *Madame la Maréchale*! Ah! there is my misfortune. It is good in you and *M. le Maréchal* to make use of this expression; but I am mad when I take you at your word. You amuse yourselves, and I become attached; and the end of this prepares new regrets for me. How do I hate all your titles, and pity you on account of your being obliged to bear them! You

seem to me to be so worthy of tasting the charms of private life ! Why do you not reside at Clarens ? I would go there in search of happiness ; but the Castle of Montmorency, and the Hotel de Luxembourg ! Is it in these places Jean-Jacques ought to be seen ? Is it there a friend to equality ought to carry the affection of a sensible heart, and who, thus paying the esteem in which he is held, thinks he returns as much as he receives ? You are good and susceptible also : this I know and have seen. I am sorry I was not sooner convinced of it ; but in the rank you hold, in your style of living, nothing can make a lasting impression : a succession of new objects efface each other so that not one of them remains. You will forget me, madame, after having made it impossible for me to imitate you. You have done a great deal to render me unhappy and inexcusable."

I joined with her the Maréchal, to render the compliment less severe ; for I was, moreover, so certain of him, that I never had a doubt in my mind of the continuation of his friendship. Nothing that intimidated me in Madame la Maréchale ever for a moment extended to him. I never have had the least mistrust relative to his character, which I knew to be constant, if feeble. I no more feared a coldness on his part than I expected from him an heroic attachment. The simplicity and familiarity of our manners with each other proved how far dependence was reciprocal. We were both always right. I shall ever honour and hold dear the memory of this worthy man ; and, notwithstanding everything that was done to detach him from me, I am as certain of his having died my friend as if I had been present in his last moments.

At the second journey to Montmorency, in the year 1760, the reading of *Julie* being finished, I had recourse to that of *Emilius* to support myself in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg ; but this, whether the subject was less to her taste or that so much reading at length fatigued her, did not succeed so well. However, as she reproached me with suffering myself to be the dupe of booksellers, she wished me to leave to her care the printing of the work,

that I might reap from it a greater advantage. I consented to her doing it, on the express condition of its not being printed in France, on which we had a long dispute, I affirming that it was impossible to obtain, and even imprudent to solicit, a tacit permission, and being unwilling to permit the impression upon any other terms in the kingdom; she, that the censor could not make the least difficulty according to the system Government had adopted. She found means to make M. de Malesherbes enter into her views. He wrote to me with his own hand a long letter on the subject, to prove the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar" to be a composition which must everywhere gain the approbation of its readers and that of the Court, as things were then circumstanced. I was surprised to see this magistrate, always so prudent, become so accommodating in this affair. As his approval to the printing of a book was legal, I had no longer any objection to make. Yet by an extraordinary scruple I still required it should be printed in Holland, and by the bookseller Néaulme, and, not satisfied with indicating him, I informed him of my wishes, consenting that the edition should be brought out for the profit of a French bookseller, and that as soon as it was ready it should be sold at Paris, or wherever else it might be thought proper. This is exactly what was agreed upon between Madame de Luxembourg and myself, after which I gave her my manuscript.

Madame de Luxembourg was this time accompanied by her granddaughter, Mademoiselle de Boufflers, now Duchess of Lauzun. Her name was Amélie. She was a charming girl. She had truly the beauty, mildness, and timidity of a maiden. Nothing could be more lovely than her appearance, nothing more chaste and tender than the sentiments she inspired. She was, besides, still a child under eleven years of age. Madame de Luxembourg, who thought her too timid, used every endeavour to animate her. She permitted me several times to give her a kiss, which I did with my usual awkwardness. Instead of saying flattering things to her, as any other person would have done, I remained silent and disconcerted, and I know not which of

the two, the little girl or myself, was most ashamed. I met her one day alone in the staircase of the Little Castle. She had been to see Thérèse, with whom her governess still was. Not knowing what else to say, I proposed to her a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse, having in the morning received one from me by order of her grandmother, and in her presence. The next day, while reading *Emilius* by the side of the bed of Madame de Luxembourg, I came to a passage in which I justly censure that which I had done the preceding evening. She thought the reflection extremely just, and said some very sensible things upon the subject which made me blush. How was I enraged at my incredible stupidity, which has frequently given me the appearance of guilt, when I was nothing more than a fool and embarrassed; a stupidity which in a man known to be endowed with some wit, is considered as a false excuse. I can safely swear that in this kiss, as well as in the others, the heart and thoughts of Mademoiselle Amélie were not more pure than my own, and that if I could have avoided meeting her I should have done it, not that I had not great pleasure in seeing her, but from the embarrassment of not finding an appropriate word to utter. Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man whom the power of kings has never inspired with awe? What is to be done? How, without presence of mind, am I to act? If I strive to speak to the persons I meet I certainly say some stupid thing to them; if I remain silent I am a misanthrope, an unsociable animal, a bear. Total imbecility would have been more favourable to me, for the talents I have failed to improve in the world have become the instruments of my destruction, and of that of the very talents I possessed.

At the latter end of this journey Madame de Luxembourg did a good action, in which I had some share. Diderot having very imprudently offended the Princess of Robeck, daughter of M. de Luxembourg, Palissot, whom she protected, took up the quarrel, and revenged her by the comedy of "The Philosophers," in which I was ridiculed,

and Diderot very roughly handled. The author treated me with more gentleness, less, I am of opinion, on account of the obligation he was under to me than from the fear of displeasing the father of his protectress, by whom he knew I was beloved. The bookseller Duchesne, with whom I was not at that time acquainted, sent me the comedy when it was printed, and this I suspect was by the order of Palissot, who perhaps thought I should have a pleasure in seeing a man with whom I was no longer connected defamed. He was immensely deceived. When I broke with Diderot, whom I thought less ill-natured than weak and indiscreet, I still always preserved for this person an attachment, an esteem even, and a respect for our ancient friendship, which I know was for a long time as sincere on his part as on mine. The case was vastly different with Grimm, a man false by nature, who never loved me, who is not even capable of friendship, and a person who, without the least subject of complaint, and solely to satisfy his own gloomy jealousy, became, under the mask of friendship, my most cruel calumniator. This man is to me a cypher; the other will always be my old friend. My very bowels yearned at the sight of this odious piece; the reading of it was repulsive to me, and, without going through the whole, I returned the copy to Duchesne with the following letter:—

“Montmorency, 21st May 1760.

“In casting my eye over the piece you sent me, I trembled at seeing myself well spoken of in it. I do not accept the horrid present. I am persuaded that in sending it to me you did not intend an insult; but you do not know, or have forgotten, that I have the honour to be the friend of a respectable man who is shamefully defamed and calumniated in this libel.”

Duchesne showed the letter. Diderot, upon whom it ought to have had an effect quite contrary, was vexed at it. His pride could not forgive me the superiority of a generous action, and I was informed that his wife everywhere inveighed against me with a bitterness with which I was

not in the least affected, as I knew she was known to everybody as a noisy babbler.

Diderot in his turn found an avenger in the Abbé Morrellet, who wrote against Palissot a little work, imitated from the *Petit Prophète*, and entitled "The Vision." In this production he very imprudently offended Madame de Robeck, whose friends got him sent to the Bastile, though she, not naturally vindictive, and at that time in a dying state, I am certain had nothing to do in the affair.

D'Alembert, who was very intimately connected with Morrellet, wrote me a letter desiring I would beg of Madame de Luxembourg to solicit his liberty, promising her in return encomiums in the *Encyclopédie*. My answer to his letter was as follows:—

"I did not wait the receipt of your letter before I expressed to Madame de Luxembourg the pain the confinement of the Abbé Morrellet gave me. She knows my concern, and shall be made acquainted with yours, and her knowing that the Abbé is a man of merit will be sufficient to make her interest herself in his behalf. However, although she and the Maréchal honour me with a benevolence which is my greatest consolation, and that the name of your friend be to them a recommendation in favour of the Abbé Morrellet, I know not how far on this occasion it may be proper for them to employ the credit attached to the rank they hold, and the consideration due to their persons. I am not even convinced that the vengeance in question relates to the Princess of Robeck so much as you seem to imagine; and were this even the case, we must not suppose that the pleasure of vengeance belongs to philosophers exclusively, and that when they choose to become women, women will become philosophers.

"I will communicate to you whatever Madame de Luxembourg may say to me after having shown her your letter. In the meantime, I think I know her well enough to assure you that, should she have the pleasure of contributing to the release of the Abbé Morrellet, she will not accept the tribute of acknowledgment you promise her in the *Encyclopédie*

although she might think herself honoured by it, because she does not do good in the expectation of praise, but from the dictates of her heart."

I made every effort to excite the zeal and commiseration of Madame de Luxembourg in favour of the poor captive, and succeeded in my endeavours. She went to Versailles on purpose to speak to M. de St. Florentin, and this journey shortened the residence at Montmorency, which the Maréchal was obliged to quit at the same time to go to Rouen, whither the king sent him as governor of Normandy, on account of the motions of the Parliament, which Government wished to keep within bounds. Madame de Luxembourg wrote me the following letter the day after her departure :—

"Versailles, Wednesday.

"M. de Luxembourg set off yesterday morning at six o'clock. I do not yet know that I shall follow him. I wait until he writes to me, as he is not yet certain of the stay it will be necessary for him to make. I have seen M. de St. Florentin, who is as favourably disposed as possible towards the Abbé Morrellet, but he finds some obstacles to his wishes, which, however, he hopes to be able remove the first time he has to do business with the king, which will be next week. I have also desired as a favour that he might not be exiled, because this was intended : he was to be sent to Nancy. This, sir, is what I have been able to obtain, but I promise you I will not let M. de St. Florentin rest until the affair is terminated in the manner you desire. Let me now express to you how sorry I am on account of my being obliged to leave you so soon, of which I flatter myself you have not the least doubt. I love you with all my heart, and shall do so for my whole life."

A few days afterwards I received the following note from D'Alembert, which gave me real joy :—

"August 1st.

"Thanks to your cares, my dear philosopher, the Abbé has left the Bastile, and his imprisonment will have no other consequence. He is setting off for the country, and,

as well as myself, returns you a thousand thanks and compliments. *Valc, et me ama.*"

The Abbé also wrote to me a few days afterwards a letter of thanks, which did not, in my opinion, seem to breathe a certain effusion of the heart, and in which he seemed in some measure to extenuate the service I had rendered him. Sometime afterwards, I found that he and D'Alembert had, to a certain degree, I will not say supplanted, but succeeded me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, and that I had lost in them all they had gained. However, I am far from suspecting the Abbé Morrellet of having contributed to my disgrace. I have too much esteem for him to harbour any such suspicion. With respect to D'Alembert, I shall at present leave him out of the question, and hereafter remark of him what may seem necessary.

I had, at the same time, another affair which occasioned the last letter I wrote to Voltaire; a letter against which he vehemently exclaimed, as an abominable insult, although he never showed it to any person. I will here supply the want of that which he refused to do.

The Abbé Trublet, with whom I was slightly acquainted, but whom I had but seldom seen, wrote to me on the 13th of June 1760, informing me that M. Formey, his friend and correspondent, had printed, in his journal, my letter to Voltaire upon the disaster at Lisbon. The Abbé wished to know how the letter came to be printed, and, in his jesuitical manner, asked me my opinion, without giving me his own, on the necessity of reprinting it. As I most sovereignly hate this kind of artifice and stratagem, I returned such thanks as were proper, but in a manner so reserved as to make him feel it, although it did not prevent him from wheedling me in two or three other letters until he had gathered all he wished to know.

I clearly understood that, notwithstanding all Trublet could allege, Formey had not found the letter printed, and that the first impression of it came from himself. I knew him to be an impudent pilferer, who, without ceremony, made himself a revenue by the works of others, although he

had not yet had the vile effrontery to take from a book already published the name of the author to put his own in the place of it, and to sell the book for his own profit, although in this manner he afterwards appropriated *Emilius* to himself. But by what means had this manuscript fallen into his hands? That was a question not easy to solve, but one by which I had the weakness to be embarrassed. Although Voltaire was excessively honoured by the letter, yet, despite his rude proceedings, he would have had a right to complain had I had it printed without his consent, and I resolved to write to him upon the subject. The second letter, to which he returned no answer, and, giving greater scope to his brutality, feigned to be irritated to fury, ran as follows:—

“*Montmorency, 17th June 1760.*”

“I did not think, sir, I should ever have occasion to correspond with you. But learning that the letter I wrote to you in 1756 had been printed at Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in that respect, and will fulfil this duty with truth and simplicity.

“The letter having really been addressed to you, was not intended to be printed. I communicated the contents of it, on certain conditions, to three persons to whom the rights of friendship did not permit me to refuse anything of the kind, and whom the same rights still less permitted to abuse my confidence by betraying their promise. These persons are, Madame de Chenonceaux, daughter-in-law to Madame Dupin; the Comtess d’Houdetot; and a German of the name of Grinm. Madame de Chenonceaux was desirous that the letter should be printed, and requested my consent. I told her that depended upon yours. This was asked of you, which you refused, and the matter dropped.

“However, the Abbé Trublet, with whom I have not the least connection, has just written to me from a motive of the most polite attention, that having received the papers of the journal of M. Formey, he found in them this same letter with an advertisement, dated on the 23rd of October

1759, in which the editor states that he had a few weeks before found it in the shops of the booksellers of Berlin, and as it is one of those loose sheets which quickly disappear, he thought proper to give it a place in his journal.

"This, sir, is all I know of the matter. It is certain the letter had not until lately been heard of at Paris. It is also as certain that the copy either in manuscript or print, fallen into the hands of M. de Formey, could never have reached them except by your means, which is not probable, or of those of one of the three persons I have mentioned. Finally, it is well known the two ladies are incapable of such a perfidy. I cannot, in my retirement, learn more relative to the affair. You have a correspondence by means of which you may, if you deem it worth the trouble, return to the source and verify the fact.

"In the same letter the Abbé Trublet informs me that he keeps the paper in reserve, and will not lend it without my consent, which most assuredly I decline to give. But it is possible this copy may not be the only one in Paris. I desire, sir, that the letter may not be printed there, and I will do all in my power to prevent this from happening ; but if I fail to succeed, and that, timely perceiving it, I can have the preference, I will not then hesitate to have it immediately printed. This to me appears just and natural.

"With respect to your answer to the same letter, it has not been communicated to anyone, and you may rest assured it shall not be printed without your consent, which I shall certainly not be indiscreet enough to ask of you, well knowing that what one man writes to another is not written for the public. But should you choose to write one you wish to have published and address it to me, I promise you faithfully to add to it my letter, and not to make to it a single word of reply.

"I love you not, sir ; you have done me, your disciple and enthusiastic admirer, injuries that might have caused me the most exquisite pain. You have ruined Geneva in return for the asylum it has afforded you ; you have alienated from me my fellow-citizens in return for the eulogiums I made of you amongst them ; it is you who render to me the resi-

dence of my own country unbearable ; it is you who will compel me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations usually administered to a dying person, and cause me, instead of receiving funeral rites, to be thrown to the dogs, whilst all the honours a man can expect will accompany you in my country. Finally, I hate you because you have been desirous I should ; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you had you chosen it. Of all the sentiments with which my heart was penetrated for you, admiration which cannot be refused your fine genius and a partiality to your writings, are those you have not effaced. If I can honour nothing if you except your talents, the fault is not mine. I shall never be wanting in the respect due to them, nor in that which this respect requires."

In the midst of these little literary cavillings, which still fortified my resolution, I received the greatest honour letters ever acquired me, and of which I was the most sensible, that is, in the two visits the Prince of Conti deigned to make to me, one at the *Petit Chateau* and the other at Mont-Louis. He chose the time for both these when M. de Luxembourg was absent from Montmorency, in order to render it more manifest that he came there solely on my account. I have never had a doubt of my owing the first condescensions of this prince to Madame de Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers ; but I am of opinion I owe to his own sentiments and to myself those with which he has since that time continually honoured me.*

My apartments at Mont-Louis being small, and the situation of the alcove charming, I conducted the prince to it, where, to complete the condescension he was pleased to show me, he chose I should have the honour of playing a game at chess with him. I knew he beat the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who played better than I did. However, notwithstanding the signs and grimaces of the Chevalier and the spectators, which I feigned not to see, I won the two games we played.

* Remark the perseverance of this blind and stupid confidence in the midst of all the treatment which should have at once undeceived me. It continued until my return to Paris in 1770.

When they were ended, I said to him, in a respectful but very grave manner: "Monseigneur, I honour your serene highness too much not to beat you always at chess." This great prince, who had real wit, sense, and knowledge, and so was worthy not to be treated with mean adulation, felt in fact, at least I think so, that I was the only person present who treated him like a man, and I have every reason to believe he was not displeased with me for it.

Had this even been the case, I should not have reproached myself with having been unwilling to deceive him in anything, and I certainly cannot do it with having in my heart made an ill-return for his kindness, but solely with having sometimes done it with an ill-grace, whilst he himself accompanied with infinite gracefulness the manner in which he showed me the marks of it. A few days afterwards he ordered a hamper of game to be sent to me, which I received as I ought. This in a little time was followed by another, and one of his gamekeepers wrote me, by order of his highness, that the game it contained had been shot by the prince himself. I received this second hamper, but I wrote to Madame de Boufflers that I would not receive a third. This letter was generally blamed, and deservedly so. Refusing to accept presents of game from a prince of the blood, who, moreover, sends it in so polite a manner, is less the delicacy of a haughty man, who wishes to preserve his independence, than the rusticity of a clown, who does not know himself. I have never read this letter in my collection without blushing and reproaching myself for having written it. But I have not undertaken my "Confession" with an intention of concealing my faults, and that of which I have just spoken is too shocking in my own eyes to suffer me to pass it over in silence.

If I were not guilty of the offence of becoming his rival, I was very near doing it; for Madame de Boufflers was still his mistress, and I knew nothing of the matter. She came rather frequently to see me with the Chevalier de Lorenzi. She was still young and beautiful, affected to be whimsical, and my mind being always romantic, was much of the same

nature. I was near being laid hold of; I believed she detected my passion; the Chevalier saw it also, at least he spoke to me upon the subject, and in a manner not discouraging. But I was this time reasonable, and at the age of fifty it was time I should be so. Full of the doctrine I had just preached to greybeards in my letter to D'Alembert, I should have been ashamed of not profiting by it myself; besides, coming to the knowledge of that of which I had been ignorant, I must have been mad to have carried my pretensions so far as to expose myself to such an illustrious rivalry. Finally, ill-cured, perhaps, of my passion for Madame d'Houdetot, I felt nothing could replace it in my heart, and I bade adieu to love for the remainder of my life. I have this moment just withstood the dangerous allurements of a young woman who had her views; but if she feigned to forget my twelve lustres, I remember them. After having thus withdrawn myself from danger, I am no longer afraid of a fall, and I answer for myself for the rest of my days.

Madame de Boufflers, perceiving the emotion she caused in me, might also observe that I had triumphed over it. I am neither mad nor vain enough to believe that at my age I was capable of inspiring her with the similar feelings; but, from certain words she let drop to Thérèse, I thought I had inspired her with a curiosity. If this be the case, and that she has not forgiven me the disappointment she met with, it must be confessed I was born to be the victim of my weaknesses, since triumphant love was so prejudicial to me, and love triumphed over not less so.

Here finishes the collection of letters which has served me as a guide in the last two books. My steps will in future be directed by memory only; but this is of such a nature, relative to the period to which I am now come, and the strong impression of objects has remained so perfectly upon my mind, that, lost in the immense sea of my misfortunes, I cannot forget the details of my first shipwreck, although the consequences present to me but a confused recollection. I, therefore, shall be able to proceed in the succeeding book with sufficient confidence. If I go further, it will be groping in the dark.

BOOK XI.

MONTMORENCY.

ALTHOUGH *Julie*, which for a long time had been in the press, did not yet, at the end of the year 1760, appear, the work already began to make considerable noise. Madame de Luxembourg had spoken of it at Court, and Madame d'Houdetot at Paris. The latter had obtained from me permission for St. Lambert to read the manuscript to the King of Poland, who had been delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also given the perusal of the work, had spoken of it at the Academy. All Paris was impatient to see the novel; the booksellers of the Rue Saint-Jacques, and that of the Palais Royal, were beset with people who came to enquire when it was to be published. It was, at length, produced, with a success that answered, contrary to custom, to the impatience with which it had been expected. The Dauphiness, who was one of the first who read it, referred to it to M. de Luxembourg as a ravishing performance. The opinions of men of letters differed; but in those of every other class approbation was general, especially with the women, who became so intoxicated with the book and the author, that there was not one in high life of whom I might not have made a conquest had I undertaken the task. Of this I have such proofs as I will not commit to paper, and which, without the aid of experience, authorized my opinion. It is singular that the book should have succeeded better in France than in the rest of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are severely treated in it. Contrary to my expectation, it was least successful in Switzerland, and most so in Paris. Do friendship, love, and virtue reign in this capital more than elsewhere? Certainly not; but there rules in it an exquisite sensibility, which transports the heart to their image, and makes us cherish in others the pure, tender, and virtuous sentiments we no longer possess. Corruption is everywhere

the same ; virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe ; but if the least love of them still remains, it is in Paris that this will be found.*

In the midst of so many prejudices and feigned passions, the real sentiments of nature are not to be distinguished from others, unless we well know how to analyse the human heart. A very nice discrimination, not to be acquired except by the education of the world, is necessary to feel the finesses of the heart, if I dare use the expression, with which this work abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with the *Princesse de Clèves* ; nor to assert that had these two works been read nowhere but in the provinces, their merit would never have been discovered. It must not, consequently, be considered a matter of astonishment that the greatest success of my work was at Court. It abounds with lively but veiled touches of the pencil, which could not but give pleasure there, because the persons who frequent it are more accustomed than others to discover them. A distinction must, however, be made. The work is by no means proper for the species of men of wit who have nothing but cunning, who possess no other kind of discernment than that which penetrates evil, and see nothing where good only is to be found. If, for instance, *Julie* had been published in a certain country, I am convinced it would not have been read through by a single person, and the work would have been stifled in its birth.

I have collected most of the letters written to me on the subject of this publication, and deposited them, tied up together, in the hands of Madame de Nadillac. Should this collection ever be given to the world, very remarkable things will be seen, and an opposition of opinion which shows what it is to have to do with the public. The thing least kept in view, and which will always distinguish it from every other work, is the simplicity of the subject and the continuation of the interest, which, confined to three

* I wrote this in 1769.

persons, is maintained throughout six volumes, without episode, romantic adventure, or anything malicious either in the persons or actions. Diderot complimented Richardson on the prodigious variety of his portraits and the multiplicity of his persons. In fact, Richardson has the merit of having well characterized them all; but, with respect to their number, he has that in common with the most insipid writers of novels, who attempt to make up for the sterility of their ideas by multiplying persons and adventures. It is easy to awaken the attention by incessantly presenting unheard of adventures and new faces, which pass before the imagination as the figures in a magic lantern do before the eye; but to keep up that attention to the same objects, and without the aid of the wonderful, is certainly more difficult; and if, everything else being equal, the simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work, the novels of Richardson, superior in so many other respects, cannot in this be compared to mine. I know it is already forgotten, and the cause of its being so; but it will be taken up again.

All my fear was that, by an extreme simplicity, the narrative would be fatiguing, and that it was not sufficiently interesting to engage the attention throughout the world. I was relieved from this apprehension by a circumstance which alone was more flattering to my pride than all the compliments made me upon the work.

It appeared at the beginning of the carnival; a hawker carried it to the Princess of Talmont* on the evening of a ball-night at the Opera. After supper the Princess dressed herself for the ball, and until the hour of going there took up the new novel. At midnight she ordered the horses to be harnessed to the carriage, and continued to read. The servant returned to tell her the horses were put to; she made no reply. Her people, perceiving she forgot herself, came to tell her it was two o'clock. "There is yet no

* It was not the Princess, but some other lady, whose name I do not know.

hurry," replied the Princess, still reading on. Some time afterwards, her watch having stopped, she rang to know the hour. She was told it was four o'clock. "That being the case," she said, "it is too late to go to the ball; let the horses be taken out." She undressed herself, and passed the rest of the night in reading.

Ever since I came to the knowledge of this circumstance, I have had a constant desire to see the lady, not only to know from herself whether or not what I have related be exactly true; but because I have always thought it impossible to be interested in so lively a manner in the *Heloisa*, without having that sixth and moral sense with which so few hearts are endowed, and without which no person whatever can understand the sentiments of mine.

What rendered the women so favourable to me was their being persuaded that I had written my own history, and was myself the hero of the romance. This opinion was so firmly established, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de Verdelin, begging she would prevail upon me to show her the portrait of *Julie*. Everybody thought it was impossible so strongly to express sentiments without having felt them, or thus to describe the transports of love unless immediately from the feelings of the heart. This was true, and I certainly wrote the novel during the time my imagination was inflamed to ecstasy; but they who thought real objects necessary to this effect were deceived, and were far from conceiving to what a degree I can at will produce it for imaginary beings. Without Madame d'Houdetot, and the recollection of a few circumstances in my youth, the amours I have felt and described would have been with fairy nymphs. I was unwilling either to confirm or destroy an error which was advantageous to me. The reader may see in the preface a dialogue, which I had printed separately, in what manner I left the public in suspense. Rigorous people say I ought to have explicitly declared the truth. For my part I see no reason for this, nor anything that could oblige me to it, and am of opinion

there would have been more folly than candour in the declaration without necessity.

Much about the same time the *Paix Perpetuelle* made its appearance. Of this I had the year before given the manuscript to a certain M. de Bastide, the author of a journal called *Le Monde*, into which he would at all events cram all my manuscripts. He was known to M. Duclos, and came in his name to beg that I would help him to fill the *Monde*. He had heard of my *Julie*, and would have me put this into his journal; he was desirous of making the same use of *Emilius*; he would have also asked me for the "Social Contract," for the same purpose, had he suspected it to be written. At length, fatigued with his importunities, I resolved to let him have the *Paix Perpetuelle*, which I gave him for twelve louis. Our agreement was, that he should print it in his journal; but as soon as he became the proprietor of the manuscript, he thought proper to print it separately, with a few retrenchments, which the censor required him to make. What would have happened had I attached my opinion to the work, which fortunately I did not communicate to M. de Bastide, nor was it comprehended in our agreement! This remains still in manuscript amongst my papers. If ever it be made public, the world will see how much the pleasantries and self-sufficient manner of M. de Voltaire on the subject must have made me—so well acquainted as I was with the short-sightedness of this poor man in political matters, of which he took it into his head to speak—shake my sides with laughter.

In the midst of my success with the women and the public, I felt I lost ground at the Hotel du Luxembourg, not with the Maréchal, whose kindness to me seemed daily to increase, but with his lady. Since I had had nothing more to read to her, the door of her apartment was not so frequently open to me; and during her stay at Montmorency, although I regularly presented myself, I seldom saw her except at table. My place even there was not distinctly marked out as usual. As she no longer offered me that by

her side, and spoke to me but seldom, not having on my part much to say to her, I was as well satisfied with another, where I was more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I mechanically contracted the habit of placing myself nearer and nearer to the Maréchal.

Apropos of the evening. I recollect having said I did not sup at the castle, and this was true, at the beginning of my acquaintance there; but as M. de Luxembourg did not dine, nor even sit down to table, it happened that I went for several months, being already very familiar in the family, without ever having eaten with him. Upon this he had the goodness to remark, and I determined to sup there from time to time when the company was not numerous. I did so, and found the suppers very agreeable, as the dinners were taken almost standing; whereas the former were long, everybody remaining seated with pleasure after a tedious walk; very good and agreeable were they, too, for M. de Luxembourg loved good eating, and the honours of them were done in a charming manner by Madame la Maréchale. Without this explanation it would be difficult to understand the end of a letter from M. de Luxembourg, in which he says he recollects our walks with the greatest pleasure; "especially," adds he, "when in the evening we entered the court and did not find there the traces of carriages." The rake being every morning drawn over the gravel to efface the marks left by the coach-wheels, I judged by the number of ruts of that of the persons who had arrived in the afternoon.

This year (1761) completed the heavy losses this good man had suffered since I had had the honour of being known to him; as if it had been ordained that the evils prepared for me by destiny should begin with the man to whom I was most attached, and who was the most worthy of esteem. The first year he lost his sister, the Duchess of Villeroy; the second, his daughter, the Princess of Robeck; the third, he lost in the Duke of Montmorency his only son; and in the Comte de Luxembourg, his grandson, the two last supporters of the branch of which he was,

and of his name. He supported all these losses with apparent courage, but his heart incessantly bled in secret during the rest of his life, and his health was ever after upon the decline. The unexpected and tragical death of his son must have afflicted him sorely, as it happened immediately after the King had granted him for this child, and given him in promise for his grandson, the reversion of the commission he himself then held of the captain of the Gardes du Corps. He had the mortification to see the last, a most promising young man, perish by degrees, from the blind confidence of the mother in the physician, who, giving the unhappy youth medicines for food, suffered him to die of inanition. Alas ! had my advice been taken, the grandfather and the grandson would both still have been alive. What did not I say and write to the Maréchal, what remonstrances did I make to Madame de Montmorency, upon the more than severe *regimen* which upon the faith of physicians she made her son observe ! Madame de Luxembourg, who thought as I did, would not usurp the authority of the mother ; M. de Luxembourg, a man of a mild and easy character, did not like to contradict her. Madame de Montmorency had in Bordeu a confidence to which her son at length became a victim. How delighted was the poor creature when he could obtain permission to come to Mont-Louis with Madame de Boufflers, to ask Thérèse for some victuals for his famished stomach ! How did I secretly deplore the miseries of greatness, in seeing this only heir to an immense fortune, a great name, and so many dignified titles, devour with the greediness of a beggar a wretched morsel of bread ! At length, notwithstanding all I could say and do, the physician triumphed, and the child died of hunger.

The same confidence in quacks which destroyed the grandson hastened the dissolution of the grandfather, and to this he added the pusillanimity of wishing to dissimulate the infirmities of age. M. de Luxembourg had at intervals a pain in the great toe, which deprived him of sleep, and brought on slight fever ; he was seized with it at Montmor-

ency. I had courage enough to pronounce the word "gout." Madame de Luxembourg gave me a reprimand. The surgeon—*valet de chambre* of the Maréchal—maintained it was not the gout, and dressed the suffering part with *baume tranquille*. Unfortunately, the pain subsided, and when it returned the same remedy was had recourse to. The constitution of the Maréchal was weakened, and his disorder increased, as did his remedies in the same proportion. Madame de Luxembourg, at length perceiving the primary disorder to be the gout, objected to the dangerous manner of treating it. Things were afterwards concealed from her, and M. de Luxembourg in a few years lost his life in consequence of his obstinate adherence to this imaginary method of cure. But let me not anticipate misfortunes; how many others have I to relate before I come to this?

It is singular with what fatality everything I could say and do seemed of a nature to displease Madame de Luxembourg, even when I had it most at heart to preserve her friendship. The repeated afflictions which fell upon M. de Luxembourg still attached me to him the more, and consequently to Madame de Luxembourg; for they always seemed to me to be so sincerely united, that the sentiments in favour of the one necessarily extended to the other. The Maréchal grew old. His assiduity at Court, the cares it entailed, continual hunting, the fatigue of the service during the quarter he was in waiting, all required the vigour of a young man, and I did not perceive anything that could support him in that course of life. Besides, after his death, his dignities were to be dispersed and his name extinct, so it was by no means necessary for him to continue a laborious life, of which the principal object had been to dispose the prince favourably to his children. One day when we three were together, and he complained of the fatigues of the Court, as a man who had been discouraged by his losses, I took the liberty to speak of retirement, and to give him the advice Cynæus gave to Pyrrhus. He sighed, and returned no positive answer. But the moment Madame de Luxembourg found me alone,

she, seeming to be alarmed, reprimanded me severely for what I had said. She made a remark of which I so strongly felt the justness, that I determined never again to touch upon the subject: this was, that the long habit of living at Court made that life necessary; that it had become a matter of amusement for M. de Luxembourg; and that the retirement I proposed to him would be less a relaxation from care than an exile, in which inactivity, weariness, and melancholy would soon put an end to his existence. Although she must have observed that I was convinced, and ought to have relied upon the promise I made her, one which I faithfully kept, she still appeared to doubt of it; and I recollect that the conversations I afterwards had with the Maréchal were less frequent and almost always interrupted.

Whilst my stupidity and awkwardness injured me in her opinion, persons whom she frequently saw and most loved were far from being disposed to aid me in gaining what I had lost. The Abbé Boufflers especially, a young man as lofty as it was possible for a man to be, never seemed well disposed towards me; and besides his being the only person of the society of Madame de Luxembourg who never showed me the least attention, I thought I had lost something with her every time he visited the castle. It is true that without his wishing this to be the case, his presence alone was sufficient to produce the effect, so much did his graceful and elegant manner render still more dull my stupid *spropositi*. During the first two years he seldom came to Montmorency, and by the indulgence of Madame de Luxembourg I had tolerably supported myself, but as soon as his visits began to be regular I was irretrievably lost. I wished to take refuge under his wing, and gain his friendship; but the same awkwardness which made it necessary that I should please him prevented me from succeeding in the attempt I so made; and what I did with that intention was entirely lost to me with Madame de Luxembourg, without being of the least service to me with the Abbé. With his understanding he might have succeeded in

anything, but the impossibility of applying himself, and his turn for dissipation, prevented his acquiring a perfect knowledge of any subject. His talents are, however, various, and these sufficient for the circles in which he wishes to distinguish himself. He writes light poetry and fashionable letters, strums on the cithern, and pretends to draw with crayons. He took it into his head to attempt the portrait of Madame de Luxembourg — the sketch he produced was horrid. She said it did not in the least resemble her, and this was true. The traitorous Abbé consulted me, and I, like a fool and a liar, said there was a likeness. I wished to flatter the Abbé, but I did not please the lady, who noted down what I had said, and the Abbé, having obtained what he wanted, laughed at me in his turn. I saw by the ill-success of this my late beginning the necessity of never making another attempt to flatter in spite of Minerva.

My talent was that of telling men useful but severe truths with energy and courage; to this it was necessary to confine myself. Not only was I not born to flatter, but I knew not how to commend. The awkwardness of the manner in which I have sometimes bestowed eulogium has done me more harm than the severity of my censure. Of this I have to adduce one terrible instance, the consequences of which have not only fixed my faith for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide on my reputation throughout all posterity.

During the residence of M. de Luxembourg at Montmorency, M. de Choiseul sometimes came to supper at the castle. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and M. de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice between me and M. de Montaigu. M. de Choiseul said it was a pity I had quitted that track, and that if I chose to enter it again he would most willingly give me employment. M. de Luxembourg enlightened me as to what had passed. Of this I was the more sensible as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers, and had I been in a better state of health it is not

certain that I should not have been guilty of some new folly. Ambition never had power over my mind except during the short intervals in which every other passion left me at liberty ; but one of these intervals would have been sufficient to determine me. This good intention of M. de Choiseul gained him my attachment, and increased the esteem which, in consequence of some operations in his administration, I had conceived for his talents ; and the family compact in particular had appeared to me to evince a statesman of the first order. He moreover gained ground in my estimation by the little respect I entertained for his predecessors, not even excepting Madame de Pompadour, whom I considered as a species of prime minister ; and when it was reported that one of these two would expel the other, I thought I offered up prayers for the honour of France when I wished that M. de Choiseul might triumph. I had always felt an antipathy towards Madame de Pompadour, even before her preferment ; I had seen her with Madame de la Poplinière when her name was still Madame D'Etioles. I was afterwards dissatisfied with her silence on the subject of Diderot, and with her proceedings relative to myself, as well on the subject of the *Muses Galantes* as on that of the *Devin du Village*, which had not in any manner produced me advantages proportioned to their success ; and on all occasions I had found her but little disposed to serve me. This, however, did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzi from proposing me to write something in praise of that lady, insinuating that I might acquire some benefit by it. The proposition excited my indignation, the more as I perceived it did not emanate from himself, I knowing that, passive as he was, he thought and acted according to the impulsion to which he was subject. I am so little accustomed to constraint that it was impossible for me to conceal from him my disdain, nor from anybody the moderate opinion I had of the favourite ; this I am positive she knew, and thus my own interest was added to my natural inclination in the wishes I formed for M. de Choiseul. Having a great esteem for his talents, which was all I knew of him,

full of gratitude for his kind intentions, and moreover unacquainted in my retirement with his taste and manner of living, I already considered him as the avenger of the public and myself; and being at that time writing the conclusion of my "Social Contract," I stated in it, in a single passage, what I thought of preceding ministers, and of him by whom they began to be eclipsed. On this occasion I acted contrary to my most constant maxim; and, besides, I did not recollect that in bestowing praise and strongly censuring in the same article without naming the persons, the language must be so appropriate to those to whom it is applicable that the most ticklish pride cannot find in it the least thing equivocal. I was in this respect so unconsciously deluded, that I never once thought it possible that any one should make a false application. It will soon appear whether or not I was right.

One of my misfortunes was always to be connected with some literary woman. This I thought I might avoid amongst the great. I was deceived; it still pursued me. Madame de Luxembourg was not, however—as far as I know—attacked with the mania of writing; but Madame de Boufflers was. She wrote a tragedy in prose, which, in the first place, was read, handed about, and highly spoken of in the society of the Prince of Conti, and upon which, not satisfied with the encomiums she received, she would absolutely consult me for the purpose of having mine. This she obtained, but with that moderation which the work deserved. She, besides, had with it the information I thought it my duty to give her, that her piece, entitled *L'Esclave Généreux*, greatly resembled the English tragedy of "Oroonoko," but little known in France, although translated into the French language. Madame de Boufflers thanked me for the remark, but, however, assured me there was not the least resemblance between her piece and the other. I never spoke of the plagiarism except to herself, and I did it to discharge a duty she had imposed on me; but this has not since prevented me from frequently recollect-

ing the consequences of the sincerity of Gil-Blas to the preaching archbishop.

Besides the Abbé de Boufflers, by whom I was not beloved, and Madame de Boufflers, in whose opinion I was guilty of that which neither women nor authors ever pardon, the other friends of Madame de Luxembourg never seemed much disposed to become mine, particularly the President Henault, who, enrolled amongst authors, was not exempt from their weaknesses; also Madame du Deffant and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, both intimate with Voltaire, and the friends of D'Alembert, with whom the latter at length lived—however, upon an honourable footing, for it cannot be understood I mean otherwise. I first commenced to interest myself for Madame du Deffant, whose loss of her eyes made her an object of commiseration in mine; but her manner of living, so contrary to my own that her hour of going to bed was almost mine for rising; her unbounded passion for low wit, the importance she gave to every kind of printed trash, either complimentary or abusive; the despotism and transports of her oracles, her excessive admiration or dislike of everything which did not permit her to speak upon any subject without convulsions; her inconceivable prejudices, invincible obstinacy, and the enthusiasm of folly to which this carried her in her passionate judgments; all these disgusted me, and diminished the attention I wished to pay her. I neglected her, and she understood it; this was enough to set her in a rage, and although I was sufficiently aware how much a woman of her character was to be feared, I preferred exposing myself to the scourge of her hatred rather than to that of her friendship.

My having so few friends in the society of Madame de Luxembourg would not have been the least dangerous had I had no enemies in her family. Of these I had but one, who in my then situation was as powerful as a hundred. It certainly was not M. de Villeroy, her brother, for he not only came to see me, but had several times invited me to Villeroy; and as I had answered to the invitation with all

possible politeness and respect, he had taken my vague manner of doing it as a consent, and arranged with Madame de Luxembourg a journey of a fortnight, in which it was proposed to me to make one of the party. As the care my health then required did not permit me to go from home without risk, I prayed Madame de Luxembourg to have the kindness to make my apologies. Her answer proves that this was done with all possible ease, and M. de Villeroy continued to show me his usual marks of goodwill. His nephew and heir, the young Marquis de Villeroy, had not for me the same benevolence, nor had I for him the respect I had for his uncle. His hare-brained manner rendered him offensive to me, and my coldness drew upon me his aversion. He insultingly attacked me one evening at table, and I had the worst of it, because I am a fool, without presence of mind, and because anger, instead of rendering my wit more poignant, deprives me of the little I have. I had a dog which had been given to me when he was quite young, soon after my arrival at the Hermitage, and which I had called "Duke." This dog, not handsome, but rare of his kind, of which I had made my companion and friend, a title he certainly merited much more than most of the persons by whom it was taken, became in great request at the castle of Montmorency for his good nature and fondness, and the attachment we had to each other; but from a foolish pusillanim I had changed his name to "Turk," as if there were not many dogs called "Marquis" without giving the least offence to any marquis whatever. The Marquis of Villeroy, who knew of this change of name, attacked me in such a manner that I was obliged openly at table to relate what I had done. Whatever there might be offensive in the name of "Duke," it was not in my having given, but in my having taken it away. The worst of all was, there were many dukes present—amongst others, M. de Luxembourg and his son, and the Marquis de Villeroy, who was one day to have, and now has, that title, and who enjoyed in the most cruel manner the embarrassment into which he had precipitated me. I was told the next day that his aunt had

severely reprimanded him, and it may be judged whether or not, supposing her to have been serious, this put me upon better terms with him.

To enable me to support this enmity, I had no person, either at the Hotel du Luxembourg or at the temple, except the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who professed himself my friend, but he was more that of D'Alembert, under whose protection he passed with women for a great geometrician. He was, moreover, the cicisbeo, or rather the complaisant chevalier, of the Countess of Boufflers, and was a most passive instrument in her hands. Thus, far from having in that circle any counterbalance to my inaptitude to keep me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, everybody who approached her seemed to concur in injuring me in her opinion. Yet, besides *Emilius*, with which she charged herself, she gave me at the same time another mark of her benevolence, which made me imagine that, although wearied with my conversation, she would still preserve for me the friendship she had so many times promised me for life.

As soon as I thought I could depend upon this, I began to ease my heart by confessing to her all my faults, having made it an inviolable maxim to show myself to my friends such as I really was, neither better nor worse. I had declared to her my connection with Thérèse, and everything that had resulted from it, without concealing the manner in which I had disposed of my children. She had received my confessions favourably, and even too much so, since she spared me the censures I so much merited; and what made the greatest impression upon me was her goodness to Thérèse, making her presents, sending for her, and begging her to come and see her, receiving her with caresses, and often embracing her in public. This poor girl was in transports of joy and gratitude, of which I certainly partook. The friendship Madame de Luxembourg showed me in her condescensions to Thérèse affected me much more than if they had been made immediately to myself.

Things remained in this state for a considerable time, but at length Madame de Luxembourg carried her goodness so

far as to have a desire to take one of my children from the hospital. She knew I had put a cipher into the swaddling clothes of the eldest. She asked me for the counterpart of the cipher, and I gave it her. In this research she employed La Roche, her *valet de chambre* and confidential servant, who made vain inquiries, although after only about twelve or fourteen years. Had the registers of the foundling hospital been, in order, or the search properly made, the original cipher ought to have been found. However this may be, I was less sorry for his want of success than I should have been, had I from time to time continued to see the child from its birth until that moment. If by the aid of the indications given another child had been presented as my own, the doubt of its being so in fact, and the fear of having one thus substituted for it, would have contracted my affections, and I should not have tasted the charm of the real sentiment of nature. This during infancy stands in need of being supported by habit. The long absence of a child whom the father has seen but for an instant weakens and at length annihilates paternal sentiment, and parents will never love a child sent to nurse like that which is brought up under their eyes. This reflection may extenuate my faults in their effects, but it must aggravate them in their source.

It may not perhaps be useless to remark that by means of Thérèse, the same La Roche became acquainted with Madame Le Vasseur, whom Grimm still kept at Deuil, near La Chevrette, and not far from Montmorency.

After my departure it was by means of La Roche that I continued to send this woman the money I had constantly sent her at stated times, and I am of opinion he often carried her presents from Madame de Luxembourg ; therefore she certainly was not to be pitied, although she constantly complained. With respect to Grimm, as I am not fond of speaking of persons whom I ought to hate, I never mentioned his name to Madame de Luxembourg except when I could not avoid it, but she frequently made him the subject of conversation, without acquainting me with her

opinion of the man, or letting me discover whether or not he was numbered amongst her friends. Reserve with people I love, and who are open with me, being contrary to my nature, especially in things relating to themselves, I have since that time frequently thought of that of Madame de Luxembourg, but never except when other events rendered the recollection natural.

Having waited a long time without hearing *Emilie* spoken of, after I had given it to Madame de Luxembourg, I at last heard the agreement was made at Paris with the bookseller Duchesne, and by him with Néaulme of Amsterdam. Madame de Luxembourg forwarded me the original and the duplicate of my agreement with Duchesne, in order that I might sign them. I discovered the writing to be by the same hand as that of the letters of M. de Malesherbes, which he himself did not write. The certainty that my agreement was made by the consent and under the eye of that magistrate made me sign without hesitation. Duchesne gave me for the manuscript six thousand livres (£250), half in specie, and one or two hundred copies. After having signed the two parts, I despatched them both to Madame de Luxembourg, according to her desire. She gave one to Duchesne, and instead of returning the other kept it herself, so that I never saw it afterwards.

My acquaintance with M. and Madame de Luxembourg, though it diverted me, in a slight measure, from my plan of retirement, did not make me entirely renounce it. Even at the time in which I was most in favour with Madame de Luxembourg, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to the Maréchal and herself could render to me supportable the people with whom they were connected, and all the difficulty I had was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination and less contrary to my health, which constraint and late suppers continually deranged, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it; for in this, as in everything else, attention was carried as far as possible. Thus, for instance, every evening after supper, the Maréchal, who retired early to bed, never

failed, notwithstanding everything that could be urged to the contrary, to induce me to withdraw at the same time. It was not until some little time previous to my catastrophe that, for what reason I know not, he ceased to pay me that attention. Before I noticed the coolness of Madame de Luxembourg, I was desirous, that I might not expose myself to it, to execute my old project ; but not having the means to that effect, I was obliged to wait for the conclusion of my agreement for *Emilius*, and in the time I finished the "Social Contract," and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at a thousand livres (£41), a sum he afterwards paid me.

I ought not perhaps to omit a trifling circumstance relative to this manuscript. I gave it, well-sealed, to Duvoisin, a minister in the Pays de Vaud, and chaplain at the Hotel de Hollande, who sometimes came to see me, and took upon himself to send the packet to Rey, with whom he was connected. The manuscript, written in a small hand, was but very trifling, and did not fill his pocket. Yet, in passing the barrier, the packet fell—I know not by what means—into the hands of the clerk, who opened and examined it, and afterwards returned it to him when he had reclaimed it in the name of the ambassador. This gave him an opportunity of reading it himself, which he ingenuously wrote me that he had done, speaking highly of the work, without suffering a word of criticism or censure to escape him, undoubtedly reserving to himself to become the avenger of Christianity as soon as the work should appear. He resealed the packet and sent it to Rey. Such is the substance of his narrative in the letter in which he gave an account of the affair, and is all I ever knew of the matter.

Besides these two books and my "Dictionary of Music," at which I still did something as opportunity offered, I had other works of less importance ready to make their appearance, and which I proposed to publish either separately or in my general collection, should I ever undertake it. The principal of these works, most of which are still in

manuscript in the hands of Du Peiron, was an essay on "The Origin of Languages," which I had read to M. de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who spoke favourably of it. I expected all the productions together would produce me a net capital of from eight to ten thousand livres (£300 to £400), which I intended to sink in annuities for my life and that of Thérèse, after which our design, as I have already mentioned, was to go and live together in the midst of some province, without further troubling the public about me, or myself with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days, and still continuing to do in my neighbourhood all the good in my power, and to write at leisure the memoirs which I meditated.

Such was my intention, and the execution of it was facilitated by an act of generosity on the part of Rey, upon which I cannot be silent. This bookseller, of whom so many unfavourable things were recounted to me in Paris, is, notwithstanding, the only one with whom I have always had reason to be satisfied. It is true, we frequently disagreed as to the execution of my works; he was heedless, and I was choleric; but in matters of interest which related to them, although I never made an agreement with him in form, I invariably found in him great exactness and probity. He is also the only person of his profession who frankly confessed to me he gained largely by my means, and he frequently, when he offered me a part of his fortune, told me I was the author of it all. Not finding the means of exercising his gratitude immediately upon myself, he wished at least to give me proofs of it in the person of my *gouvernante*, upon whom he settled an annuity of 300 livres (£12), expressing in the deed that it was an acknowledgment for the advantages I had procured him. This he did between himself and me, without ostentation, pretension, or noise, and had not I spoken of it to everybody, not a single person would ever have known anything of the matter. I was so pleased with this action that I became attached to Rey, and conceived for him a real friendship.

Some time afterwards he desired I would become godfather to one of his children. I consented, and a part of my regret in the situation to which I am reduced is my being deprived of the means of rendering in future my attachment to my god-daughter useful to her and her parents. Why am I, so sensible of the modest generosity of this bookseller, so little affected by the noisy eagerness of many persons of the highest rank, who pompously fill the world with accounts of the services they say they wished to render me, but the good effects of which I never felt? Is it their fault or mine? Are they nothing more than vain? Is my insensibility purely ingratitude? Intelligent reader, weigh and determine; for my part, I say no more.

This pension was a great resource to Thérèse, and a considerable relief to me, although I was far from receiving from it any direct advantage, any more than from the presents given to her.

She herself has always disposed of everything. When I kept her money I gave her a faithful account of it, without ever applying the smallest fraction to our common expenses, not even when she was richer than myself. "What is mine is ours," said I to her, "and what is thine is thine." I never departed from this maxim. They who have had the baseness to accuse me of receiving by her hand that which I refused to take with mine, undoubtedly judged of my heart by their own, and knew but little of me. I would willingly eat with her the bread she earned, but not that she had given her. For a proof of this I appeal to herself, both now and hereafter, when, according to the course of nature, she shall have survived me. Unfortunately, she understands but little of economy in any respect, and is besides careless and extravagant, not from vanity or gluttony, but solely from negligence. No creature is perfect here below, and since her excellent qualities must be accompanied with some defects, I prefer these to vices, although her defects are more prejudicial to us both. The efforts I have made, as formerly I did for "Mamam," to accumulate something in advance which might some day

be to her a never-failing resource, are not to be imagined, but my endeavours were always ineffectual.

Neither of these women ever called themselves to an account, and, spite of all my efforts, everything I acquired was dissipated as fast as it came. Notwithstanding the great simplicity of Thérèse's dress, the pension from Rey has never been sufficient to buy her clothes, and I have every year been under the necessity of adding something to it for that purpose. We are neither of us born to be rich, and this I certainly do not reckon amongst our misfortunes.

The "Social Contract" was soon printed. This was not the case with *Emilius*, for the publication of which I waited to go into the retirement I desired. Duchesne, from time to time, sent me specimens of impressions to choose from; when I had made my choice, instead of making a beginning, he sent me others. When at length we were fully decided on the size and type, and several sheets were already printed off, on some trilling alteration I made in a proof, he began the whole again, and at the end of six months we were less forward than on the first day. During all these experiments, I clearly perceived the work was printing in France as well as in Holland, and that two editions of it were in preparation at the same time. What could I do? The manuscript was no longer my property. Far from having had anything to do with the edition in France, I was always opposed to it; but since at length this was preparing, in spite of all wishes to the contrary, and was to serve as a model to the other, it was necessary I should cast my eyes over it, and examine the proofs, so that my work might not be mutilated. It was, besides, printed so much by the consent of the magistrate, that it was he who, in some measure, directed the undertaking; he likewise wrote to me frequently, and once came to see me and converse on the subject upon an occasion of which I am going to speak.

Whilst Duchesne crept like a snail, Néaulme, whom he withheld, scarcely moved at all. The sheets were not regularly sent him as they were printed. He thought there

was some trick in the manœuvre of Duchesne, that is to say of Guy, who acted for him ; and having evidence that the terms of the agreement were being departed from, he wrote me letter after letter teeming with complaints, and it was less possible for me to remove the subject of them than that of those I myself had to make. His friend Guérin, who at that time came frequently to see my house, seldom ceased speaking to me about the work, but always with great reserve. He knew, and yet he did not know, that it was printing in France, and that the magistrate had a hand in it. In expressing his concern for my embarrassment, he seemed to accuse me of imprudence without ever saying in what this consisted ; he incessantly equivocated, and seemed to converse for no other purpose than to hear what I had to say. I thought myself so secure that I laughed at his mystery and circumspection as at a habit he had contracted with ministers and magistrates, whose offices he affected. Certain of having conformed to every rule with the work, and strongly persuaded that I had not only the consent and protection of the magistrate, but that the book merited, and had obtained, the favour of the minister, I congratulated myself upon my courage in doing good, and laughed at my pusillanimous acquaintances who seemed uneasy on my account. Duclos was one of these, and I confess my confidence in his understanding and uprightness might have alarmed me, had I had less in the utility of the work, and in the probity of those by whom it was patronized. He came from the house of M. Baille to see me whilst *Emilius* was in the press ; he spoke to me concerning it ; I read to him the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar," to which he listened attentively, and, as it appeared to me, with pleasure. When I had finished, he said : "What ! citizen, this is a part of a work now printing at Paris !" "Yes," answered I, "and it ought to be printed at the Louvre by order of the king." "I confess it," replied he, "but pray do not mention to anybody your having read to me this fragment."

This striking manner of expressing himself surprised

without alarming me. I knew Duclos was intimate with M. de Malesherbes, and I could not conceive how it was possible he should think so differently from him upon the same subject.

I had lived at Montmorency for the last four years without ever having had there one day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is vile, and this may possibly be one of the causes which contributed to the increase of my habitual complaints. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761, I fell quite ill, and passed the whole winter almost without intermission in suffering. The physical ill, augmented by a thousand inquietudes, rendered these terrible. For some time past my mind had been disturbed by melancholy forebodings without my being aware to what these directly tended. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others, that were signed, much of the same import. I received one from the counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present constitution of things, and foreseeing nothing but disagreeable events, consulted me upon the choice of an asylum at Geneva, or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from M. de —, *Président à mortier* of the Parliament of —, who proposed to me to draw up for this Parliament, which was then at variance with the Court, memoirs and remonstrances, and offering to furnish me with all the documents and materials necessary to that purpose.

When I suffer I am subject to ill-humour. This was the case when I received these letters, and my answers to them, in which I flatly refused everything that was asked of me, bore strong marks of the effect they had produced upon my mind. I do not, however, reproach myself with this refusal, as the letters might be so many snares laid by my enemies. I knew, for instance, the *Président de* — to be connected with the Encyclopedists and the Holbachiens, and what was required of me was contrary to the principles from which I was less willing than ever to swerve. But having it in my power to refuse with polite-

ness, I did it with rudeness, and in this consists my error.

The two letters to which I have just referred will be found amongst my papers. The letter from the chancellor did not exactly astonish me, because I agreed with him in opinion, and with many others, that the declining constitution of France threatened an approaching destruction. The disasters of an unsuccessful war, all of which proceeded from a fault in the government; the incredible confusion in the finances; the perpetual encroachments upon the treasury by the administration, then divided between two or three ministers, amongst whom reigned nothing but discord, and who, to counteract the operations of each other, permitted the kingdom to go to ruin; the discontent of the people, and of every other class; the obstinacy of a woman who, constantly sacrificing her judgment, if she indeed possessed any, to her inclinations, kept from public employments persons capable of discharging their duties, to place in them such as pleased her best; everything concurred in justifying the foresight of the counsellor, that of the public, and my own. This made me several times consider whether or not I myself should seek an asylum out of the kingdom before it was torn by the dissensions by which it gave indications of being threatened; but relieved from my fears by my insignificance, and the peacefulness of my disposition, I thought that in the state of solitude in which I was determined to live no public commotion could reach me. I regretted only that, in this state of things, M. de Luxembourg should accept commissions which tended to injure him in the opinion of the persons of the place of which he was governor. I could have wished that he had prepared for a retreat himself, in case the great machine had fallen in pieces, which seemed much to be apprehended; and it still appears to me beyond a doubt, that if the reins of the government had not fallen into a single hand, the French monarchy would now be at the last gasp.

Whilst my situation became worse, the printing of *Emilius* went on more slowly, and was at length

suspended without my being able to ascertain the reason. Guy did not deign to answer my letter of enquiry, and I could obtain no information from any person of what was going forward, M. de Malesherbes being then in the country. A misfortune never makes me uneasy, provided I know of what it consists, but it is my nature to be afraid of darkness ; I tremble at the appearance of it. Mystery always gives me inquietude, it is too opposite to my natural disposition, in which there is an openness bordering on imprudence. The sight of the most hideous monster would, I am of opinion, alarm me little ; but if by night I were to see a figure in a white sheet, I should be fearfully afraid. My imagination, wrought upon by this long silence, was now employed in creating phantoms. I additionally tormented myself by endeavouring to discover the impediment to the printing of my last and best production, as I had the publication of it much at heart ; and as I always carried everything to an extreme, I imagined that I saw in the suspension the suppression of the work. Yet being unable to discover either the cause or manner of it, I remained in the most cruel state of suspense. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to M. de Malesherbes, and to Madame de Luxembourg, and not receiving answers, at least when I expected them, my head became so affected that I was not far from delirium. I, unfortunately, heard that Père Griffet, a Jesuit, had spoken of *Emilius* and repeated from it some passages. My imagination instantly unveiled to me the mystery of iniquity ; I saw the whole progress of it as clearly as if it had been revealed to me. I figured to myself that the Jesuits, furious on account of the contemptuous manner in which I had spoken of their colleges, were in possession of my work ; that it was they who delayed the publication ; that, informed by their friend Guérin of my situation, and foreseeing my approaching dissolution, of which I myself had no manner of doubt, they wished to delay the appearance of the work until after that event, with an intention to curtail and mutilate it, and in favour of their own views to attribute to me sentiments not my own. The

number of facts and circumstances which occurred to my mind, in confirmation of this foolish supposition, and which gave it an appearance of truth supported by evidence and demonstration, is astonishing. I knew Guérin to be entirely in the interest of the Jesuits. I attributed to them all the friendly advances he had made me ; I was persuaded he had, by their entreaties, pressed me to engage with Néaulme, who had given them the first sheets of my work ; that they had afterwards found means to stop the printing of it by Duchesne, and perhaps to get possession of the manuscript to make such alterations in it as they thought proper, that after my death they might publish it disguised in their own manner. I had always perceived, notwithstanding the wheedling of Père Berthier, that the Jesuits did not like me, not only as an *Encyclopedist*, but because all my principles were more in opposition to their maxims and influence than the incredulity of my colleagues, since atheistical and devout fanaticism, approaching each other by their common enmity to toleration, may become united ; a proof of which is seen in China, and in the cabal against myself ; whereas religion, both reasonable and moral, taking away all power over the conscience, deprives those who assume that power of every resource. I knew the chancellor was a great friend to the Jesuits, and I had my fears lest the son, intimidated by the father, should find himself under the necessity of abandoning the work he had protected. I, besides, imagined that I perceived this to be the case in the chicanery employed against me regarding the two first volumes, in which alterations were required for reasons of which I could not feel the force ; whilst the two other volumes were known to contain things of such a nature as, had the censor objected to them in the manner he did to the passages he thought exceptionable in the others, would have required their being entirely re-written. I also understood, and M. de Malesherbes himself told me of it, that the Abbé de Grave, whom he had charged with the inspection of this edition, was another partisan of the Jesuits. I saw nothing but Jesuits, without considering that, upon the

point of beingsuppressed, and wholly taken up in making their defence, they had something which interested them much more than the cavillings relative to a work in which they were not in question. I am wrong, however, in saying this did not occur to me ; for I really thought of it, and M. de Malesherbes took care to make the observation to me the moment he heard of my extravagant suspicions. But by another of those absurdities of a man who, from the bosom of obscurity, will absolutely judge of the secret of great affairs with which he is totally unacquainted, I never could bring myself to believe the Jesuits were in danger, and I considered the rumour of their suppression as an artful manœuvre of their own to deceive their adversaries. Their past successes, which had been uninterrupted, gave me so terrible an idea of their power, that I already was grieved at the overthrow of the parliament. I knew M. de Choiseul had prosecuted his studies under the Jesuits, that Madame de Pompadour was not upon bad terms with them, and that their league with favourites and ministers had constantly appeared advantageous to the order against their common enemies. The Court seemed to remain neutral, and persuaded as I was that, should the Society receive a severe check, it would not come from the parliament, I saw in the inaction of Government the ground of their confidence and the omen of their triumph.

In fine, seeing in the rumours of the day nothing more than art and dissimulation on their part, and thinking that they, in their state of security, had time to watch over all their interests, I had not the least doubt of their shortly crushing Jansenism, the parliament, and the Encyclopedists, with every other association which should not submit to their yoke ; and that if they ever suffered my work to appear, this would not happen until it should be so transformed as to favour their pretensions, and thus make use of my name in order to more easily deceive my readers.

I felt my health and strength decline ; and such was the horror with which my mind was filled at the idea of dishonour to my memory in the work most worthy of myself,

that I am amazed so many extravagant ideas did not occasion a speedy end to my existence. I never was so much afraid of death as at this time, and had I died with the apprehensions then preying upon my mind, I should have died in despair. At present, although I perceived no obstacle to the execution of the blackest and most dreadful conspiracy ever formed against the memory of a man, I shall die much more in peace, certain of leaving in my writings a testimony in my favour, and one which, sooner or later, will triumph over the calumnies of mankind.

M. de Malesherbes, who discovered the agitation of my mind, and to whom I acknowledged it, used such endeavours to restore me to tranquillity as proved his excessive goodness of heart. Madame de Luxembourg aided him in this good work, and several times went to Duchesne to know in what state the edition was. At length the impression was again begun, and the progress of it became more rapid than ever, without my knowing for what reason it had been suspended. M. de Malesherbes took the trouble to come to Montmorency to calm my mind ; in this he succeeded, and the full confidence I had in his honour having overcome the derangement of my poor head, gave efficacy to the endeavours he made to restore it. After what he had seen of my anguish and delirium, it was natural he should think I was to be pitied, and he really commiserated my situation. The expressions, incessantly repeated, of the philosophical cabal by which he was surrounded, occurred to his memory. When I went to live at the Hermitage, they, as I have already remarked, declared I should not remain there long. When they saw I persevered, they charged me with obstinacy and pride, proceeding from a want of courage to retract, and insisted that my life there was a burden to me—in short, that I was extremely wretched. M. de Malesherbes truly believed this to be the case, and wrote to me upon the subject. This error in a man for whom I had so much esteem occasioned me some pain, and I wrote to him four letters successively, in which I stated the real motives of my conduct, and made him fully acquainted

with my tastes, inclination, and character, and with the most hidden sentiments of my heart. These letters, penned hastily, almost without taking pen from paper, and which I neither copied, corrected, nor even read, are perhaps the only things I ever wrote with facility, which in the midst of my sufferings was, I think, astonishing. I sighed, as I felt myself declining, at the thought of leaving in the midst of honest men an opinion of me so far from true; and by the sketch hastily given in my four letters, I endeavoured, in some measure, to substitute them for the memoirs I had proposed to write. They are expressive of my grief to M. de Malesherbes, who showed them in Paris, and are, besides, a kind of summary of what I here give in detail, and, on this account, merit preservation. The copy I begged of them some years afterwards will be found amongst my papers.

The only thing which continued to give me pain in the prospect of my approaching dissolution was the fact of my not having a man of letters for a friend to whom I could confide my papers, in order that after my death he might make a proper choice of those worthy of publication.

After my journey to Geneva, I contracted a friendship for Moulton; this young man pleased me, and I could have wished him to receive my last breath. I expressed to him this desire, and am of opinion he would readily have complied with it had not his affairs prevented him from so doing. Deprived of this consolation, I still wished to give him a mark of my confidence by sending him the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar" before it was published. He was pleased with the work, but did not in his answer seem so fully to expect from it the effect of which I had but little doubt. He wished to receive from me some fragment which I had not given to anybody else. I sent him the "Funeral Oration of the late Duke of Orleans." This I had written for the Abbé Darty, who had not delivered it, because, contrary to his expectation, another person was appointed to perform that ceremony.

The printing of *Emilius*, after having been again taken in

hand, was continued and completed without much difficulty ; and I remarked this singularity, that after the curtailings so much insisted upon in the first two volumes, the last two were passed over without an objection, their contents not delaying the publication, in fact, a moment. I had, however, some uneasiness, which I must not pass over in silence. After having been afraid of the Jesuits, I began to fear the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to party, faction, and cabal, I never heard the least good of persons concerned in them. The gossips had quitted their old abode, and taken up their residence by the side of me, so that in their chamber everything said in mine and upon the terrace was distinctly heard, and from their garden it would have been easy to scale the low wall by which it was separated from my alcove. This had become my study ; my table was covered with proof-sheets of *Emilius* and the "Social Contract," and stitching these sheets as they were sent to me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were published. My negligence, and the confidence I had in M. Mathas, by whose garden I was surrounded, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I found it several times wide open. This, however, would not have given me the least inquietude, had not my papers seemed to have been deranged. After having repeatedly made the same remark, I became more careful, and barred the door. The lock was a bad one, and the key turned in it no more than half round. As I became more attentive I found my papers in much greater confusion than they were when I left everything open. At length I missed one of my volumes without knowing what had become of it, until the morning of the third day, when I again found it upon the table. I never suspected either M. Mathas, or his nephew, M. du Moulin, knowing myself to be beloved by both, while my confidence in them was unbounded. That I had in the gossips began to diminish. Although they were Jansenists, I knew them to have some connection with D'Alembert, and, moreover, they all three lodged in the same house. This gave me

some uneasiness, and put me more upon my guard. I removed my papers from the alcove to my chamber, and dropped my acquaintance with these people, having learned they had shown in several houses the first volume of *Emilius*, which I had been imprudent enough to lend them. Although they continued to be my neighbours until my departure, I never, after my first suspicions, had the slightest communications with them. The "Social Contract" appeared a month or two before *Emilius*. Rey, whom I had desired never to introduce any of my books into France, secretly applied to the magistrate for permission to send this book by Rouen, to which place he sent his package by sea. He received no answer, and his bales, after remaining at Rouen several months, were returned to him, not however until an attempt had been made to confiscate them. This probably would have been done had he not created a great clamour. Several persons, whose curiosity the work had excited, wrote to Amsterdam for copies, which were circulated without exciting much notice. Maulion, who had heard of this, and had, I believe, seen the work, spoke to me on the subject with an air of mystery which surprised me, and would likewise have made me alarmed if, certain of having conformed to every rule, I had not by virtue of my grand maxim kept my mind calm. Moreover, I had no doubt that M. de Choiseul, already well disposed towards me, and sensible of the eulogium of his administration, which my esteem for him had induced me to make in the work, would support me against the malevolence of Madame de Pompadour.

I certainly had then as much reason as ever to hope for the kindness of M. de Luxembourg, and even for his assistance in case of need, for he never at any time had given me more frequent or more pointed marks of his friendship. At Easter-time my melancholy condition no longer permitting me to go to the Castle, he never suffered a day to pass without coming to see me, and at length, hearing that my sufferings were incessant, he prevailed upon me to consent to see Friar Come. He immediately sent for him,

accompanied him, and had the courage rare in a man of his rank, to remain with me during the whole cruel and tedious operation. Upon the first examination Come thought he found a great stone, and informed me of his surmise; at the second his search was futile. After having made a third attempt with so much care and circumspection that the time seemed long, he declared that there was no stone, but that the prostate gland was scirrhus and considerably thickened. He added further that I had a great deal to suffer, and should live a long time. Should the second prediction be as fully accomplished as the first, my sufferings are far from being at an end.

It was thus I learned, after having been so many years treated for disorders with which I was never afflicted, that my incurable disease, without being mortal, would last as long as myself. My imagination, repressed by this information, no longer presented to me in perspective a cruel death in the agonies of the stone.

Delivered from imaginary evils more cruel to me than real ones, I more patiently suffered the latter. It is certain that I have since suffered less from my disorder than I had done before, and every time I recollect that I owe this alleviation to M. de Luxembourg his memory becomes dearer to me.

Restored, as I may say, to life, and more than ever occupied with the plan according to which I was determined to pass the rest of my days, all the obstacle to the immediate execution of my design was the publication of *Emilius*. I bethought myself of Touraine, where I had already been and enjoyed myself so much, as well on account of the mildness of the climate as on that of the character of the inhabitants.

*La terra molle e lieta e diletta
Simili a se gli abitator produce.*

I had already mentioned my project to M. de Luxembourg, who endeavoured to dissuade me from it. I mentioned it to him a second time as a thing resolved upon. He then offered me the castle of Merlou, fifteen leagues from Paris, as an asylum which might be agreeable to me, and where he

and Madame de Luxembourg would have a real pleasure in seeing me settled. The proposition made a pleasing impression on my mind. But the first thing necessary was to see the place, and we settled upon a day, when the Maréchal was to send his valet-de-chambre with a carriage to convey me thither. On the day appointed I was much indisposed; the journey was postponed, and different circumstances prevented me from ever embarking on it. I have since gathered that the estate of Merlou did not belong to the Maréchal, but to his lady, a fact which considerably diminished the regret I felt in not living there.

Emilius was at length given to the public without my having heard of further retrenchments or difficulties. Previous to the publication, the Maréchal asked me for all the letters which M. de Malesherbes had written to me on the subject of my work. My entire confidence in both, and the perfect security in which I felt myself, prevented me from reflecting upon this extraordinary and even alarming request. I returned all the letters except one or two, which from inattention were left between the leaves of a book. A little time before this incident occurred, M. de Malesherbes told me he should withdraw the letters relative to the Jesuits, which I had written to Duchesne during my alarm, and it must be confessed these letters did no great honour to my reason. But in my reply I assured him I would not in anything pass for being better than I was, and that he might leave the letters where they were. I know not what plan he resolved upon.

The publication of this work was not succeeded by the applause which had followed all my other writings. No work was ever more eulogised in private, nor did any literary production ever receive less public approbation. What was said and written to me upon the subject by persons capable of judging, confirmed me in my belief that it was the best as well as the most important of all the works I had produced. But everything favourable was said with an air of the most extraordinary mystery, as if there had been a reason for keeping it a secret. Madame de Bouffleurs, who wrote to me to the effect that the author of the work

merited a statue and the homage of mankind, at the end of her letter desired that I should return it to her. D'Alembert, who in his note said the work gave me a decided superiority, and ought to place me at the head of men of letters, did not sign what he wrote, although he had signed every note I had before received from him. Duclos, a sure friend, a man of veracity, but circumspect, although he had a high opinion of the work, avoided referring to it in his letters to me. La Condamine fell upon the "Profession of Faith," and wandered from the subject. Clairaut confined himself to the same part, but he was not afraid of expressing to me the emotion which the reading of it had caused in him, and in the most direct terms wrote to me that it had warmed his old imagination. Of all those to whom I sent my book, he was the only person who gave his opinion in a straightforward manner.

Mathas, to whom also I had presented a copy before the publication, lent it to M. de Blaire, counsellor in the Parliament of Strasbourg. M. de Blaire had a country-house at St. Gratien, and Mathas, his old acquaintance, occasionally went thither to see him there. He made him read *Emilius* before it was published. When he returned it to him, M. de Blaire expressed himself in the following terms, which were repeated to me the same day: "M. Mathas, this is an exquisite work, but in a short time it will command even more attention than the author desires." I laughed at the prediction, and saw in it nothing more than the importance of a man of the robe, who treats everything with an air of mystery. All the alarming observations repeated to me made no impression upon my mind, and, far from foreseeing the catastrophe approaching, certain of the utility and excellence of my work, and that I had in every respect conformed to established rules; convinced, as I imagined I was, that I should be supported by all the credit of M. de Luxembourg and the favour of the ministry, I was satisfied with myself for the resolution I had taken to retire in the midst of my triumphs, and on my return to crush those who envied me.

One thing in the publication of the work alarmed me, less on account of my safety than for the unburdening of my mind. At the Hermitage and at Montmorency I had observed with indignation the vexations which the jealous care of the pleasures of princes causes to be exercised upon wretched peasants, forced to suffer the havoc made by game in their fields without daring to take any measure to prevent this devastation other than that of making a noise, passing the night amongst the beans and peas with drums, kettles, and bells, to scare away the wild boars. As I had been a witness to the barbarous cruelty with which the Comte de Charolois treated these poor people, I had towards the end of *Emilius* exclaimed against it. This was another infraction of my maxims that has not remained unpunished. I was informed that the people of the Prince of Conti were but little less severe upon his estates. I trembled lest that Prince, for whom I was penetrated with respect and gratitude, should take as a reference to himself that which I had condemned in others. Yet, as my conscience fully acquitted me upon this article, I made myself easy, and thereby acted wisely: at least, I have not heard that this great prince took notice of the passage, which, besides, was written long before I had the honour of becoming acquainted with him.

A few days either before or after the publication of my work, for I do not recollect the precise time, there appeared another work upon the same subject, taken verbatim from my first volume, with the exception of a few stupid things which were added to the extract. The volume bore the name of a Genevese, one Balexsert, and, according to the title-page, had gained the premium in the Academy of Harlem. I easily imagined the Academy and the premium to be newly founded for the express purpose of concealing the plagiarism from the eyes of the public; but I further discovered there was some prior intrigue which I could not unravel—either by the lending of my manuscript, without which the theft could not have been committed, or for the purpose of forging the story of the pretended premium, to

which it was necessary to give some foundation. It was not until several years afterwards, that by a word which escaped D'Ivernois, I solved the mystery, and discovered those by whom Balexsert had been brought forward.

The low murmurings which precede a storm began to be heard, and men of foresight clearly saw there was something gathering regarding me and my book, which would shortly break over my head. For my part, my stupidity was so dense that, far from foreseeing my misfortune, I did not even suspect the cause after I had felt its effect. It was artfully given out that while the Jesuits were treated with severity, no indulgence could be extended to books, nor the authors of them, in which religion was attacked. I was reproached with having attached my name to *Emilius*, as if I had not put it to all my other works, of which nothing was said. Government seemed to fear it would be obliged to take some steps which circumstances rendered necessary on account of my imprudence. Rumours to this effect reached my ears, but gave me little uneasiness: it never even entered my head that there could be the least thing in the whole affair which concerned me personally, so perfectly irreproachable and well supported did I believe myself; having besides conformed to every ministerial regulation, I did not apprehend that Madame de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulties for an error which, if it existed, proceeded entirely from herself. But, knowing the manner of proceeding in similar cases, and that it was customary to punish booksellers while authors were favoured, I had some misgivings on account of poor Duchesne, whom I saw exposed to danger, should M. de Malesherbes abandon him.

My tranquillity still continued. Rumours increased and presently changed their nature. The public, and especially the Parliament, gave tokens of feeling irritated by my composure. In a few days the fermentation became terrible, and the object of the menaces being changed, these were directly addressed to me. The Parliamentarians were heard to declare that burning books was of no effect, the authors

also should be burned in company with them ; not a syllable was said of the booksellers. The first time these expressions, more worthy of an inquisitor of Goa than a senator, were related to me, I had no doubt of their emanating from the *Holbachiques*, with an intention to alarm me and drive me from France. I laughed at their puerile manœuvre, and said they would, had they been acquainted with the real state of things, have concocted some other means of inspiring me with fear ; but the rumour at length became such that I knew the matter was serious. M. and Madame de Luxembourg had this year come to Montmorency in the month of June, which, for their second journey, was earlier than usual. I learned but little there of my new books, notwithstanding the furore they created in Paris ; neither the Maréchal nor his lady uttered a single word to me on the subject. However, one morning, when M. de Luxembourg and I were together, he asked me if in the "Social Contract" I had spoken ill of M. de Choiseul. "I," I exclaimed, retreating a few steps in surprise ; "no ; I swear to you I have not ; but, on the contrary, I have made on him, and with a pen not given to praise, the finest eulogium a minister ever received." I then handed him the passage. "And in *Emilius*?" replied he. "Not a word," I replied ; "there is not a single word in it relating to him. "Ah !" said he, with more vivacity than was common to him, "you should have taken the same care in the other book, or have expressed yourself more clearly." "I thought," replied I, "what I wrote could not be misconstrued ; my esteem for him was such as to make me extremely cautious not to be equivocal."

He was again going to speak ; I noticed him ready to open his mind : he stopped short and held his tongue. Wretched policy of a courtier, which, in the best of hearts, subjugates friendship itself !

This conversation, although brief, explained to me my situation, at least in certain respects, and gave me to understand that it was against myself the anger of the administration was raised. The unheard-of fatality, which turned to

my prejudice all the good I did and wrote, afflicted my heart. Yet, feeling myself shielded in this affair by Madame de Luxembourg and M. de Malesherbes, I did not see in what my persecutors could deprive me of their protection. However, I from that instant was convinced that equity and justice were no longer in question, and that no pains would be spared in seeing whether or not I was culpable. The storm became still more menacing. Néaulme himself expressed to me, in the excess of his babbling, how much he repented having had anything to do with the affair, and his certainty of the fate with which the book and the author were threatened. One thing, however, alleviated my fears : Madame de Luxembourg was so calm, satisfied, and cheerful, that I concluded she must necessarily be certain of the stability of her credit, especially as she did not appear to have the least semblance of apprehension on my account ; moreover, she said not a word to me either of consolation or apology, and saw the turn the affair took with as much nonchalance as if she had absolutely nothing to do with it or anything else concerning me. What astonished me most was her silence. I thought she should have said something on the subject. Madame de Boufflers gave indication of being somewhat uneasy. She appeared agitated, strained herself a good deal, assured me the Prince of Conti was taking immense pains to ward off the blow about to be directed against my person, and which she attributed to the nature of present circumstances, in which it was of importance to the Parliament not to leave the Jesuits an opening whereby they might bring an accusation against it as being indifferent with respect to religion. She did not, however, seem to depend much either upon the success of her own efforts or even those of the Prince. Her conversations, more alarming than consolatory, all tended to persuade me to leave the kingdom and fly to England, where she offered me an introduction to many of her friends ; amongst others, one to the celebrated Hume, with whom she had long been upon a footing of intimate friendship. Observing me still unshaken, she had recourse to other arguments more

capable of disturbing my tranquillity. She intimated that, in case I was arrested and interrogated, I should be under the necessity of naming Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendship for me required, on my part, such precautions as were necessary to prevent her being exposed. My answer was, that in the event of what she anticipated coming to pass, she need not be alarmed ; that I should do nothing by which the lady she mentioned might become a sufferer. She said such a promise was easier given than adhered to, and in this she was right, especially with respect to me, determined as I always have been neither to prejudice myself nor lie before judges, whatever danger there might be in speaking the truth.

Noticing that this observation had made some impression upon my mind, without, however, inducing me to decide upon evasion, she spoke of the Bastile for a few weeks, as a means of placing me beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of the Parliament, which has nothing to do with prisoners of State. I had no objection to this singular favour, provided it were not solicited in my name. As she never mentioned it a second time, I, later on, concluded that her proposition was made to sound me, and that the party did not think proper to have recourse to an expedient that would have put an end to everything.

After a few days had elapsed, the Maréchal received from the Curé de Deuil, the friend of Grimm and Madame d'Epinay, a letter informing him, as from good authority, that the Parliament was to proceed against me with the utmost severity, and that, on a day which he mentioned, the order was to be given for my arrest. I imagined that this was fabricated by the *Holbachiques*. I knew the Parliament to be particularly attentive to forms, and that on this occasion, beginning by arresting me before it was positively known that I avowed myself the author of the book, was violating them all. I observed to Madame de Boufflers that none but persons accused of crimes tending to endanger the public safety were, on a simple information, ordered to be arrested lest they should escape punishment ; but when Government

wish to punish a crime like mine, which merits honour and recompense, the proceedings are directed against the publication, and the author is as much as possible left out of the question.

Upon this she made some subtle distinction, the gist of which I have forgotten, to prove that ordering me to be arrested instead of summoning me to be heard was a mere matter of favour. The following day I received a letter from Guy, who informed me that, having been with the attorney-general in the morning, he had seen the rough draft of a requisition against *Emilius* and the author lying in the office. Guy, it is to be remembered, was the partner of Duchesne, the printer of the work, and, without apprehensions on his own account, charitably gave this information to the author. The credit I gave him may be imagined.

It was, no doubt, a very probable story that a bookseller admitted to an audience by the attorney-general should read at ease scattered rough drafts in the office of that magistrate. Madame de Boufflers and others confirmed what he had stated. By the absurdities which were incessantly rung in my ears, I was almost tempted to believe that everybody I heard speak had lost control of their senses.

Clearly perceiving that there was some mystery, which no one considered proper to explain to me, I patiently awaited the event, depending upon my integrity and innocence, and believing myself happy, let the persecution which awaited me be what it would, to be called to the honour of suffering in the cause of truth. Far from being timid and concealing myself, I went to the castle every day, and in the afternoon indulged in my usual walk. On the 8th of June, the evening before the order for arrest was granted, I went for a walk in company with two professors of the Oratory, Père Alamanni and Père Mandard. Champeaux was our destination, and we carried a light collation, which we ate with keen appetites. We had forgotten to bring glasses, and supplied the want by stalks of rye, through which we sucked up the wine from the bottle, piquing ourselves upon

the choice of large tubes to vie with each other in pumping up what we drank. I never was more cheerful in my life.

I have related in what manner I lost my sleep during my youth. I had since that time contracted a habit of reading every night in my bed, until I found my eyes begin to grow heavy; I then extinguished my wax taper, and endeavoured to slumber for a few moments—a very short time as a rule. The book I commonly read at night was the Bible, which in this manner I read five or six times from beginning to end. This evening, finding myself less disposed to sleep than usual, I continued my reading beyond the customary hour, and read the whole book which finishes at the Levite of Ephraim, the Book of Judges, if I mistake not, for since that time I have never once read it. This history affected me exceedingly, and in a kind of dream my imagination still ran on it, when suddenly I was roused from my stupor by a noise and a light. Thérèse, carrying a candle, lighted M. La Roche, who, seeing me hastily raise myself up, said, “Do not be alarmed; I come from Madame de Luxembourg, who, in her letter, encloses you another from the Prince of Conti.” In fact, in the letter of Madame de Luxembourg I found another, which an express from the Prince had brought her, stating that, notwithstanding all his efforts, it was decided to proceed against me with the utmost rigour. “The fermentation,” said he, “is dreadful; nothing can ward off the blow; the Court requires it, and the Parliament will positively proceed. At seven o’clock in the morning an order will be made to arrest him, and persons will immediately be despatched to execute it. I have obtained a promise that he shall not be pursued if he makes his escape; but if he persists in exposing himself to be taken, this will immediately happen.” La Roche conjured me in behalf of Madame de Luxembourg to rise and go and ask her advice. It was two o’clock, and she had just retired to bed. “She expects you,” added he, “and will not go to sleep without speaking to you.” I dressed myself in haste and ran to her.

She appeared to be agitated; this was for the first time.

Her distress affected me. In this moment of surprise and in the night, I myself was not free from emotion ; but on seeing her I forgot my own situation, and thought of nothing but the melancholy part she would have to act should I suffer myself to be arrested ; for, feeling I had the requisite amount of courage to adhere strictly to truth, although I might be certain of its being prejudicial or even destructive to me, I was convinced that I had not presence of mind, address, nor perhaps firmness enough, not to expose her should I be closely pressed. This determined me to sacrifice my reputation to her tranquillity, and to do for her that which nothing could have prevailed upon me to do for myself. The moment I had come to this conclusion I declared it, wishing not to diminish the magnitude of the sacrifice by giving her the least trouble to obtain it. I am certain she could not have mistaken my motive, although she ventured not a word, which proved to me she was sensible of it. I was so much shocked at her indifference, that for a moment I thought of retracting ; but the Maréchal came in, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments later. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I suffered myself to be flattered ; I was ashamed to retract ; and the only thing that remained to be decided upon was the place of my retreat and the hour of my departure. M. de Luxembourg proposed that I should remain a few days at the castle *incognito*, that we should deliberate at leisure, and take such measures as should seem most proper : to this suggestion I would not consent, no more than to go secretly to the temple. I had made up my mind to set off the same day rather than remain concealed in any place whatever.

Knowing I had secret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I thought, notwithstanding my attachment to France, I ought to quit it, the better to ensure my future peace of mind. My first intention was to retire to Geneva ; but a moment of reflection was sufficient to dissuade me from committing that act of folly. I knew the ministry of France, more powerful at Geneva than at Paris, would not

leave me more at peace in one of these cities than in the other, were a resolve taken to prosecute. I was also convinced that the discourse upon "Inequality" had excited against me in the Council a hatred the more dangerous as the Council dared not make it manifest. I had also gathered that when the "New Heloisa" appeared, the same Council had immediately forbidden the sale of that work, upon the solicitation of Doctor Tronchin; but the example not being imitated, even in Paris, the members were ashamed of what they had done, and withdrew the prohibition.

I had no doubt that, finding in the present case a more favourable opportunity, they would be exceedingly careful to take advantage of it. Notwithstanding exterior appearances, I knew there reigned against me in the heart of every Genevese a secret jealousy, which at the first favourable moment would publicly exhibit itself. Nevertheless, the love of my country called me to it, and could I have flattered myself I should there have lived in peace, there would have been no hesitation on my part; but neither honour nor reason permitting me to take refuge as a fugitive in a place of which I was a citizen, I resolved to approach it only, and to remain in Switzerland until something relative to me should be determined upon in Geneva. This state of uncertainty did not, as it will soon appear, continue long.

Madame de Boullers highly disapproved of this policy, and renewed her efforts to induce me to go to England; but all she could urge was of no avail. I have never loved England nor the English, and the eloquence of Madame de Boullers, far from conquering my repugnancy, seemed to increase it without my knowing the reason. Having made up my mind to set off the same day, I was from the morning inaccessible to everybody, and La Roche, whom I sent to fetch my papers, would not tell Thérèse whether or not I was gone. Since I had arranged to write my own memoirs, I had collected a great number of letters and other papers, so that he was obliged to return several times. A portion of these papers, already selected, were laid aside, and I

employed the morning in sorting the rest, that I might take with me such only as were necessary and destroy the remainder. M. de Luxembourg was kind enough to assist me in this business, which we could not finish before it was necessary I should set off, and I had not time to destroy a single paper. The Maréchal offered to take upon himself to sort what I should leave behind me, and to relegate to the fire every sheet he found useless, without trusting to any person whomsoever, and to send me those of which he should make choice. I accepted his offer, very happy to be delivered from that care in order that I might pass my few remaining hours with persons so dear to me, and from whom I was about to separate for ever. He took the key of the chamber in which I had left these papers, and, at my earnest solicitation, sent for my poor "aunt," who, not knowing what had become of me, or what was to become of herself, and in momentary expectation of the arrival of the officers of justice without knowing how to act or what to answer them, was miserable in the extreme. La Roche accompanied her to the castle in silence; she thought I was already far from Montmorency. On meeting me, she made the place resound with her cries, and threw herself into my arms. Oh, friendship, affinity of sentiment, habit, and intimacy!

In this pleasing yet cruel moment the remembrance of so many days of happiness, tenderness, and peace passed together augmented the grief of a first separation after a union of seventeen years, during which we had scarcely lost sight of each other for a single day.

The Maréchal, who witnessed this embrace, could not suppress his tears. He withdrew. Thérèse made a fixed resolve never more to leave me out of her sight. I made her feel the inconvenience of accompanying me at that moment, and the necessity of her remaining to guard my effects and collect my money. When an order is made to arrest a man, it is customary to seize his papers, and put a seal upon his chattels, or to make an inventory of them and appoint a guardian, to whose care they are entrusted.

It was important that Thérèse should remain to take note of what passed, and get everything settled in the most advantageous manner possible. I promised her that she should shortly come to me; the Maréchal confirmed my promise; but I did not choose to tell her to what place I was going, so that in case of being interrogated by the persons who came to take me into custody, she might with truth plead ignorance upon that head. In embracing her the moment before we separated, I felt within me a most extraordinary emotion, and I said to her with an agitation which, alas! was but too prophetic, "My dear girl, you must arm yourself with courage. You have partaken of my prosperity; it now remains for you, since you have so chosen, to partake of my misery. Expect nothing in future but insult and calamity in following me. The destiny begun for me by this melancholy day will pursue me until my latest hour."

I had now nothing to think of but my departure. The officers were to arrive at ten o'clock. It was four in the afternoon when I set off, and they had not yet arrived. It was decided that I should take post. I had no carriage. The Maréchal made me a present of a cabriolet, and lent me horses and a postillion the first stage, where, in consequence of the measures he had taken, I had no difficulty in procuring others.

As I had not dined at table, nor made my appearance in the castle, the ladies came to bid me adieu in the entresol, where I had passed the day. Madame de Luxembourg embraced me several times with a melancholy air, but I did not feel in these embraces the pressing I had done in those she had lavished upon me two or three years previously. Madame de Boufflers also embraced me, and said many kind things. An embrace which surprised me more than all the rest had done was one from Madame de Mirepoix, for she also was at the castle. Madame le Maréchal de Mirepoix is a person extremely cold, lady-like, and reserved, and did not, at least as she appeared to me, seem quite exempt from the natural haughtiness of the House of Lorraine. She had

never shown me particular attention. Whether flattered by an honour I had not expected, I endeavoured to enhance the value of it, or that there really was in the embrace a little of that commiseration natural to generous hearts, I found in her manner and look something energetical which penetrated me. I have since that time frequently imagined that, acquainted with my destiny, she could not refrain from a momentary concern regarding my fate.

The Maréchal did not open his mouth. He was as pale as death. In spite of all protestations, he insisted on accompanying me to the carriage which waited at the watering-place. We crossed the garden without uttering a single word. I had a key of the park, with which I opened the gate, and instead of putting it again into my pocket, I held it out to the Maréchal without speaking. He took it with a vivacity which annoyed me, and which has since frequently intruded itself upon my thoughts. I have not in my whole life had a more bitter moment than that of this separation. Our embrace was long and silent: we both felt that this was our last adieu.

Between Barre and Montmorency I met, in a hired carriage, four men in black, who saluted me smilingly. According to what Thérèse has since told me of the officers of justice, the hour of their arrival and their manner of behaviour, I have no doubt that they were the persons I met, especially as the order to arrest me, instead of being made out at seven o'clock, as I had been told it would, had not been given till noon. I had to pass through Paris. A person in a cabriolet is not much concealed. I saw several persons in the streets who saluted me with an air of familiarity, but I did not know one of them. The same evening I changed my route to pass Villeroy. At Lyons the couriers were conducted to the commandant. This might have been embarrassing to a man unwilling either to lie or change his name. With a letter from Madame de Luxembourg, I went to beg M. de Villeroy to spare me this disagreeable ceremony. M. de Villeroy gave me a letter, of which I made no use, because I did not go through Lyons.

This letter still remains sealed up amongst my papers. The Duke pressed me to sleep at Villeroy, but I preferred returning to the main road, which I did, travelling two more stages the same evening.

My carriage was inconvenient and uncomfortable, and I was too much indisposed to travel far in a day. My appearance, besides, was not sufficiently distinguished for me to be well served, and in France post-horses feel the whip in proportion to the favourable opinion the postillion has of his temporary master. By paying the guide generously, I thought I should make amends for my shabby appearance. This was still worse. They took me for a worthless fellow who was carrying orders, and, for the initial time in my life, travelling post. From that moment I had nothing but worn-out hacks, and I became the sport of the postillions. I ended as I should have begun, by being patient, holding my tongue, and suffering myself to be driven as my conductors thought proper.

I had sufficient food for reflection to prevent me from being weary on the road, employing myself in the recollection of recent events ; but this was neither my turn of mind nor the inclination of my heart. The facility with which I forget past evils, however fresh they may be, is astonishing. The recollection of them becomes feeble, and sooner or later effaced, in the inverse proportion to the greater degree of fear with which the approach of them inspires me. My cruel imagination, incessantly tormented by the apprehension of evils still at a distance, diverts my attention, and prevents me from recalling those that are past. Caution is needless after the evil has happened, and it is time lost to give it a thought. I, in some measure, put a period to my misfortunes before they occur ; the keener I have suffered at their approach, the greater is the facility with which I forget them ; whilst, on the contrary, incessantly calling to mind my past happiness, I, if I may so speak, enjoy it a second time. It is to this happy disposition I am indebted for an exemption from that ill-humour which ferments in a vindictive mind by the

continual remembrance of injuries received, and torments it with all the evil it wishes to inflict on its adversary. Naturally choleric, I have felt all the force of anger, which in the first moments has sometimes been carried to fury, but a desire of vengeance has never taken possession of me. I think too little of the offence to give myself much trouble about the offender. I think of the injury I have received from him on account of that he may do me a second time; but were I certain he would never do me another, the first would be instantly forgotten. Pardon of offences is continually preached to us. I know not whether or not my heart would be capable of overcoming its hatred, for it never yet felt that passion, and I give myself too little concern about my enemies to have the merit of pardoning them. I will not say to what a degree, in order to torment me, they torment themselves. I am at their mercy, they have unbounded power, and make of it what use they please. There is but one thing in which I set them at defiance, that is, in tormenting themselves about me, to force me to give myself the least trouble regarding them.

The day following my departure I had so perfectly forgotten what had passed—the Parliament, Madame de Pompadour, M. de Choiseul, Grimm, and D'Alembert, with their conspiracies—that had not it been for the necessary precautions during the journey, I should have thought no more of them. The remembrance of one thing which supplied the place of all these was what I had read the evening before my departure. I recollect, also, the pastorals of Gessner, which his translator Hubert had sent me a little time before. These two ideas occurred to me so strongly, and were connected in such a manner in my mind, that I was determined to endeavour to unite them by treating after the manner of Gessner the subject of the Levite of Ephraim. His pastoral and simple style appeared to me but little adapted to so repulsive a subject, and it was not to be presumed that the situation in which I then was would furnish me with such ideas as would enliven it. However, I attempted the thing, solely to amuse myself in

the cabriolet, and without the least idea of success. I had no sooner begun than I was astonished at the liveliness of my ideas, and the facility with which I expressed them. In three days I composed the first three cantos of the little poem, which I finished at Motiers, and I am certain I have not done anything in my life in which there is a more interesting mildness of manner, a greater brilliancy of colouring, more simple delineation, greater exactness of proportion, or more antique simplicity in general, notwithstanding the horror of the subject, certainly in itself abominable, so that, besides every other merit, I had still that of a difficulty conquered. If the "*Levite of Ephraim*" is not the best of my works, it will always be that most esteemed. I have never read, nor shall I ever read it again, without feeling internally the applause of a heart without acrimony, which, far from being embittered by misfortunes, is susceptible of consolation in the midst of them, and finds within itself a resource by which they are counterbalanced. Assemble the great philosophers, so superior to their books, to adversity which they do not suffer, place them in a situation similar to mine, and, in the first moments of the indignation of their injured honour, give them a like work to compose, and it will be seen in what manner they will acquit themselves of the task.

When I set off from Montmorency to go into Switzerland, I had resolved to stop at Yverdon, at the house of my old friend Roguin, who had several years before retired to that place, and had invited me to go and see him. I was told Lyons was not the direct road, for which reason I avoided going through it. But I was obliged to pass through Besançon, a fortified town, and consequently subject to the same inconvenience. I took it into my head to turn about and go to Salins, under the pretence of seeing M. de Mairan, the nephew of M. Dupin, who was employed at the salt works, and formerly had given me numerous invitations to his house. The expedient succeeded. M. de Mairan was not in the way, and happily, not being compelled to stop, I continued my journey without being spoken to by anybody.

The moment I was within the territory of Berne, I ordered the postillion to stop. I alighted from my carriage, prostrated myself, kissed the ground, and exclaimed in a transport of joy: "Heaven, the protector of virtue, be praised—I touch a land of liberty!" Thus, blind and unsuspecting in my hopes, have I ever been passionately attached to that which was to make me unhappy. The man thought me mad. I got into the carriage, and a few hours afterwards I had the pure and lively satisfaction of feeling myself pressed within the arms of the respectable Roguin. Ah! let me breathe for a moment with this worthy host. It is necessary I should gain strength and courage before I proceed farther. I shall soon find that in my way which will give employment to them both. It is not without reason that I have been diffuse in the recital of all the circumstances I have been able to recollect. Although they may seem uninteresting, yet when once the thread of the conspiracy is got hold of, they may throw some light upon the progress of it; and, without giving the first idea of the problem I am going to propose, afford some aid in solving it.

Suppose that, for the execution of the conspiracy of which I was the object, my absence was absolutely imperative, everything tending to that effect could not have happened otherwise than it did; but if, without suffering myself to be alarmed by the nocturnal embassy of Madame de Luxembourg, I had continued to hold out, and, instead of remaining at the castle, had returned to my bed and quietly slept until morning, should I have equally had an order of arrest made out against me? This is a great question, upon which the solution of many others depends; and for the examination of it, the hour of the comminatory decree of arrest and that of the real decree may be remarked to advantage—a rude but sensible example of the importance of the least detail in the exposition of facts, of which the secret causes are sought for to discover them by induction.

BOOK XII.

YVERDON-MOTIERS.

WITH this book begins the work of darkness in which I have for the last eight years been enveloped, though it has not by any means been possible for me to penetrate the fearful obscurity. In the abyss of evil into which I am plunged, I feel the blows reach me, without being able to recognise the hand by which they are delivered, or the means it employs. Shame and misfortune seem of themselves to fall upon me. When in the affliction of my heart I suffer a groan to escape me, I have the appearance of a man who complains without reason, and the authors of my ruin have the indescribable art of rendering the public, unknown to itself, or without its perceiving the effects of it, accomplice in their conspiracy. Therefore, in my narrative of circumstances relating to myself, of the treatment I have been subject to, and all that has happened to me, I shall not be able to indicate the hand by which the whole has been directed, nor assign the causes while I state the effect. The primitive causes are all given in the preceding books, and everything in which I am interested, and all the secret motives pointed out. But it is impossible for me to explain, even by conjecture, in what the different causes are combined to bring about the extraordinary events of my life. If amongst my readers one even of them should be generous enough to wish to probe the mystery to the bottom, and discover the truth, let him read over carefully a second time the three preceding books; afterwards, at each fact he shall find stated in the books which follow, let him gather such information as is within his reach, and go back from intrigue to intrigue, and from agent to agent, until he comes to the prime mover of all. I know where his researches will terminate; but in the meantime I lose myself in the crooked and obscure subterranean pathways to which his steps must be directed.

During my stay at Yverdon, I became acquainted with all the family of my friend Roguin, and amongst others with his niece, Madame Boy de La Tour, and her daughters, whose father, as I fancy I have already observed, I formerly knew at Lyons. She was at Yverdon upon a visit to her uncle and his sister; her eldest daughter, about fifteen years of age, delighted me with her fine understanding and excellent disposition. I conceived the most ardent friendship for the mother and daughter. The latter was destined by M. Roguin to the Colonel his nephew, a man already verging towards the decline of life, and who showed me marks of considerable esteem and affection; but although the heart of the uncle was set upon this marriage, devoutly desired by the nephew also, and I was exceedingly desirous of promoting the satisfaction of both, the great disproportion of age, and the extreme repugnancy of the young lady, made me join with the mother in postponing the ceremony, and the match was at length abandoned. The Colonel has since married Mademoiselle Dillan, his relation, as beautiful and amiable as any heart could wish, and who has made him the happiest of husbands and fathers. However, M. Roguin has not yet forgotten my opposition to his wishes. My consolation is in the certainty of having discharged to him and his family the duty of the purest friendship, which does not always consist in being agreeable, but in advising for the best.

I did not remain long in doubt about the reception awaiting me at Geneva, had I chosen to return to that city. My book was burned there, and on the 18th of June, nine days after an order to arrest me had been given at Paris, another to the same effect was resolved upon by the Republic. So many incredible absurdities were stated in this second decree, in which the ecclesiastical edict was formally violated, that I refused to believe the first accounts I heard of it, and when these were well confirmed, I trembled lest so manifest an infraction of every law, beginning with that of common sense, should create the greatest confusion in the city. I was, however, relieved from my fears; everything remained

quiet. If there was any rumour amongst the populace, it was unfavourable to me, and I was publicly treated by all the gossips and pedants like a scholar threatened with a flogging for not having said his catechism.

These two decrees were the signal for the outburst of malediction raised against me with unexampled fury in every part of Europe. All the gazettes, journals, and pamphlets rang the alarm bell. The French especially, that mild, generous, and polished people, who so much pique themselves upon their attention and consummate condescension to the unfortunate, instantly forgetting their favourite virtues, signalized themselves by the number and violence of the outrages with which, while each seemed to strive who should afflict me most, they overwhelmed me. I was impious, an atheist, a madman, a wild beast, a wolf. The continuator of the *Journal de Trévoux* was guilty of a piece of extravagance in attacking my pretended Lycanthropy, which was no mean proof of his own. A stranger would have imagined that an author in Paris was afraid of incurring the animadversion of the police by publishing a work of any kind without cramming into it some insult to me. In vain I sought the cause of this unanimous animosity, and was almost tempted to believe the world was gone mad. "What!" said I to myself, "the editor of the 'Perpetual Peace' spread discord; the author of the 'Confession of the Savoyard Vicar' impious; the writer of the *Nouvelle Heloise* a wolf; the author of *Emilius* a madman! Gracious God! what, then, should I have been had I published the *Treatise de l'Esprit*, or any similar work?" And yet in the storm raised against the author of that book, the public, far from joining the cry of his persecutors, revenged him of them by eulogium. Let his book and mine, the receptions the two works met with, and the treatment of the two authors in the different countries of Europe, be compared; and for the difference let causes satisfactory to a man of sense be found, and I will ask no more.

I found the residence of Yverdon so pleasant, that I resolved to yield to the solicitations of M. Roguin and his

family, who were desirous of keeping me there. M. de Moiry de Gingins, bailiff of that city, encouraged me by his kindness to remain within his jurisdiction. The Colonel pressed me so hard to accept for my habitation a little pavilion he had in his house, between the court and the garden, that I complied with his request, and he forthwith furnished it with everything necessary for my little household establishment.

The banneret Roguin, one of the persons who showed me the most assiduous attention, did not leave me for an instant during the entire day. I was much flattered by his civilities, and yet sometimes worried by them. The day on which I was to take possession of my new habitation was already fixed, and I had written to Thérèse to come to me, when suddenly a storm, attributed to the devotees, was raised against me in Berne, but I have never been able to learn the cause of it. The senate, excited against me, without my knowing by whom, did not seem disposed to suffer me to remain undisturbed in my retreat. The moment the bailiff was informed of the new fermentation, he wrote in my favour to several members of the government, reproaching them with their blind intolerance, and telling them it was shameful to refuse to a man of merit, under oppression, the asylum which such a numerous banditti found in their States. Sensible people were of opinion that the warmth of his reproaches had rather embittered than softened the minds of the magistrates. However this may be, neither his influence nor eloquence could ward off the blow. Having received an intimation of the order he was to signify to me, he gave me a previous communication of it; and that I might not await its arrival, I resolved to set off the next day. The difficulty was to know where to go, finding myself shut out from Geneva and all France, and foreseeing that in this affair each State would be anxious to imitate its neighbour.

Madame Boy de La Tour proposed to me to go and reside in an uninhabited but completely furnished house, which belonged to her son, in the village of Motiers, in the Val de Travers, in the county of Neuchâtel. I had only a moun-

tain to cross to arrive at it. The offer came specially opportunely, as in the States of the King of Prussia I should naturally be sheltered from all persecution, at least religion could not serve as a pretext for it. But a secret difficulty, improper for me at that moment to divulge, had in it that which was very sufficient to make me hesitate. The innate love of justice to which my heart was constantly subject, added to my secret inclination to France, had inspired me with an aversion to the King of Prussia, who, by his maxims and conduct, seemed to tread under foot all respect for natural law and every duty of humanity. Amongst the framed engravings with which I had decorated my alcove at Montmorency was a portrait of this prince, and under it a distich, the last line of which ran as follows :

Il pense en philosophe, et se conduit en roi.

✓ This verse, which from any other pen would have been a fine eulogium, from mine had an equivocal meaning, and too clearly explained the verse by which it was preceded. The distich had been read by everybody who came to see me, and my visitors were numerous. The Chevalier de Lorenzi had even written it down to give to D'Alembert, and I had no doubt that D'Alembert had taken care to make his court with it to the Prince. I had also aggravated this first fault by a passage in *Emilius*, where, under the name of Adrastus, King of the Daunians, it was clearly seen who I had in view, and the remark had not escaped the critics, because Madame de Boufflers had several times mentioned the subject to me. I was therefore certain of being inscribed in red ink in the registers of the King of Prussia, and besides, supposing his Majesty to have the principles I had dared to attribute to him, he, for that reason, could not but be displeased with my writings and their author ; for everybody knows the worthless part of mankind, and tyrants have never failed to conceive the most mortal hatred against me, solely on reading my works, without being acquainted with my person.

However, I had presumption enough to depend upon his

mercy, and was far from thinking I ran much risk. I knew that none but weak men were slaves to base passions, and that these had but little power over such strong minds as I had always thought his to be. According to his art of reigning, I imagined he could not but show himself magnanimous on this occasion, and that being so in fact was not above his character. I thought a mean and easy vengeance would not for a moment counterbalance his love of glory, and, putting myself in his place, his taking advantage of circumstances to overwhelm with the weight of his generosity a man who had dared to think ill of him did not appear to me impossible. I therefore went to settle at Motiers, with a confidence of which I imagined he would feel all the value, and said to myself: "When Jean-Jacques rises to the elevation of Coriolanus, will Frederick sink below the General of the Volsci?"

Colonel Roguin insisted on crossing the mountains with me, and installing me at Motiers. A sister-in-law to Madame Boy de La Tour, named Madame Girardier, to whom the house in which I was going to live was very convenient, did not witness my arrival there with pleasure; however, she with a good grace put me in possession of my lodging, and I partook of my meals in her company until Thérèse came, and my little establishment was formed.

Perceiving that at my departure from Montmorency I should in future be a fugitive upon the earth, I hesitated about permitting her to come to me and partake of the peripatetic life to which I saw myself condemned. I felt the nature of our relation to each other was about to change, and that what until then had on my part been favour and friendship, would in future become so on hers. If her attachment was proof against my misfortune, to this I knew she must become a victim, and that her grief would add to my pain. Should my disgrace weaken her affections, she would occasion me to consider her constancy as a sacrifice, and instead of feeling the pleasure I had in dividing with her my last morsel of bread, she would see nothing but her own merit in following me wherever I was driven by fate.

I must relate everything. I have never concealed the vices either of my poor "Mamam" or myself; I cannot be more favourable to Thérèse; and whatever pleasure I may have in doing honour to a person who is dear to me, I will not disguise the truth, although it may show in her an error, if an involuntary change in the affections of the heart be one. I had long witnessed her grow cooler towards me, and knew that she was no longer to me what she had been in our younger days. Of this I was made more sensible, inasmuch as for her I was what I had always been. I fell into the same inconvenience as that of which I had felt the effect with "Mamam," and this effect was the same now I was with Thérèse. Let us not seek for perfection, which nature never produces; it would be exactly similar with any other woman. The manner in which I had disposed of my children, however reasonable it had appeared to me, had not always left my heart at ease. While composing my treatise on "Education," I felt I had neglected duties with which it was not possible to dispense. Remorse at length became so powerful, that it almost drew from me a public confession of my fault at the beginning of my *Emilius*, and the passage is so clear that it is astonishing any person should, after reading it, have had the courage to reproach me with my error. My situation was, however, still the same, or something worse, by the animosity of my enemies, who sought to catch me stumbling. I feared a relapse, and, unwilling to run the risk, I preferred abstinence to exposing Thérèse to a similar mortification. I had besides remarked that the company of women was prejudicial to my welfare; this additional reason made me form resolutions which I had sometimes but badly kept, but to which for the last three or four years I had more constantly adhered. It was in this interval I had remarked Thérèse's coolness. She had the same attachment to me from duty, but not the least from love. Our intercourse naturally became less acceptable, and I imagined that, certain of the continuation of my cares wherever she might be, she would prefer to sojourn at Paris rather than to wander with me. Yet she had

given such manifest signs of grief at our parting, had required of me such positive assurances that we should meet again, and since my departure had shown to the Prince de Conti and M. de Luxembourg so irrepressible a desire for it, that, far from having the courage to speak to her of separation, I scarcely had enough to think of it myself, and, after having felt in my heart how impossible it was for me to dispense with her, all I thought of afterwards was to recall her to me as soon as possible. I wrote to her to this effect, and she came. Two months had scarcely elapsed since I had quitted her, but it was our first separation after a union of many years. We had both of us felt it most cruelly. What emotion in our first embrace ! Oh, how delightful are the tears of tenderness and joy ! How does my heart drink them up ! Why have not I had reason to shed them more frequently ?

On my arrival at Motiers I had written to Lord Keith, Marshal of Scotland and Governor of Neuchâtel, informing him of my retreat into the States of his Prussian Majesty, and requesting his protection. He answered me with his well-known generosity, and in the manner I had expected. He invited me to his house. I went with M. Martinet, lord of the manor of Val de Travers, who was in great favour with his Excellency. The venerable appearance of this illustrious and virtuous Scotchman powerfully affected my heart, and from that instant began between him and me the firm attachment which on my part still remains the same, and would be so on his, had not the traitors who have deprived me of all the consolations of life taken advantage of my absence to deceive his old age and depreciate me in his esteem.

George Keith, Hereditary Marshal of Scotland, and brother of the famous General Keith, who lived gloriously and died in the bed of honour, had quitted his country at a very early age, having been proscribed for reason of his attachment to the house of Stuart. With that house, however, he soon became disgusted by the unjust and tyrannical spirit he found in the ruling character of the

Stuart family. He lived a long time in Spain, the climate pleasing him exceedingly, and at length attached himself, as his brother had done, to the service of the King of Prussia, who knew men, and gave them the reception they merited. His Majesty received an invaluable return for this reception in the services rendered him by Marshal Keith, and by what was infinitely more precious, the sincere friendship of his lordship. The great mind of this worthy man, haughty and republican, could stoop to no other yoke than that of friendship, but to this he was so obedient, that, with very different maxims, he saw nothing but Frederick the moment he became attached to him. The King charged the Marshal with affairs of importance, sent him to Paris, to Spain, and at length, seeing he was already advanced in years, allowed him to retire with the government of Neuchâtel and the delightful employment of passing there the remainder of his life in rendering the inhabitants happy.

The people of Neuchâtel, whose manners are trivial, know not how to distinguish solid merit, and suppose wit to consist in long discourses. When they saw a sedate man of simple manners appear amongst them, they mistook his simplicity for haughtiness, his candour for rusticity, his laconism for stupidity, and rejected his benevolent cares, because, wishing to be useful, and not being a sycophant, he knew not how to flatter people he did not esteem. In the ridiculous affair of the minister Petitpierre, who was displaced by his colleagues for having been unwilling that they should be eternally damned, my lord, opposing the usurpations of the ministers, saw the whole country of which he took the part rise up in opposition to him, and when I arrived there the stupid murmur had not entirely subsided. He passed for a man influenced by the prejudices with which he was inspired by others, and of all the imputations brought against him, this was the one most devoid of truth. My first sentiment on seeing this venerable old man was that of tender commiseration on account of his extreme leanness of body, years having already left him little else but skin and bone; but when I

raised my eyes to his animated, open, noble countenance, I felt a respect mingled with confidence which absorbed every other sentiment. He answered the very short compliment I paid him when I first came into his presence by speaking of something else, as if I had already been a week in his house. He did not bid us sit down. The stupid Châtelain, the lord of the manor, remained standing. For my part, I at first saw in the fine and piercing eye of his lordship something so conciliating, that, feeling myself entirely at ease, I without ceremony took my seat by his side upon the sofa. By the familiarity of his manner I immediately felt that the liberty that I took gave him pleasure, and that he said to himself, "This is not a Neuchâtelois."

Remarkable effects of the similarity of characters! At an age when the heart loses its natural warmth, that of this good old man grew warm by his attachment to me to a degree which astonished everybody. He came to see me at Motiers, under the pretence of quail shooting, and stayed there two days without touching a gun. We conceived such a friendship for each other that we knew not how to live separate. The castle of Colombier, where he passed the summer, was six leagues distant from Motiers. I went there at least once a fortnight, and made a stay of twenty-four hours, then returning like a pilgrim with my heart full of affection for my host. The emotion I had formerly experienced in my journeys from the Hermitage to Fribourg was certainly radically different, but it was not more pleasing than that with which I approached Colombier.

What tears of tenderness have I shed when on the road to it, while thinking of the paternal goodness, amiable virtues, and charming philosophy of this respectable old man! I called him father, and he called me son. These affectionate names give, in some measure, an idea of the attachment by which we were united, but by no means that of the want we felt of each other, nor of our continual craving after each other's society. He positively insisted on giving me an apartment at the castle of Colombier, and for a long time pressed me to take up my residence in that in which I

lodged during my visits. I at length told him I was more free and at my ease in my own house, and that I would rather continue to come and see him until the end of my life. He approved of my candour, and never afterwards mentioned the subject. Oh, my kind-hearted lord ! Oh, my worthy father, how is my heart moved when I think of your goodness ! Ah ! barbarous wretches ! how deeply did they wound me when they deprived me of your friendship ! But no, great man, you are and will ever be the same for me, who am still the same. You have been deceived, but you are not changed.

My Lord Marshal is not without faults ; he is a man of wisdom, but he is still a man. With the greatest penetration, the nicest discrimination, and the most profound knowledge of men, he sometimes suffers himself to be deceived, and never recovers his error. His temper is very singular, and foreign to his general turn of mind. He appears to forget the people he sees every day, and thinks of them in a moment when they least expect it ; his attention seems ill-timed ; his presents are dictated by caprice and not by propriety, he gives or sends in an instant whatever comes into his head, be the value of it ever so trifling. A young Genevese, desirous of entering into the service of Prussia, made a personal application to him. His lordship, instead of giving him a letter, gave him a little bag of peas, which he desired him to carry to the King. On receiving this singular recommendation, his Majesty gave a commission to the bearer. These elevated geniuses have between themselves a language which the vulgar can never understand. The whimsical manner of my Lord Marshal, something akin to the caprice of a fine woman, rendered him still more interesting to me. I was certain, and afterwards had proofs, that it had not the least influence over his sentiments, nor did it affect the cares prescribed by friendship on serious occasions, yet in his manner of obliging there is the same singularity as in his manners in general. Of this I will give one instance relative to a matter of no great importance. The journey

from Motiers to Colombier being too wearisome for me to perform in a single day, I was in the habit of dividing it by setting off after dinner, and sleeping at Brot, which is half way. The landlord of the house where I stopped, named Sandoz, having to solicit at Berlin a favour of importance to him, entreated that I would request his Excellency to ask for it in his behalf. "Most willingly," said I, and took him with me. I left him in the ante-chamber, and mentioned the matter to his lordship, who returned me no response. After passing the whole morning with him, I saw, as I crossed the hall to go to dinner, poor Sandoz, fatigued to death with waiting. Thinking the governor had forgotten what I had said to him, I again referred to the business before we sat down to table, but still received no reply. I thought this manner of making me feel I was importunate rather severe, and, pitying the poor man in waiting, maintained silence. On my return the next day I was much surprised at the thanks he returned me for the capital dinner his Excellency had given him after receiving his paper. Three weeks later his lordship sent him the rescript he had solicited, despatched by the minister and signed by the King, and this without having said a word either to myself or Sandoz concerning the business, about which I thought he did not choose to give himself the slightest concern.

I could wish incessantly to speak of George Keith ; from him proceeds my recollection of the last happy moments I have experienced ; the remainder of my life, since our separation, has been passed in affliction and grief of heart. The recollection of this is so melancholy and confused, that it is impossible for me to observe the least order in what I write, so that in future I shall be under the necessity of stating facts without giving them a regular arrangement.

I was soon relieved from my inquietude arising from the uncertainty of my asylum by the answer from his Majesty to the Lord Marshal, in whom, as it will readily be believed, I had found an able advocate. The King not only sanctioned what he had done, but desired him—for I must

relate everything—to give me twelve louis. The good old man, rather embarrassed by the commission, and not knowing how to execute it properly, endeavoured to soften the insult by transforming the money into provisions, and writing to me that he had received orders to furnish me with wood and coal to begin my little establishment; he moreover added, and perhaps from himself, that his Majesty would willingly build me a little house exactly as I should choose, provided I would fix upon the ground. I was extremely sensible of the last offer, which made me forget the weakness of the other. Without accepting either, I considered Frederick my benefactor and protector, and became so sincerely attached to him, that from that moment I interested myself as much in his glory as until then I had thought his triumphs unjust. At the peace he made soon after I expressed my joy by an illumination in very good taste: it was a string of garlands with which I decorated the house I inhabited, and in which, it is true, I had the vindictive haughtiness to spend almost as much money as he had wished to give me. The peace ratified, I thought, as he was at the highest pinnacle of military and political fame, he would think of acquiring that of another nature, by re-animating his States, encouraging in them commerce and agriculture, creating a new soil, covering it with a new people, maintaining peace amongst his neighbours, and becoming the arbitrator, after having been the terror, of Europe. He was in a situation to sheathe his sword without danger, certain that no sovereign would force him again to draw it. Perceiving that he did not disarm, I was afraid he would profit but little by the advantages he had gained, and that he would be great only by halves. I dared to write to him upon the subject, and with a familiarity of a nature to please men of his character, conveying to him the sacred voice of truth, which but few kings are worthy to hear. The liberty I took was a secret between him and myself. I did not communicate it even to the Lord Marshal, to whom I sent my letter to the King sealed up. His Lordship forwarded my despatch without

inquiring its contents. His Majesty vouchsafed me no reply ; and the Marshal travelling soon after to Berlin, the King told him he had received a scolding from me. By this I understood my letter had been ill-received, and that the frankness of my zeal had been mistaken for the rusticity of a pedant. In fact, this might possibly be the case ; perhaps I did not say what was necessary, nor in a manner befitting the occasion. All I can answer for is the sentiment which induced me to take up my pen.

Shortly after my establishment at Motiers Travers, having every possible assurance that I should be suffered to remain there in peace, I adopted the Armenian habit. This was not the first time I had thought of doing it. I had formerly had the same intention, particularly at Montmorency, where the frequent use of probes, often obliging me to keep my chamber, made me more clearly see the advantages of a long robe. The convenience of an Armenian tailor, who frequently came to see a relation he had at Montmorency, almost tempted me to take this new dress, troubling myself little about what the world would say concerning my new departure. Yet, before I settled the matter, I desired to take the opinion of M. de Luxembourg, who, when consulted, advised me to follow my inclination. I therefore procured a little Armenian wardrobe, but on account of the storm raised against me, I was induced to postpone making use of it until I should enjoy tranquillity ; and it was not until some months afterwards that, forced by new attacks of my disorder, I thought I could properly, and without the least risk, put on my dress at Motiers, especially after having consulted the pastor of the place, who told me I might wear it even in the temple without indecency. I then adopted the waistcoat, caffetan, fur bonnet, and girdle, and after having in this dress attended divine service, I saw no impropriety in going in it to visit his lordship. His Excellency, on seeing me clothed in this manner, made me no other compliment than that which consisted in saying *Salaam aliakum*—i.e. "Peace be with you"—the common Turkish salutation, after which nothing

more was said upon the subject, and I continued to wear my new dress.

Having quite abandoned literature, all I now thought of was leading a quiet life, and one as agreeable as I could make it. When alone I have never felt weariness of mind, not even in complete inaction ; my imagination, filling up every void, is sufficient to sustain my attention. The inactive babbling of a private circle, where, seated opposite to each other, they who speak move nothing but the tongue, is the only thing I have ever been unable to bear. When walking and rambling about there is some satisfaction in conversation ; the feet and eyes do something ; but to hear people with their arms across speak of the weather, of the biting of flies, or, what is still worse, compliment each other, is to me an insupportable torment. That I might not live like a savage, I took it into my head to learn to make laces. After the fashion of the women, I carried my cushion with me when I went to make visits, or sat down to work at my door and chatted with passers-by. This made me better able to support the emptiness of babbling, and enabled me to pass my time with my female neighbours without weariness. Several of these were very amiable, and not devoid of wit. One in particular, Isabella d'Ivernois, daughter of the attorney-general of Neuchâtel, I found so estimable as to induce me to enter with her into terms of particular friendship, from which she derived some advantage by the useful advice I gave her, and the services she received from me on occasions of importance, so that now, a worthy and virtuous mother of a family, she is perhaps indebted to me for her reason, her husband, her life and happiness. On my part, I received gentle consolation from her, particularly during a melancholy winter, throughout the whole of which, when my sufferings were most heartrending, she came to pass long evenings with Thérèse and myself, which she made very short to us by her fascinating conversation and our mutual openness of heart. She called me "papa," and I called her "daughter," and these names, which we still give to each other, will, I hope, continue to be as dear to her as

they are to me. That my laces might be of some utility, I gave them to my young female friends at their marriages, upon condition of their suckling their children. Isabella's eldest sister had one upon these terms, and well deserved it by her observance of them. Isabella herself also received another, which, by intention, she as fully merited. She has not been happy enough to be able to pursue her inclination. When I sent the laces to the two sisters, I wrote each of them a letter. The first has been shown about in the world, the second has not the same celebrity: friendship proceeds with less noise.

Amongst the connections I made in my neighbourhood, of which I will not enter into detail, I must mention that with Colonel Pury, who had a residence upon the mountain, where he came to pass the summer. I was not anxious to become acquainted with him, because I knew he was upon bad terms at Court, and with the Lord Marshal, with whom he was not on visiting terms. Yet, as he came to see me, and showed me much attention, I was under the necessity of returning his visit. This was repeated, and we sometimes dined with each other. At his house I became acquainted with M. du Peyrou, and afterwards too intimately connected with him to pass his name over in silence.

M. du Peyrou was an American, son of a commandant of Surinam, whose successor, M. le Chambrier, of Neuchâtel, married his widow. Left a widow a second time, she came with her son to live in the country of her second husband.

Du Peyrou, an only son, extremely rich, and tenderly beloved by his mother, had been carefully brought up, and his education was not lost upon him. He had acquired considerable knowledge, a taste for art, and he also piqued himself upon having cultivated his rational faculty. His Dutch appearance, sallow complexion, and silent and close disposition favoured this opinion. Although young, he was already deaf and gouty. This rendered his motions deliberate and excessively grave, and although he was fond of disputing, he in general spoke but little, because his hearing was defective. I was struck with his exterior, and remarked

to myself, "This is a thinker, a man of wisdom, such a one as anybody would be happy to have for a friend." He frequently addressed himself to me without paying the least compliment, thereby strengthening the favourable opinion I had already formed of him. He spoke but little to me of myself or my books, and still less of himself; he was not destitute of ideas, and what he said was just. This justness and equality attracted my regard. He had neither the elevation of mind nor the discrimination of the Lord Marshal, but he had all his simplicity: this was still representing him in something. I did not become infatuated with him, but he acquired my attachment from esteem, and by degrees this esteem led to friendship, and I totally forgot the objection I made to the Baron Holbach—that he was too rich.

For a long time I saw but little of Du Peyrou, because I did not go to Neuchâtel, and he came but once a year to the mountain of Colonel Pury. Why did not I go to Neuchâtel? This proceeded from a childishness upon which I must not be silent.

Although protected by the King of Prussia and the Lord Marshal, while I avoided persecution in my asylum, I did not avoid the murmurs of the public, of municipal magistrates, and ministers. After what had occurred in France, it became fashionable to subject me to insults; these people would have been afraid to seem to disapprove of what my calumniators had done by not imitating them. The *classe* of Neuchâtel, that is, the ministers of that city, gave the impulse, by endeavouring to move the Council of State against me. This attempt not having succeeded, the ministers addressed themselves to the municipal magistrate, who immediately prohibited my book, treating me on all occasions with scant civility, and saying that, had I wished to reside in the city I should not have been suffered to do so. They filled their "*Mercury*" with absurdities and the most insane hypocrisy, which, although it made every man of sense laugh, animated the people against me. This, however, did not prevent them from setting forth that I

ought to be grateful for their permitting me to live at Motiers, where they had no authority ; they would willingly have measured me the air by the pint, provided I had paid a dear price for it. They insisted that I was obliged to them for the protection granted me by the King, in spite of the efforts they incessantly made to deprive me of it. Finally, failing of success, after having done me all the injury in their power, and defamed me in every possible way, they made a merit of their impotence, by boasting of their graciousness in suffering me to remain in their country. I ought to have laughed at their vain efforts, but was foolish enough to be vexed at them, and had the weakness to which I yielded for almost two years, to be unwilling to go to Neuchâtel, as if it was not doing too much honour to such wretches to pay attention to their proceedings, which, good or evil, could not be imputed to them, because they never acted but from a foreign impulse. Besides, minds lacking sense or knowledge, whose objects of esteem are influence, power, and money, are far from imagining even that some respect is due to talents, and that it is dishonourable to injure and insult them.

A certain mayor of a village, who for sundry malversations had been deprived of his office, said to the lieutenant of Val-de-Travers, the husband of Isabella : "I am told this Rousseau has got wit ; bring him to me that I may see whether he has or not." The disapprobation of such a man ought certainly to have no effect upon those on whom it falls.

After the treatment I had received at Paris, Geneva, Berne, and even at Neuchâtel, I had expected no favour from the pastor of this place. I had, however, been recommended to him by Madame Boy de la Tour, and he had given me a favourable reception ; but in that country, where every new-comer is indiscriminately flattered, civilities signify little. Yet, after my solemn union with the Reformed Church, and abiding in a Protestant country, I could not, without failing in my engagements, as well as in the duty of a citizen, neglect the public profession of the religion which

I had espoused. I therefore attended divine service. On the other hand, had I gone to the holy table, I was afraid of exposing myself to a refusal, and it was by no means probable that, after the tumult excited at Geneva by the Council, and at Neuchâtel by the *classe* (the ministers), he would without difficulty administer to me the sacrament in his church. The time of communion approaching, I wrote to M. de Montmollen, the minister, to prove to him my desire of communicating, and declaring myself heartily united to the Protestant Church. I also informed him, in order to avoid disputing upon articles of faith, that I would not hearken to any particular explanation of the point of doctrine. After taking these steps, I made myself easy, not doubting that M. de Montmollen would refuse to admit me without the preliminary discussion to which I refused to consent, and that in this manner everything would be at an end without any fault of mine. I was deceived. When I least expected anything of the kind, M. de Montmollen came to declare to me not only that he admitted me to the communion under the condition which I had proposed, but that he and the elders thought themselves particularly honoured by my becoming one of their flock. I never in the whole course of my life felt greater surprise, or received from it more consolation. Living always alone and unconnected appeared to me a melancholy destiny, especially in adversity. In the midst of so many proscriptions and persecutions, I found it extremely agreeable to be able to say to myself: "I am at least among my brethren"; and I went to the communion with an emotion of heart, and my eyes suffused with tears of tenderness, which perhaps were the most acceptable preparation to Him to whose table I was drawing near.

Some time afterwards his lordship sent me a letter which he had received from Madame de Boufflers, at least I presume so, by means of D'Alembert, who was acquainted with the Maréchal. In this note, the first that lady had written to me after my departure from Montmorency, she rebuked me severely for having written to M. de Montmollen,

and especially for having communicated. I scarcely understood what she meant by her reproof, as after my journey to Geneva I had constantly declared myself a Protestant, and had gone publicly to the Hôtel de Hollande without incurring the least censure from anybody. It appeared to me diverting enough that Madame de Boufflers should desire to direct my conscience in matters of religion. However, as I had no doubt of the purity of her intention, I was not offended by this singular sally, and I answered her without anger, stating to her my reasons.

Calumnies in print were still industriously circulated, and their benign authors reproached the various powers with treating me too mildly. As far as I was concerned, I let them say and write what they pleased, without giving myself the slightest uneasiness about the matter. I was told there was a censure from the *Sorbonne*, but this I could not credit. What on earth could the *Sorbonne* have to do in the matter? Did the doctors wish to know to a certainty that I was not a Catholic? Everybody was already aware that I was not one. Were they desirous of proving I was not a good Calvinist? Of what consequence was this to them? It was taking upon themselves an extraordinary care, and becoming the substitutes of our ministers. Before I saw this publication I thought it was distributed in the name of the *Sorbonne* by way of mockery, and when I had read it I was convinced that this was the case. But when at length there was not a doubt of its authenticity, all I could bring myself to believe was, that the learned doctors would have been better placed in a madhouse than in the college.

I was more affected by another publication, because it originated from a man whom I had always held in esteem, and whose constancy I admired, though I pitied his blindness. I mean the mandatory letter against me by the Archbishop of Paris. I thought that an answer to it was but a duty I owed to myself. This I felt I could do without derogating from my dignity; the case was something similar to that of the King of Poland. I have always detested brutal disputes after the manner of Voltaire. I never combat save with

dignity, and before I condescend to defend myself I must be certain that he by whom I am attacked will not dishonour my retort. I had no doubt that this letter was fabricated by the Jesuits, and although they were at that time in distress, I discovered in it their old principle of crushing the wretched. I was therefore at liberty to follow my ancient maxim by honouring the titular author and refuting the work, which I think I did completely.

I found my residence at Motiers very charming, and nothing was wanting to make me wish to end my days there save just the certainty of the means of subsistence. Living is expensive in that neighbourhood, and all my poor projects had been overturned by the dissolution of my household arrangements at Montmorency, the establishment of others, the sale or squandering of my furniture, and expenses incurred since my departure. The little capital which remained to me diminished daily. Two or three years were sufficient to consume the remainder without my having the means of renewing it, except by again engaging in literary pursuits—a pernicious profession I had already abandoned. Fully satisfied that everything which concerned me would change, and that the public, recovered from its frenzy, would make my persecutors blush, all my endeavours tended to prolong my resources until this happy revolution should take place, after which I should more at my ease choose a resource from amongst those which might offer themselves. To this effect I took up my “*Dictionary of Music*,” which ten years’ labour had so far advanced as to leave nothing wanting to it but the last corrections. My books, which I had lately received, enabled me to finish this work; my papers, sent me by the same conveyance, furnished me with the means of beginning my memoirs, in the compilation of which I was determined to devote my whole attention. I started by transcribing the letters into a book, in order to guide my memory in the order of facts and time. I had already selected those I intended to keep for this purpose, and for ten years the series was not interrupted. However, in preparing them for copying, I found an interrup-

tion which surprised me. This was for almost six months, from October 1756 to March following. I recollected having put into my selection a number of letters from Diderot, De Leyre, Madame D'Epinay, Madame de Chenonceaux, &c., which filled up the void and were missing. What had become of them? Had any person laid their hands upon my papers whilst they remained at the Hôtel de Luxembourg? This was not conceivable, and I had seen M. de Luxembourg take the key of the chamber in which I had deposited them. Many letters from different ladies, and all those from Diderot, were without date, on which account I had been under the necessity of dating them from memory before they could be put in order, and thinking I might have committed errors, I again revised them for the purpose of seeing whether or not I could find those which ought to fill up the void. This experiment did not succeed. I saw the vacancy was real, and that the letters had certainly been abstracted. By whom and for what purpose? This was what I could not comprehend. These letters, written prior to my great quarrels, and at the time of my first enthusiasm in the composition of *Heloise*, could not be interesting to any person. They contained nothing more than cavillings by Diderot, jeerings from De Leyre, assurances of friendship from M. de Chenonceaux and even Madame D'Epinay, with whom I was then upon the best of terms. To whom were these letters of consequence? To what use were they to be put? It was not until seven years afterwards that I suspected the nature of the theft. The deficiency being no longer doubtful, I looked over my rough drafts to see whether or not it was the only one. I found several, which, on account of my wretched memory, made me suspect others in the multitude of my papers. Those I remarked were that of the *Morale Sensitive* and the extract of the adventures of Lord Edward. The last, I confess, made me suspect Madame de Luxembourg.

La Roche, her *valet de chambre*, had sent me the papers, and I could think of nobody but herself to whom this fragment could be of consequence; but what concern could

the other give her, any more than the rest of the missing letters, with which, even with evil intentions, nothing to my prejudice could be done, unless they were falsified! As for the Maréchal, with whose genuine friendship for me and invariable integrity I was perfectly acquainted, I never could suspect him for a moment. The most reasonable supposition, after long tormenting my mind in endeavouring to discover the author of the theft, was that which imputed it to D'Alembert, who, having thrust himself into the company of Madame de Luxembourg, might have found means to turn over these papers, and take from amongst them such manuscripts and letters as he might have thought proper, either for the purpose of endeavouring to embroil me with the writers of them, or to appropriate those he should find useful to his own private purposes. I imagined that, deceived by the title of *Morale Sensitive*, he might have supposed it to be the plan of a real treatise upon materialism, with which he would have armed himself against me in a manner easy to be imagined. Certain that he would soon be undeceived by reading the sketch, and determined to quit all literary pursuits, these larcenies gave me but little concern. Besides, they were not the first that the same hand had committed * upon me without my having complained of these pilferings. In a very little time I thought no more of the trick that had been played me, than if nothing had happened, and began to collect the materials I had left for the purpose of undertaking my projected Confessions.

I had long thought the company of ministers, or at least the citizens and burgesses of Geneva, would remonstrate against the infraction of the edict in the decree made against me. Everything remained quiet, at least to all

* I had found in his *Elémens de Musique* several things taken from what I had written for the *Encyclopédie*, and which were given to him several years before the publication of his "Eléments." I do not know what he may have had to do with a book entitled *Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts*, but I found in it articles transcribed word for word from mine, and this long before the same articles were printed in the *Encyclopédie*.

exterior appearance ; for discontent was general, and ready, on the first opportunity, openly to manifest itself. My friends, or persons styling themselves such, wrote letter after letter, exhorting me to come and put myself at their head, assuring me of public separation from the Council. The fear of the disturbance and troubles which might be caused by my presence prevented me from acquiescing with their importunities, and, faithful to the oath I had formerly made, never to take the least part in any civil dissension in my country, I chose rather to let the offence remain as it was, and banish myself for ever from the country, than return to it by violent and dangerous means. It is true, I expected the burgesses would make legal remonstrances against an infraction in which their interests were deeply concerned ; but no such steps were taken. They who conducted the body of citizens sought less the real redress of grievances than an opportunity to render themselves necessary. They caballed, but were silent, and suffered me to be bespattered by the gossips and hypocrites set on to render me odious in the eyes of the populace, and pass upon them their boistering for a zeal in favour of religion.

After having, during a whole year, vainly expected that someone would remonstrate against an illegal proceeding, and seeing myself abandoned by my fellow-citizens, I finally made up my mind to renounce my ungrateful country, in which I had never lived, from which I had not received either inheritance or services, and by which, in return for the honour I had endeavoured to do it, I saw myself so unworthily treated by unanimous consent, since they who should have spoken had remained silent. I therefore wrote to the first syndic for that year, to M. Favre, if I remember aright, a letter solemnly renouncing my freedom of the city of Geneva, carefully observing in it, however, that decency and moderation from which I have never departed in the acts of haughtiness which, in my misfortunes, the cruelty of my enemies have frequently forced from me.

This step opened the eyes of the citizens, who, feeling they

had neglected their own interests by abandoning my defence, took my part when it was too late. They had wrongs of their own which they joined to mine, and made these the subjects of several well-reasoned representations, which they strengthened and extended as the refusal of the Council, supported by the ministry of France, made them more clearly perceive the project formed to impose a yoke on them. These altercations produced several pamphlets, every one undecisive, until that appeared entitled *Lettres écrites de la Campagne*, a work written in favour of the Council with infinite art, and by which the remonstrating party, reduced to silence, was crushed for a time. This production, a lasting monument of the rare talents of its author, emanated from the attorney-general Tronchin, a man of wit and an enlightened understanding, well versed in the laws and government of the Republic.

The remonstrators, recovered from their initial overthrow, undertook to give a reply, and in time produced one which brought them off tolerably well. But they all looked to me as the only person capable of combating a like adversary with hope of success. I confess I was of their opinion; and, excited by my former fellow-citizens, who thought it was my duty to aid them with my pen, as I had been the cause of their embarrassment, I undertook to refute the *Lettres écrites de la Campagne*, and parodied the title of them by that of *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*, which I gave to mine. I indited this response so secretly, that at a meeting I held at Thonon with the chiefs of the malcontents to talk over their affairs, and where they showed me a sketch of their answer, I said not a word of mine, which was quite ready, fearing obstacles might arise relative to the impression of it, should the magistrate or my enemies hear of what I had done. This work was, however, known in France before the publication; but government chose rather to let it appear, than to suffer me to speculate as to the means by which my secret had been discovered. Concerning this I will state what I know, though it be but trifling; what I have conjectured shall remain with myself.

I received at Motiers almost as many visits as at the Hermitage and Montmorency ; but these, for the most part, were of a different stamp. They who had formerly come to see me were people who, having taste, talents, and principles somewhat similar to mine, alleged them as the causes of their visits, and introduced subjects on which I could converse. At Motiers the case was different, especially with the visitors who came from France. They were officers or other persons who had no taste for literature, nor had many of them read my works, although, according to their own accounts, they had travelled thirty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred leagues to see me, and admire the illustrious man, the very celebrated man, the great man, &c. For from the time of my settling at Motiers I received the most impudent flattery, from which the esteem of those with whom I associated had formerly sheltered me. As but few of my new visitors deigned to tell me who or what they were, and as they had neither read nor cast their eyes over my works, nor had their researches and mine been directed to identical objects, I was at a loss to know on what subject to converse with them. I waited for what they had to say, because it was for them to know and advise me as to the purpose of their visit. It will naturally be imagined this did not produce conversations very enlivening to me, although they, perhaps, were so to my visitors, according to the information they might wish to acquire ; for, as I was without suspicion, I answered without reserve every question they thought proper to ask me, and they commonly went away as well informed as myself of the particulars of my situation.

I was, for example, visited in this manner by M. de Feins, equerry to the Queen and captain of cavalry, who had the patience to pass several days at Motiers, and to follow me on foot even to La Ferrière, leading his horse by the bridle, without having with me any point of union, except our acquaintance with Mademoiselle Fel, and that we both played at *bilboquet*.

Before this I had received another visit much more extraordinary. The two men arrived on foot, each leading a mule

loaded with his little baggage, lodging at the inn, taking care of their mules, and asking to see me. By the equipage of these muleteers they were mistaken for smugglers, and the news that smugglers had come to see me was instantly spread. Their manner of addressing me sufficiently showed that they were persons of another description ; but without being smugglers, they might be adventurers, and this doubt kept me for some time on my guard. They soon removed my apprehensions. One was M. de Montauban, who had the title of Comte de la Tour-du-Pin, attendant on the Dauphin ; the other M. Dastier de Carpentras, an old officer, who had his cross of St. Louis in his pocket, because he could not display it. These gentlemen were men of sense, and their manner of travelling, so much to my own taste, and but little like that of French gentlemen, in some measure gained them my attachment, which an intercourse with them served to improve. Our acquaintance did not terminate with the visit ; it is still maintained, and they have since been several times to see me, not however on foot ; that was very well for the first time ; but the more I have seen of these gentlemen, the less similarity have I found between their tastes and mine. I have not discovered their maxims to be such as I have ever observed, that my writings are familiar to them, or that there is any real sympathy between them and myself. What, therefore, did they want with me ? Why did they come with such an equipage ? Why repeat their visit ? Why were they so desirous of having me for their host ? I did not at the time propose these questions to myself ; but they have occasionally occurred to me since.

Won by their advances, my heart abandoned itself without reserve, especially to M. de Dastier, with whose open countenance I was particularly pleased. I even corresponded with him, and when I determined to print the *Lettres de la Montagne*, I thought of addressing myself to him, to deceive those by whom my packet was waited for upon the road to Holland. He had spoken to me a good deal, and perhaps purposely, upon the liberty of the press at Avignon ;

he offered me his services, should I have anything to print there. I availed myself of the offer, and sent him successively by post my first sheets. After having kept these for some time, he sent them back, giving as his reason that no bookseller dared to undertake them ; and I was obliged to have recourse to Rey, taking care to send my papers, one after the other, and not to part with those which succeeded until I had advice of the reception of those already despatched. Before the work was published, I found it had been seen in the office of the ministers, and D'Escherny of Neuchâtel spoke to me of a book, entitled *De l'Homme de la Montagne* which D'Holbach had informed him was written by me. I assured him, and it was true, that I had never written a book bearing that title. When the letters appeared he became furious, and accused me of falsehood, although I had told him the truth. By this means I was certain that my manuscript had been read. As I could not doubt the fidelity of Rey, the most rational conjecture seemed to be that my packets had been opened at the post-office.

Another acquaintance I made much about the same time, but which was begun by letters was that with M. Laliaud of Nîmes, who wrote to me from Paris, begging I would send him my profile ; he said he was in want of it for my bust in marble, which le Moine was making for him to be placed in his library. If this was a pretence invented to deceive me, it succeeded admirably. I imagined that a man who wished to have my bust in marble in his library had his head full of my works, consequently of my principles, and that he loved me because his mind was in unison with mine. It was natural this idea should seduce me. I have since seen M. Laliaud. I found him very ready to render me numerous trifling services, and to concern himself in my little affairs ; but I have my doubts of his having, in the few books he ever read, fallen upon any one of those I have written. I am not aware that he has a library, or that such a thing is of any use to him ; and as for the bust, he has a bad figure in plaster, by Le Moine, from which has been

engraved a hideous portrait that bears my name, as if it bore some resemblance to me.

The only Frenchman who appeared to come to visit me on account of my sentiments and his taste for my works, was a young officer of the regiment of Limousin named Segulier de St. Brisson. He made a figure in Paris, where he still perhaps distinguishes himself by his pleasing talents and wit. He came once to Montmorency in the winter preceding my catastrophe. I was pleased with his vivacity. He subsequently wrote to me at Motiers ; and whether he wished to flatter me, or that his head was turned with *Emilius*, at all events he informed me he was about to quit the service to live independently, and had begun to learn the trade of a carpenter. He had an elder brother, a captain in the same regiment, the favourite of the mother, who, a devotee to excess, and directed by I know not what hypocrite, did not treat the youngest son well, accusing him of irreligion, and, what was still worse, of the unpardonable crime of being connected with me. These were the grievances which led him to break with his mother, and adopt the manner of life of which I have just spoken, all to play the part of the young *Emilius*. Alarmed at this petulance, I immediately wrote to him, endeavouring to persuade him to change his resolution, and my exhortations were as strong as I could make them. They had the desired effect. He returned to his duty, to his mother, and took back the resignation he had given to the colonel, who had been prudent enough to make no use of it, in order that the young man might have time to reflect upon what he had done. St. Brisson, cured of these follies, was guilty of another less alarming, but, to me, not less disagreeable than the rest—he became an author. He successively published two or three pamphlets, which announced a man not devoid of talents, but I have not to reproach myself with having encouraged him by my praises to continue to write.

A short time after he came to see me, we made a pilgrimage to the island of St. Pierre together. During this journey I found him different from what I saw of him at

Montmorency. He was in his manner something affected, a trait which at first did not much disgust me, although I have since thought of it to his disadvantage. He once visited me at the Hôtel de St. Simon, as I passed through Paris on my way to England. I learned there what he had not told me, that he lived in the great world, and often visited Madame de Luxembourg. Whilst I was at Trie, I never heard from him, nor did he so much as make inquiry after me, by means of his relation, Mademoiselle Seguiet, my neighbour. This lady never seemed favourably disposed towards me. In a word, the infatuation of M. de St. Brisson terminated suddenly, like the connection of M. de Feins : but this man owed me nothing, and the former was under obligations to me, unless the follies I prevented him from committing were nothing more than affectation, which might very possibly be the case.

I had visitors from Geneva also. The Delucs, father and son, successively chose me for their attendant in sickness. The father was taken ill on the road, the son was already sick when he left Geneva ; they both came to my house. Ministers, relations, hypocrites, and persons of every description came from Geneva and Switzerland, not like those from France, to laugh at and admire me, but to rebuke and catechize me. The only person amongst them who gave me pleasure was Moulton, who passed three or four days with me, and whom I wished to retain much longer ; the most persevering of all, the most obstinate, and who conquered me by importunity, was a M. de Ivernois, a merchant of Geneva, a French refugee, and related to the attorney-general of Neuchâtel. This man came from Geneva to Motiers twice a year for the sole purpose of seeing me, and remained with me several days together from morning to night, accompanied me in my walks, brought me a thousand little presents, insinuated himself in spite of myself into my confidence, and intermeddled in all my affairs, notwithstanding there was not between him and myself the least similarity of ideas, inclination, sentiment, or knowledge. I do not believe he ever perused a

book of any kind throughout, or that he knows upon what subjects mine are written. When I began to herbalize, he followed me in my botanical rambles, without taste for that amusement, or having anything to say to me, or I to him. He had the obstinacy to pass three days with me in a public-house at Goumains, whence, by wearying him, and making him feel how much he wearied me, I was in hopes of driving him away. I could not, however, shake his incredible perseverance, nor by any means discover the motive of it.

Amongst these connections, made and continued by force, I must not omit the only one that was pleasing to me, and in which my heart was really interested ; this was formed with a young Hungarian who came to live at Neuchâtel, and from that place to Motiers, a few months after I had taken up my residence there. By the people of the country he was called the Baron de Sauttern, a name by which he had been recommended from Zurich. He was tall, well-made, had a pleasing countenance, and mild and social qualities. He told everyone, and gave me also to understand, that he came to Neuchâtel for no other purpose than that of forming his youth to virtue by his intercourse with me. His physiognomy, manner, and behaviour were well calculated to suit his conversation ; and I should have thought I failed in one of the greatest duties had I turned my back upon a young man in whom I detected nothing but what was amiable, and who sought my acquaintance from so respectable a motive. My heart knows not how to connect itself by halves. He soon acquired my friendship and all my confidence, and we were presently inseparable. He joined me in all my walks, and became fond of them. I took him to the Maréchal, who received him with the utmost kindness. As he was yet unable to explain himself in French, he spoke and wrote to me in Latin. I answered in French, and this mingling of the two languages did not make our conversations either less smooth or lively. He spoke of his family, his affairs, his adventures, and of the Court of Vienna, with the domestic details of which he

seemed well acquainted. In fine, during two years which we passed in the greatest intimacy, I found in him a mildness of character proof against everything, manners not only polite but elegant, great neatness of person, an extreme decency in his conversation ; in a word, all the marks of a man born and educated a gentleman, traits which rendered him in my eyes too estimable not to be dear to me.

At the time we were upon the most intimate and friendly terms, D'Ivernois wrote to me from Geneva, putting me upon my guard against the young Hungarian who had taken up his residence in my neighbourhood ; telling me he was a spy whom the minister of France had appointed to watch my proceedings. This information was of a nature to terribly alarm me, as everybody had advised me to guard against the machinations of persons who were employed to keep an eye upon my actions, and to entice me into France for the purpose of betraying me.

To shut the mouths, once for all, of these foolish advisers, I proposed to Sauttern, without giving him the least intimation of the information I had received, a journey on foot to Pontarlier, to which he consented. As soon as we arrived there, I put the letter from D'Ivernois into his hands, and, after giving him an ardent embrace, I said, "Sauttern has no need of a proof of my confidence in him, but it is necessary I should prove to the public that I know in whom to place it." This embrace was accompanied with a pleasure which persecutors can neither feel themselves, nor take away from the oppressed.

I will never believe Sauttern was a spy, nor that he betrayed me ; but I was deceived by him. When I opened my heart to him without reserve, he constantly kept his own shut, and abused me by falsehoods. He invented I know not what kind of story to prove to me that his presence was necessary in his own country. I exhorted him to return to it as soon as possible. He set off, and when I thought he was in Hungary I learned he was at Strasbourg. This was not the first time he had been there. He had caused some disorder in a family in that city ; and

the husband, knowing I received him in my house, wrote to me. I used every effort to bring the young woman back to the paths of virtue, and Sauttern to his duty.

When I thought they were perfectly detached from each other, they renewed their acquaintance, and the husband had the complaisance to receive the young man at his house. From that moment I had nothing more to urge. I found the pretended Baron had imposed upon me by a great number of lies. His name was not Sauttern, but Sauttersheim. With respect to the title of Baron, given him in Switzerland, I could not reproach him with the impropriety, because he had never taken it; but I have not a doubt of his being a gentleman, and the Marshal, who knew mankind, and had been in Hungary, always considered and treated him as such.

He had no sooner quitted my neighbourhood, than the girl at the inn where he ate, at Motiers, declared herself with child by him. She was so dirty a creature, and Sauttern, generally esteemed in the country for his conduct and purity of morals, piqued himself so much upon cleanliness, that everybody was shocked at this impudent pretension. The most amiable women of the country, who had vainly displayed to him their charms, were furious. I myself was almost choked with indignation. I used every effort to get the tongue of this impudent woman stopped, offering to pay all expenses, and to give security for Sauttersheim. I wrote to him in the fullest persuasion not only that this pregnancy could not relate to him, but that it was feigned, and the whole a machination of his enemies and mine. I wished him to return and confound the strumpet, and those by whom she was dictated to. The pusillanimity of his answer surprised me. He wrote to the master of the parish to which the creature belonged, and endeavoured to stifle the matter. Perceiving this, I concerned myself no more about it; but I was astonished that a man who could stoop so low should have been sufficiently master of himself to deceive me by his reserve in the closest familiarity.

From Strasbourg, Sauttersheim went to seek his

fortune in Paris, and found there nothing but misery. He wrote to me acknowledging his error. My compassion was excited by the recollection of our former friendship, and I sent him a sum of money. The year following, as I passed through Paris, I saw him much in the same situation, but he was the intimate friend of M. de Laliaud, and I could not learn by what means he had formed this acquaintance, or whether it was recent or of long standing. Two years afterwards, Sauttersheim returned to Strasbourg, whence he wrote to me, and where he died. This, in a few words, is the history of our connection, and what I know of his adventures; but while I mourn the fate of the unhappy young man, I still and ever shall believe he was the son of people of distinction, and that the impropriety of his conduct was the effect of the situations to which he was reduced.

Such were the connections and acquaintance I acquired at Motiers. How many of these would have been necessary to compensate for the cruel losses I suffered at the same time!

The first of these was that of M. de Luxembourg, who, after having long been tormented by the physicians, at length became their victim, by being treated for the gout, which they would not acknowledge him to have, as for a disorder they imagined they could cure.

According to what La Roche, the confidential servant of Madame de Luxembourg, wrote to me relating what had happened, it is by this cruel and memorable example that the miseries of greatness are to be deplored.

The loss of this good nobleman affected me the more as he was the only real friend I possessed in France, and the mildness of his character was such as to make me quite forget his rank, and attach myself to him as my equal. Our connection was not suspended on account of my having quitted the kingdom; he continued to correspond with me as usual.

I nevertheless thought and felt that my absence, or my misfortune, had cooled his affection for me. It is difficult

to a courtier to preserve the same attachment to a person whom he knows to be in disgrace with Courts. Moreover, I suspected that the great ascendancy Madame de Luxembourg had over his mind had been unfavourable to me, and that she had taken advantage of our separation to injure me in his esteem. For her part, notwithstanding a few affected marks of regard, which daily became less frequent, she less concealed the change in her friendship. She wrote to me four or five times into Switzerland, after which she never wrote to me again ; and nothing but my prejudice, confidence, and blindness could have prevented my discovering in her something more than a coolness towards me,

Guy the bookseller, partner with Duchesne, who, after I had left Montmorency, frequently went to the Hôtel de Luxembourg, wrote to me that my name was in the will of the Maréchal. There was nothing in this either incredible or extraordinary, on which account I had no doubt of the truth of the information. I deliberated within myself whether or not I should accept the legacy. Everything well considered, I determined to accept it, whatever it might be, and to do honour to the memory of an honest man, who, in a rank in which friendship is seldom found, had had a real one for me. I did not have this duty to fulfil. I heard no more of the legacy, whether it were true or false ; and, in truth, I should have felt some pain in offending one of the great maxims of my system of morality, in profiting by anything at the death of a person whom I had once held dear. During the last illness of our friend Mussard, Lenieps proposed to me to take advantage of the grateful sense he expressed for our cares to insinuate to him dispositions in our favour. " Ah ! my dear Lenieps," said I, " let us not pollute by interested ideas the sad but sacred duties we discharge towards our dying friend." I pray my name will never be found in the testament of any person, at least not in that of a friend. It was about this time that my Lord Maréchal spoke to me of his, of what he intended to do in it for me, and that I made him the answer of which I have spoken in the first part of my memoirs.

My second loss, still more afflicting and irreparable, was that of the best of women and mothers, who, already weighed down with years, and overburdened with infirmities and misery, quitted this vale of tears for the abode of the blessed, where the amiable remembrance of the good we have done here below is the eternal reward of our benevolence. Go, gentle and beneficent shade, to those of Fénelon, Bernex, Catinat, and others, who, in a more humble state, have, like them, opened their hearts to true charity—go and taste of the fruit of your own benevolence, and prepare for your son the place he hopes to fill by your side, happy in your misfortunes that Heaven, in putting to them a period, has spared you the cruel spectacle of his! Fearing lest I should fill her heart with sorrow by the recital of my first disasters, I had not written to her since my arrival in Switzerland, but I wrote to M. de Conzié to inquire after her situation, and it was from him I learned that she had ceased to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted, and that her own were at an end. I myself shall not suffer long; but if I thought I should not see her again in the life to come, my feeble imagination would less delight in the idea of the perfect happiness which I there hope to enjoy.

My third and last loss, for since that time I have not had a friend to lose, was that of the Lord Marshal. He did not die, but, tired of serving the ungrateful, he left Neuchâtel, and I have never seen him since. He still lives, and will, I hope, survive me: he is alive, and, thanks to him, all my attachments on earth are not destroyed. There is one man still worthy of my friendship; for the true value of this consists more in what we feel than in that which we inspire; but I have lost the pleasure I enjoyed in his, and can rank him in the number of those only whom I love, but with whom I am no longer connected. He went to England to receive the pardon of the King, and acquired the possession of the property which formerly had been confiscated. We did not separate without an intention of again being united, the idea of which seemed to give him as much pleasure as I received from it. He determined to reside at Keith Hall

near Aberdeen, and I was to join him as soon as he was settled there. But this project was too flattering to my hopes to give me any of its realization. He did not remain in Scotland. The affectionate solicitations of the King of Prussia induced him to return to Berlin, and the reason of my not going to him there will presently appear.

Before his departure, foreseeing the storm which my enemies began to raise against me, he of his own accord sent me letters of naturalization, which seemed to be a certain means of preventing me from being driven from the country. The community of the Convent of Val de Travers followed the example of the governor, and gave me letters of communion, gratis, as they were the first. Thus, in every respect, become a citizen, I was sheltered from legal expulsion even by the Prince; but it has never been by legitimate means that the man who, of all others, has ever shown the greatest respect for the laws, has been persecuted. I do not think I ought to enumerate amongst the number of my losses at this time that of the Abbé Mably. Having lived some time at the house of his mother, I have been acquainted with the Abbé, but not very intimately, and I have reason to believe that the nature of his sentiments with respect to me changed after I acquired a greater celebrity than he already had. But the first time I discovered his insincerity was immediately after the publication of the *Lettres de la Montagne*. A letter attributed to him, addressed to Madame Saladin, was handed about in Geneva, in which he spoke of this work as the seditious clamours of a furious demagogue.

The esteem I had for the Abbé Mably, and my high opinion of his understanding, did not permit me to believe this extravagant letter was written by him. I acted in this business with my customary candour. I sent him a copy of the letter, in which I informed him it was rumoured that he was the author. He returned me no answer. This silence astonished me; but what was my astonishment when by a letter I received from Madame de Chenonceaux I learned that the Abbé was really the author

of that which was attributed to him, and that he found himself greatly embarrassed by mine. For even supposing for a moment that what he stated was true, how could he justify so public an attack, wantonly made, without obligation or necessity, for the sole purpose of overwhelming, in the midst of his direst misfortunes, a man to whom he had shown himself a well-wisher, and who had not done anything that could excite his enmity? A short time afterwards appeared the "Dialogues of Phocian," in which I perceived nothing but a compilation, without shame or restraint, from my writings.

In reading this book, I ascertained that the author had not the least regard for me, and that in future I must number him among my most bitter enemies. I do not believe he has ever pardoned me for the "Social Contract," far superior to his abilities, or the "Perpetual Peace"; and I am further of opinion that the desire he expressed that I should make an extract from the Abbé de St. Pierre proceeded from a supposition in him that I should not acquit myself of it so well.

The farther I advance in my narrative, the less order I feel myself capable of observing. The agitation of the rest of my life has deranged the succession of events in my ideas. These are too numerous, confused, and repugnant to be recited in due order. The only vivid impression they have left upon my mind is that of the horrid mystery by which the cause of them is concealed, and of the deplorable state to which they have reduced me. My narrative will in future be irregular, and according to the events which, without order, may occur to my recollection. I remember, about the time to which I refer, full of the idea of my Confessions, I very imprudently spoke of them to everybody, never imagining it could be the wish or interest, much less within the power, of any person whatsoever to throw an obstacle in the way of this undertaking; and had I suspected it, even this would not have rendered me more discreet, as from the nature of my disposition it is totally impossible for me to conceal either my thoughts or my feelings. The

knowledge of this enterprise was, as far as I can judge, the cause of the storm that was raised to drive me from Switzerland, and deliver me into the hands of those by whom I might be prevented from executing it.

I had another project in contemplation, which was not looked upon with a more favourable eye by those who were afraid of the first; this was a general edition of my works. I thought this edition of them necessary to ascertain what books, amongst those to which my name was affixed, were really written by me, and to furnish the public with the means of distinguishing them from the effusions falsely attributed to me by my enemies, to bring me to dishonour and contempt. This was, besides, a simple and an honourable means of ensuring to myself a livelihood, and the only one that remained open to me. As I had renounced the profession of an author, my memoirs not being of a nature to appear during my lifetime, and as I no longer gained a farthing in any manner whatsoever, and constantly lived at a certain expense, I saw the end of my resources in that of the produce of the last things I had written. This reason had induced me to hasten the finishing of my "Dictionary of Music," which was still incomplete. I had received a hundred louis for it, and a life annuity of three hundred livres; but a hundred louis could not last long in the hands of a man who annually expended upwards of sixty, and three hundred livres a year was but a trifling sum to one upon whom parasites and beggarly visitors alighted like a swarm of flies.

A company of merchants from Neuchâtel came to undertake the general edition, and a printer or bookseller of the name of Reguillat, from Lyons, thrust himself, I know not by what means, amongst them to direct it. The agreement was made upon reasonable terms, and sufficient to accomplish my object. I had in print and manuscript matter for six volumes in quarto. I, moreover, agreed to give my assistance in bringing out the edition. The merchants were, on their part, to pay me a thousand crowns down, and to assign me an annuity of sixteen hundred livres for life.

The agreement was concluded, but not signed, when the *Lettres de la Montagne* appeared. The indescribable explosion caused by this infernal work, and its abominable author, terrified the company, and the undertaking was at an end.

I would compare the effect of this last production to that of the Letter on French Music, had not that letter, while it brought upon me hatred, and exposed me to danger, acquired me respect and esteem. But after the appearance of the last work, it was a matter of astonishment at Geneva and Versailles that such a monster as the author of it should be suffered to exist. The little Council, excited by the residents, and directed by the attorney-general, made a declaration against my work, by which, in the most severe terms, it was declared to be unworthy of being burned by the hands of the hangman, adding, with an address which bordered upon the burlesque, that there was no possibility of speaking of or answering it without dishonour. I would here transcribe the curious piece of composition, but unfortunately I have not it by me. I ardently wish some of my readers, animated by a zeal for truth and equity, would examine the *Lettres de la Montagne*. They will, I dare hope, detect the stoical moderation which reigns throughout the whole, after all the cruel outrages with which the author was burdened. But, unable to answer the abuse, because no part of it could be answered or called by that name, my enemies pretended to appear too much enraged to reply. And it is true, that if they took the invincible arguments it contains for abuse, they must have felt themselves roughly handled.

The remonstrating party, far from complaining of the odious declaration, acted according to the spirit of it, and instead of making a trophy of the *Lettres de la Montagne*, which they veiled to make them serve as a shield, were pusillanimous enough not to do justice or honour to that work, written to defend them, and at their own solicitation. They did not either quote or mention the letters, although they tacitly drew from them all their arguments, and by exactly following the advice with which they conclude,

made them the sole cause of their safety and triumph. They had imposed on me this duty. I had fulfilled it, and unto the end had served their cause and country. I begged of them to abandon me, and in their quarrels to think of nobody but themselves. They took me at my word, and I concerned myself no more about their affairs, further than constantly exhorting them to peace, never doubting, in the event of their continuing to be obstinate, of their being crushed by France. This, however, did not happen ; I know the reason why it did not, but this is not the place to explain what I mean.

The effect produced at Neuchâtel by the *Lettres de la Montagne* was at first very mild. I sent a copy of them to M. de Montmollin, who received it favourably, and perused it without making any objection. He was ill as well as myself ; as soon as he recovered, he came in a friendly manner to me, and conversed on general subjects. A rumour was, however, circulated, and the book was burned I know not where. From Geneva, Berne, and perhaps from Versailles, the effervescence rapidly passed to Neuchâtel, and especially to Val de Travers, where, before even the ministers had taken any apparent steps, an attempt was secretly made to stir up the people. I ought, I will assert, to have been beloved by the people of that country in which I have lived, giving alms in abundance, not leaving about me an indigent person without assistance, never refusing to do any service in my power, and, when consistent with justice, making myself perhaps too familiar with everybody, and avoiding, as far as it was possible for me so to do, all distinction which might excite any approach to jealousy. This, however, did not prevent the populace, secretly stirred up by persons unknown to me, from being by degrees irritated against me, even to fury, nor from publicly insulting me, not only in the country and upon the road, but in the street. Those to whom I had rendered the greatest services became most violent against me, and even people who still continued to receive my benefactions, not daring to appear, excited others, and seemed to wish thus to

be revenged on me for their humiliation, by obligations they were under for the favour I had conferred upon them. Montmollin appeared to pay no attention to what was passing, and did not yet come forward. But as the time of communion approached, he came to advise me to absent myself at the holy table, assuring me, however, that he was not my enemy, and that he would leave me unmolested. I found this compliment whimsical enough; it brought to my recollection the letter from Madame de Boufflers, and I could not conceive why it should be a matter of importance to any person whether I communicated or not. Considering this condescension on my part as an act of cowardice, and moreover, being unwilling to give to the people a new pretence under which they might charge me with impiety, I refused the request of the minister, and he went away dissatisfied, giving me to understand that I should repent of my obstinacy.

He could not of his own authority forbid me the communion: that of the Consistory, by which I had been admitted, was necessary; and as long as there was no objection raised from that body, I might present myself without the fear of being refused. Montmollin procured from the *classe* (the ministers) a commission to summon me before the Consistory, there to give an account of the articles of my faith, and to excommunicate me should I decline to comply. This excommunication could not be pronounced without the aid of the Consistory also, and a majority of the voices. But the peasants who, under the appellation of elders, composed this assembly, presided over and governed by their minister, might naturally be expected to adopt his opinion, especially in matters pertaining to the clergy, which they understood less than he did. I was therefore summoned, and I resolved to appear.

What a happy circumstance and triumph would this have been to me could I have spoken, and had I, if I may so express it, had my pen in my mouth! With what superiority, with what facility even, should I have overthrown this poor minister in the midst of his six peasants!

The thirst after power having made the Protestant clergy forget all the principles of the Reformation, all I had to do, to recall these to their recollection and reduce them to silence, was to make comments upon my first *Lettres de la Montagne*, upon which they had the folly to animadvert.

My text was ready ; I had only to enlarge on it, and my adversary was confounded. I should not have been weak enough to remain on the defensive ; it was easy for me to become an assailant without his even discovering it, or being able to shelter himself from my attack. The contemptible priests of the *classe*, equally careless and ignorant, had themselves placed me in the most favourable situation I could desire to crush them at pleasure. But what of this ? It was imperative that I should speak without hesitation, and find ideas, turns of expression, and words at will, preserving a presence of mind, and keeping myself collected, without once suffering even a momentary confusion. For what could I hope, feeling, as I did, my want of aptitude to express myself with ease ? I had been reduced to the most mortifying silence at Geneva before an assembly which was favourable to me, and previously determined to approve of everything I should say. Here, on the contrary, I had to deal with a caviller who, substituting cunning for knowledge, would spread for me a hundred snares before I could detect one of them, and was resolutely determined to catch me in an error, let the consequence be what it would. The more I examined the situation in which I stood, the greater the danger I found myself exposed to ; and feeling the impossibility of successfully withdrawing from it, I thought of another expedient. I meditated a discourse which I intended to pronounce before the Consistory, to exempt myself from the necessity of answering. The task was easy. I composed the discourse and commenced to learn it by memory with an inconceivable ardour. Thérèse laughed at hearing me mutter and incessantly repeat the same phrases while endeavouring to cram them into my head. I hoped at length to remember what I had written. I knew the

Châtelain, an officer attached to the service of the Prince, would be present at the Consistory, and that notwithstanding the manœuvres and battles of Montmollin, most of the elders were well disposed towards me. Moreover, I had in my favour reason, truth, and justice, with the protection of the King, the authority of the Council of State, and the good wishes of every real patriot to whom the establishment of this inquisition was threatening. In short, everything contributed to encourage me.

On the eve of the day appointed I had my discourse by rote, and recited it without missing a word. I had it in my head all night; in the morning I had forgotten it! I hesitated at every word, imagined myself before the assembly, became confused, stammered, and lost my presence of mind. Eventually, when the time to make my appearance was almost at hand, my courage completely failed me. I remained at home, and wrote to the Consistory hastily stating my reasons, and pleaded my disorder, which really, in the state to which apprehension had reduced me, would scarcely have permitted me to stay out the whole sitting.

The minister, embarrassed by my letter, adjourned the Consistory. In the interval, he, of himself and by his creatures, made a thousand efforts to seduce the elders, who, following the dictates of their consciences rather than those they received from him, did not vote according to his wishes or those of the *classe*. Whatever power his arguments drawn from his cellar might have over these kind of people, he could not gain one of them more than the two or three who were already devoted to his will, and who were called his *âmes damnées*. The officer of the Prince and the Colonel Pury, who in this affair acted with consummate zeal, kept the rest to their duty, and when Montmollin desired to proceed to excommunication, his Consistory, by a majority of voices, flatly refused to authorize him to do so. Thus reduced to the last expedient—that of stirring up the people against me—he, his colleagues, and other persons set

ing the powerful and frequent rescripts of the King and the orders of the Council of State, I was at length obliged to quit the country, that I might not expose the officer of the King to be himself assassinated while he rendered me his protection.

The recollection of the whole of this affair is so confused, that it is impossible for me to reduce or to connect the circumstances of it. I remember that a sort of negotiation had been entered into with the *classe*, in which Montmollin was the mediator. He feigned to believe that it was feared I should by my writings disturb the peace of the country, in which case the liberty granted me of writing would be blamed. He had given me to understand that if I consented to lay down my pen what was past would be forgotten. I had already entered into this engagement with myself, and did not hesitate in doing it with the *classe*, but conditionally and solely in matters of religion. He found means to have a duplicate of the agreement upon some change necessary to be made in it; the condition having been rejected by the *classe*, I demanded back the writing, which was returned to me, but he kept the duplicate, pretending that it was lost. After this the people, openly excited by the ministers, scoffed at the rescripts of the Sovereign and the orders of the Council of State, and shook off all restraint. I was declaimed against from the pulpit, stigmatized as Antichrist, and pursued in the country like a mad wolf. My Armenian dress revealed me to the populace; of this I felt cruel inconvenience, but to quit the country under such circumstances appeared to me an act of cowardice. I could not prevail upon myself to do it, and I quietly walked through the country with my caffetan and fur bonnet in the midst of the hootings of the drags of the people, and sometimes through a shower of stones. Several times as I passed before houses I heard those by whom they were inhabited call out, "Bring me my gun, that I may fire at him!" As I did not on this account hasten my pace, my calmness increased their fury, but they never went further than threats.

During this fermentation I received from two circumstances the most delightful pleasure. The first was my having it in my power to prove my gratitude by means of the Lord Marshal. The honest portion of the inhabitants of Neuchâtel, brimming with indignation at the treatment I received and the manœuvres of which I was the victim, held the ministers in execration, clearly perceiving they were obedient to a foreign impulse, and the vile agents of people who, in coercing them to act, kept themselves concealed ; they were, moreover, afraid my case would have dangerous consequences, and be made a precedent for the purpose of establishing a real inquisition.

The magistrates, and especially M. Meuron, who had succeeded M. d'Ivernois in the office of attorney-general, made every effort to defend me. Colonel Pury, although a private individual, did more, and succeeded better. It was the Colonel who found means to make Montmollin submit in his Consistory by keeping the elders to their duty. He had credit, and employed it to stop the sedition ; but he had nothing more than the authority of the laws, and the aid of justice and reason to oppose that of money and wine ; the combat was unequal, and in this point Montmollin was triumphant. However, grateful for his zeal and assistance, I wished to have it in my power to make him a return for his service, and in some measure discharge a part of the obligations I was under to him. I knew he was very desirous of being named a councillor of State, but having displeased the Court by his conduct in the affair of the minister Petitpierre, he was in disgrace with the Prince and Governor. I, however, undertook at all risks to write to the Lord Marshal in his favour ; I went so far as even to mention the appointment he was desirous to obtain, and my application was so well received that, contrary to the expectations of his most ardent well-wishers, it was instantly conferred upon him by the King. In this manner, fate, which has constantly raised me to too great an elevation, or precipitated me into an abyss of adversity, continued to toss me from one extreme to another ; and whilst the populace

covered me with mud, I was in a position to make a counsellor of State.

The other pleasing circumstance was a visit I received from Madame de Verdelin, with her daughter, with whom she had been living at the baths of Bourbonne, whence they came to Motiers and stayed with me two or three days. By her attention and cares she at length conquered my long repugnancy; and my heart, won by her endearing manner, made her a return of all the friendship of which she had long given me proofs. This visit made me extremely sensible of her kindness. My situation rendered the consolations of friendship highly necessary to support me under my sufferings. I was afraid she would be too much affected by the insults I received from the populace, and I could have wished to conceal them from her in order that her feelings might not be hurt, but this was impossible; and although in our walks her presence was some check upon the insolent populace, she witnessed enough of their brutality to enable her to judge of what passed when I was alone. During the short residence she made at Motiers I was still attacked in my habitation. One morning her chamber-maid found my window blocked up with stones, which had been thrown at it during the night. A very heavy bench, placed in the street by the side of the house and strongly fastened down, was taken up and reared against the door in such a manner as, had it not been seen from the window, to have knocked down the first person who opened the door to go out. Madame de Verdelin was acquainted with everything that passed, for, besides what she herself was witness to, her confidential servant went into many houses in the village, spoke to everybody, and was seen in conversation with Montmollin. She did not, however, seem to pay the least attention to that which happened to me, never mentioning Montmollin or any other person, and answered in a few words what I said to her of him. Persuaded that a residence in England would be more agreeable to me than any other, she frequently mentioned Mr. Hume, who was then at Paris, of his friendship

for me, and the desire he had of being of service to me in his own country. It is time I should say something of Hume.

He had acquired a splendid reputation in France amongst the Encyclopédists by his essays on commerce and politics, and in the last place by his history of the house of Stewart, the only one of his writings of which I had read a part, in the translation of the Abbé Prévot. Being unacquainted with his other works, I was persuaded, according to what I heard of him, that Mr. Hume joined a very republican mind to the English paradoxes in favour of luxury. In this opinion I considered his whole apology of Charles I. a prodigy of impartiality, and I had as great an idea of his virtue as of his genius. The desire to become acquainted with this great man, and of obtaining his friendship, had greatly strengthened the inclination I felt to go to England, induced by the solicitations of Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of Hume. After my arrival in Switzerland, I received from him, by means of this lady, an extremely flattering letter, in which, to the highest encomiums on my genius, he subjoined a pressing invitation for me to visit England, and the offer of all his interest, and that of his friends, to make my residence there agreeable. In the country to which I had retired I found the Lord Marshal, the countryman and friend of Hume, who confirmed my good opinion of him, and from whom I learned a literary anecdote, which did him considerable honour in the opinion of his lordship, and had a similar effect on me. Wallace, who had written derogatory to Hume upon the subject of the population of the ancients, was absent whilst his work was in the press. Hume took upon himself to examine the proofs, and to do the needful to the edition. This manner of acting was according to my own way of thinking. I had sold at six sols (threepence) a-piece the copies of a song written against myself; I was, therefore, strongly prejudiced in favour of Hume, when Madame de Verdelin came and mentioned the lively friendship he entertained for me, and his anxiety to do me the honours of England—this was her expression.

She pressed me a great deal to take advantage of this zeal and to write to him. As I had not naturally an inclination to England, and did not intend to go there until the last extremity, I refused to write or to make any promise, but I left her at liberty to do whatever she should think necessary to keep Mr. Hume favourably disposed towards me. When she went from Motiers she left me in the persuasion, by everything she had said to me of that illustrious man, that he was my friend, and she herself still more his.

After her departure Montmollin carried on his manoeuvres with increased vigour, and the populace abandoned all restraint; yet I still continued to walk quietly amidst the hootings of the vulgar; and a taste for botany, which I began to contract with Doctor d'Ivernois, making my ramble more entertaining, I went through the country herbalizing, without being affected by the clamours of this scum of the earth, whose fury was still augmented by my calmness. What affected me most was, seeing families of my friends,* or of persons who gave themselves that name, openly join the league of my persecutors; such as the D'Ivernois, without excepting the father and brother of my Isabelle Boy de La Tour, a relation to the friend in whose house I lodged, and Madame Girardin, her sister-in-law. This Peter Boy was such a brute, so stupid, and behaved so uncouthly, that, to prevent my mind from being disturbed, I took the liberty to ridicule him; and, after the manner of the *Petite Prophète*, I wrote a pamphlet of a few pages, entitled *La Vision de Pierre de la Montagne dit le*

* This fatality had begun with my residence at Yverdon. The banneret Roquin dying a year or two after my departure from that city, the old Père Roquin had the candour to inform me with grief, as he said, that in the papers of his relation proofs had been found of his having been concerned in the conspiracy to expel me from Yverdon and the State of Berne. This clearly proved the conspiracy not to be, as some persons pretended to believe, an affair of hypocrisy, since the banneret, far from being a devotee, carried materialism and incredulity to intolerance and fanaticism. Besides, nobody at Yverdon had shown me more constant attention, nor had so prodigally bestowed upon me praises and flattery as this banneret. He faithfully followed the favourite plan of my persecutors.

Voyant, in which I found means to be diverting enough on the miracles which then served as the great pretext for my persecution. De Peyrou had this scrap printed at Geneva, but its success in the country was but moderate; the Neuchâtelois, with all their wit, taste but weakly Attic salt or pleasantry when these are a little refined.

In the midst of decrees and persecutions, the Genevese had distinguished themselves by setting up a hue and cry with all their might; and my friend Vernes, amongst others, with an heroic generosity, chose that moment precisely to publish against me letters in which he pretended to prove I was not a Christian. These letters, written with an air of self-sufficiency, were not the better for it, although it was positively said that the celebrated Bonnet had given them some correction; for this man, although a materialist, has an intolerant orthodoxy the moment I am in question. There certainly was nothing in this work which could tempt me to answer it, but, having an opportunity of saying a few words upon it in my *Lettres de la Montagne*, I inserted in them a short note sufficiently expressive of disdain to render Vernes furious. He filled Geneva with his furious exclamations, and D'Ivernois wrote me a word to the effect that he had completely lost his senses. Some time afterwards appeared an anonymous sheet, which, instead of ink, seemed to be written with the water of Phlegethon. In this letter I was accused of having exposed my children in the streets, of taking about with me a soldier's trull, of being worn out with debaucheries . . . and other pleasant acts of a like nature. It was not difficult for me to discover the author. My first idea on reading this libel was to reduce to its real value everything the world calls fame and reputation amongst men; seeing thus a man who was never in a brothel in his life, and whose greatest defect was his being as timid and shy as a young girl, treated as a frequenter of places of that description. Everything well considered, I thought I could not better refute this libel than to have it printed in the city in which I had longest been in residence and with this intention I sent it to Duchesne to print it as

it was with an advertisement, in which I named M. Vernes, and a few short notes by way of *éclaircissement*. Not satisfied with printing it only, I forwarded copies to several persons, and, amongst others, one copy to the Prince Louis of Wirtemberg, who made me polite advances, and with whom I was in correspondence. The Prince, Du Peyrou, and others, seemed to have their doubts about the author of the libel, and blamed me for having named Vernes upon so unstable a foundation. Their remarks produced in me some scruples, and I wrote to Duchesne to suppress the paper. Guy wrote advising that he had suppressed it. This may or may not be the case; I have been deceived on so many occasions that there would be nothing extraordinary in my being so on this, and from the time of which I speak I was so enveloped in profound darkness that it was impossible for me to arrive at any kind of truth.

M. Vernes bore the imputation with a moderation more than astonishing in a man who was supposed not to have deserved it, and after the fury with which he was seized on former occasions. He wrote to me two or three letters in extraordinarily guarded terms, with a view, as it appeared to me, to endeavour by my replies to discover how far I was certain of his being the author of the paper, and whether or not I had any proofs against him. I wrote him two short answers, severe in the sense, but politely expressed, and with which he was not displeased. To his third letter, perceiving that he wished to form a kind of correspondence with me, I returned no answer, in consequence of which he persuaded D'Ivernois to speak to me. Madame Cramer wrote to Du Peyrou, telling him she was certain the libel was not concocted by M. Vernes. This, however, did not suffice to make me change my opinion; but as it was possible I might be deceived, and as it is certain that if I were I owed Vernes an explicit reparation, I sent him word by D'Ivernois that I would make him such a one as he should think adequate, provided he would name the real author of the libel, or at least prove that he himself was not so. I went further: feeling that, after all, were he not

culpable, I had no right to call upon him for proofs of any kind, I stated, in a memoir of considerable length, the reasons whence I had inferred my conclusion, and determined to submit them to the judgment of an arbitrator against whom Vernes could not take exception. But few people would guess the arbitrator of whom I made choice. I declared at the end of the memoir, that if, after having examined it and made such inquiries as should seem necessary, the Council pronounced M. Vernes to be innocent of the libel, from that moment I should fully believe he was, and would immediately proceed to throw myself at his feet, and ask his pardon until I had obtained it. I can say with the greatest truth that my ardent zeal for equity, the uprightness and generosity of my heart, and my confidence in the love of justice innate in every mind, never appeared more fully and perceptible than in this wise and interesting memoir, in which I took, without hesitating, my most implacable enemies for arbitrators between a calumniator and myself. To Du Peyrou I read what I had written. He advised me to suppress it, and I acted according to his advice. He wished me to wait for the proofs Vernes promised, and I am still waiting for them. He thought it best I should in the meantime be silent, and I held my tongue, and shall do so for the rest of my life, censured as I am for having brought against Vernes a heavy imputation, false and unsupported by proof, although I am still fully persuaded, nay, as convinced as I am of my existence, that he was the author of the libel. My memoir is in the hands of Du Peyrou. Should it ever be published, my reasons will be found contained therein, and the heart of Jean-Jacques, with which my contemporaries refused to be acquainted, will, I hope, be known.

I now travel on to my catastrophe at Motiers, and to my departure from Val de Travers after a residence of two years and a half, and eight months' suffering with unshaken constancy of the most unworthy treatment. It is impossible for me clearly to define the circumstances of this disagreeable period, but a detail of them will be found in a

publication to that effect by Du Peyrou, of which I shall hereafter have occasion to mention.

After the departure of Madame de Verdelin the fermentation increased ; and, notwithstanding the reiterated rescripts of the Sovereign, the frequent orders of the Council of State, and the end of the endeavours of the Châtelain and magistrates of the place, the people, seriously considering me as Antichrist, and perceiving all their clamours to be of no effect, seemed at length determined to proceed to violence. Stones were already hurled at me in the thoroughfares, but I was, however, in general at too great a distance to receive any harm from them. At last, in the night of the fair of Motiers—at the beginning of September—I was attacked in my habitation in such a manner as to endanger the lives of every inmate.

At midnight I heard a terrible disturbance in the gallery running along the back part of the house. A shower of stones, thrown against the window and the door opening to the gallery, fell into it with so much noise and violence, that my dog, which usually slept there and had begun to bark, ceased from fright, and ran into a corner, gnawing and scratching the planks in his endeavour to make an escape. I immediately rose, and was preparing to go from my chamber into the kitchen, when a stone thrown by a vigorous arm crossed the latter, after having demolished the window, forced open the door of my chamber, and fell at my feet, so that had I been a moment sooner upon the floor I should have had the stone against my stomach. I judged that the noise had been made to bring me to the door, and the stone thrown to receive me as I went out. I ran into the kitchen, where I found Thérèse, who also had risen, and was tremblingly making her way to me as rapidly as she could. We placed ourselves against the wall out of the direction of the window to avoid the stones, and deliberated upon the best policy, for going out to call assistance was the certain means of getting ourselves knocked on the head. Fortunately, the maid-servant of an old man who lodged under me was awakened by the tumult, and got up and ran to call the

Châtelain, whose house was next to mine. He jumped from his bed, put on his *robe de chambre*, and instantly came to me with the guard, which, on account of the fair, went the round that night, and was just at hand. The Châtelain was so alarmed at the sight of the effect of what had happened that he turned pale, and on seeing the stones in the gallery exclaimed, "Good God! here is a quarry!" On examining below stairs, the door of a little court was found to have been forced, and there was an appearance of an attempt having been made to force an ingress into the house by the gallery. On inquiring the reason why the guard had neither prevented nor been aware of the disturbance, it leaked out that the guards of Motiers had insisted upon doing duty that night, although it was the turn of those of another village.

The next day the Châtelain sent his report to the Council of State, which two days afterwards sent an order to inquire into the affair, to promise a reward and secrecy to those who should impeach such as were guilty, and in the meantime to place at the expense of the King guards about my house and that of the Châtelain adjoining. The day after the disturbance, Colonel Pury, the attorney-general Meuron, the Châtelain Martinet, the receiver Guyenet, the treasurer D'Ivernois, and his father, in a word, every person of consequence in the country, came to see me, and united their solicitations to persuade me to yield to the storm and leave, at least for a time, a place in which I could no longer live in safety nor with honour. I saw that even the Châtelain was alarmed at the fury of the populace, and apprehending it might extend to himself would be glad to see me depart as soon as possible, in order that he might no longer have the trouble of protecting me there, and be able to quit the parish, which he did after my departure. I therefore yielded to their solicitations, and this with but little pain, for the hatred of the people so affected my heart that I was no longer able to bear it.

I had a choice of places to retire to. After Madame de Verdelin returned to Paris, she had in several letters

mentioned a Mr. Walpole, whom she designated "my lord," who, having a strong desire to serve me, proposed an asylum at one of his country houses, of the situation of which she gave me the most agreeable description, entering, relative to lodging and subsistence, into a detail which proved she and Lord Walpole had held particular consultations upon the project. My Lord Marshal had always advised me to go to England or Scotland, and, in case of my deciding upon the latter, offered me an asylum there. But he offered me another at Potsdam, near to his person, and which tempted me more than all the rest. He had just communicated to me what the King had said to him upon my going there, which was a kind of invitation to me from that monarch, and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha depended so much upon my taking the journey that she wrote to me desiring I would go to see her on my way to the Court of Prussia, and stay some time before I proceeded further; but I was so attached to Switzerland that I could not resolve to quit it so long as it was possible for me to live there, and I seized this opportunity to execute a project I had for several months had in contemplation, and of which I have deferred speaking that I might not cause a break in my narrative.

This project consisted in going to reside in the island of St. Peter, an estate belonging to the Hospital of Berne, in the centre of the lake of Bienne. In the pedestrian pilgrimage I had made the preceding year with Du Peyrou we had visited this isle, and I was so hugely delighted that I had since that time incessantly bethought myself how I could make it my place of residence. The greatest obstacle to my wishes arose from the property of the island being vested in the people of Berne, who three years before had driven me from amongst them; and besides the mortification of returning to live with people who had given me so unfavourable a reception, I had reason to fear they would leave me no more at peace in the island than they had done at Yverdon. I had consulted the Lord Marshal upon the subject, who, thinking as I did, that the people of Berne would be glad to see me banished to the island, and to keep

me there as a hostage for the works I might be tempted to write, had founded their dispositions by means of M. Sturler, his old neighbour at Colombier. M. Sturler addressed himself to the chiefs of the State, and according to their answer assured the Marshal that the Bernois, repenting of their past behaviour, desired to see me settled in the island of St. Peter, and to leave me there without molestation. As an additional precaution, before I consented to reside there, I desired the Colonel Chaillet to make additional inquiries. He confirmed what I had already heard, and the receiver of the island having obtained from his superiors permission to lodge me in it, I concluded I might without danger go to the house, with the tacit consent of the Sovereign and the proprietors, for I could not expect the people of Berne would openly acknowledge the injustice they had done me, and thus act contrary to the most inviolable maxim of all sovereigns.

The island of St. Peter, called at Neuchâtel the island of La Motte, in the middle of the lake of Bienne, is half a league in circumference, but in this little space all the chief productions necessary to subsistence are found. The island possesses fields, meadows, orchards, woods, and vineyards, and all these, favoured by variegated and mountainous situations, form a capital distribution, as the parts not being discovered all at once are seen successively to advantage, and make the island appear greater than it is in reality. A very elevated terrace forms the western part of it, and commands Gleresse and Neuveville. This terrace is decorated with trees which form a long alley, interrupted in the middle by a magnificent saloon, in which, during the vintage, the people from the neighbouring shores assemble and divert themselves. There is but one house in the whole island, but that is very spacious and convenient, inhabited by the receiver, and situated in a hollow, thereby being sheltered from the winds.

Five or six hundred paces to the south of the island of St. Peter is another island, considerably smaller than the former, wild and uncultivated, which appears to have been

detached from the greater isle by storm ; its gravelly soil producing nothing but willows and persicaria, but there is in it a high hill well covered with pleasant greensward. The form of the lake is almost a regular oval. The banks, less fertile than those of the lake of Geneva and Neuchâtel, form a delightful decoration, especially towards the western part, which is well peopled, and edged with vineyards at the foot of a chain of mountains something like those of Côte-Rôtie, but which do not produce such excellent wine. The bailiwick of St. John, Bonneville, Berne, and Bienne lie in a line from the south to the north, to the extremity of the lake, the whole interspersed with very pretty villages.

Such was the asylum I had prepared for myself, and to which I had agreed to retire after quitting Val de Travers. It may perhaps be necessary to remark that I left there an enemy in M. du Teneaux, Mayor of Verrieres, not much esteemed in the country, but who had a brother, reputed to be an honest man, in the office of M. de St. Florentin. The mayor had been to see him some time before my adventure. Trifling remarks of this kind, though of no consequence in themselves, may lead to the discovery of many underhand dealings. This choice was so acceptable to my peaceful intentions, and my solitary and indolent disposition, that I consider it as one of the pleasing reveries of which I became most passionately fond. I thought I should in that island be more separated from men, more sheltered from their outrages, and sooner forgotten by mankind ; in a word, more abandoned to the delightful pleasures of the inaction of a contemplative life. I could have wished to have been confined in it in such a manner as to have had no intercourse with mortals, and I certainly took every measure I could imagine to relieve me from the necessity of troubling my head about them.

The important question was that of subsistence, and by the costliness of provisions and the difficulty of carriage this is heavy in the island ; the inhabitants are, besides, at the mercy of the receiver. The difficulty was overcome by Du Peyrou, he consenting to act as substitute of the com-

pany which had agreed to publish my general edition, but which had ultimately abandoned the project. I handed him all the requisite materials and made all the arrangements. Furthermore, I added to the agreement ratified between us that of presenting him with the reminiscences of my life. I placed all my papers in his hands, but with the express stipulation that they should lie idle until the day of my death. I had an intense desire to terminate my days in peace, and I was anxious to avoid anything that might serve to bring me back to the angry recollection of the public. The income I was to derive for this was sufficient for my subsistence; and the Lord Marshal, having recovered all his property, had made me an offer of one thousand two hundred livres (fifty pounds) per annum, half of which I accepted. He was anxious to make me a present of the principal, but having no means to invest it, or place to keep it, I refused the offer. Eventually Du Peyrou took charge of it, paying me the sum agreed upon by his lordship. Adding therefore to the result of my agreement with Du Peyrou the annuity of the Marshal, two-thirds of which were reversible to Thérèse after my death, and the annuity of three hundred livres from Duchesne, I was assured of a genteel subsistence for myself, and after me for Thérèse, to whom I left seven hundred livres (twenty-nine pounds) a year, from the annuities paid me by Rey and the Lord Marshal. I had therefore no longer to fear a scarcity of bread. But it was ordained that honour should compel me to reject all these resources which fortune and my labours placed within my reach, and that I should die as poor as I had lived. It will be judged whether or not, without reducing myself to the last degree of infamy, I could abide by the engagements which care has always been taken to render ignominious, by depriving me of every other resource to force me to consent to my own dishonour. How was it possible anybody could doubt of the choice I should make in such an alternative? Others have judged of my heart by their own.

My mind at ease as to subsistence, it was without care

upon any other subject. Although I left in the world the field open to my enemies, there remained in the noble enthusiasm by which my writings were dictated, and in the constant uniformity of my principles, an evidence of the uprightness of my heart, which answered to that deducible from my conduct in favour of my natural disposition. I required no other defence in facing my calumniators. They might under my name describe another man, but it was impossible for them to deceive those who were unwilling to be imposed upon. I could have given them my whole life to animadvert upon, with a certainty that, notwithstanding all my faults and weaknesses, and my want of aptitude to support the lightest yoke, they would find me in every situation an honest and good man, without bitterness, hatred, or jealousy, ready to acknowledge my errors, and still more prompt to forget the injuries I received from others, seeking all my happiness in love, friendship, and affection, and in everything carrying my sincerity even to imprudence and the most incredible disinterestedness.

I therefore in some measure quitted the age in which I lived, and my contemporaries, bidding adieu to the world, with the intention to confine myself for the rest of my days to that island ; such was my resolution, and it was there I looked forward to executing the great project of the indolent life to which I had until then consecrated the little activity with which Heaven had endowed me. The island was to become to me that of Papimanie, that happy country where the inhabitants sleep

On fait plus, on n'y fait nulle chose.

This *more* was everything for me, for I never much regretted sleep ; indolence is sufficient to my happiness, and provided I do nothing, I would sooner dream waking than asleep. Being past the age of romantic projects, and having been more stunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame, my only hope was that of living at ease and constantly at leisure. This is the life of the blessed in the world hereafter, and for the rest of mine here below I made it my supreme happiness.

They who reproach me with so many contradictions will not fail here to add another to the number. I have already observed that the indolence of great companies made them unbearable to me, and I am now seeking solitude for the sole purpose of abandoning myself to inaction. This, however, is my inclination ; if there be in it a contradiction, it proceeds from nature and not from me ; but there is so little, that it is precisely on that account that I am never anything but consistent. The indolence of company is burdensome because it is forced ; that of solitude is charming because it is free, and depends upon the will. In company I suffer cruelly by inaction, for the simple reason that I am unable to help it. I must there remain chained to my chair, or stand upright like a picket without stirring a hand or foot, not daring to run, jump, sing, exclaim, nor gesticulate when I please, not allowed even to dream, suffering at the same time the fatigue of inaction and all the torment of constraint ; obliged to pay attention to every foolish sentence uttered, and to all the idle compliments paid, constantly coerced into keeping my mind upon the rack, so that I may not fail to introduce in my turn my jest or my lie. And this is called idleness ! It is the labour of a galley-slave.

The indolence to which I am so partial is not that of a lazy fellow who sits with his arms akimbo in complete inaction, thinking no more than he acts, but that of a child who is incessantly in motion doing nothing, and that of a dotard who wanders from his subject. I love to amuse myself with trifles by beginning a hundred things and never finishing one, by going and coming as I take either into my head, by changing my project at every instant, by following a fly through all its peregrinations, in wishing to overturn a rock to see what is under it, by undertaking with ardour the work of ten years and abandoning it without regret at the end of ten minutes ; finally, in musing from morn till night without order or coherence, and in following in every thing the caprice of the moment.

Botany, such as I have always considered it, and of which

after my own manner I began to be passionately fond, was precisely an idle study, calculated to fill up the void of my leisure without leaving room for the delirium of imagination or the weariness of complete inaction. Carelessly wandering in the woods and the country, mechanically gathering here a flower and there a branch, eating my morsel almost by chance, observing a thousand thousand times the same things, and always with the same interest, because I always forgot them, were to me the means of passing an eternity without a single weary moment. However elegant, admirable, and variegated the structure of plants may be, it does not strike an ignorant eye sufficiently to command attention. The constant analogy, together with the prodigious variety which reigns in their conformation, gives pleasure to those only who have already some conception of the vegetable system. Others, at the sight of these treasures of nature, feel nothing more than a stupid and monotonous admiration. They see nothing in detail, because they do not know for what they seek, nor do they understand the whole, having no idea of the chain of connection and combinations which overwhelms the mind of the observer with its wonders. I had arrived at that happy point of knowledge, and my lack of memory was such as always to keep me there, that I knew so little that the whole was really new to me, and yet everything that was necessary to make me sensible of the beauties of all the parts. The different soils into which the island, although diminutive, was divided, offered a sufficient variety of plants for the study and amusement of my entire life. I was determined not to leave a blade of grass without analysing it, and I already began to take measures for making, with an immense collection of observations, the "*Flora Petrin-sularis*."

I sent for Thérèse, she bringing with her my books and effects. We boarded with the receiver of the island. His wife had sisters at Nidau, who by turns came to see her, and were company for Thérèse. I here made the experiment of the agreeable life which could have wished to continue to

the end of my days, and the pleasure I found in it only served to make me feel to a greater degree the bitterness of that by which it was shortly to be succeeded.

I have always been passionately enamoured with the water, the sight of it throwing me into a delicious reverie, although frequently without a determinate object.

Immediately after I rose from my bed, I never failed, provided the weather was auspicious, to run to the terrace to respire the fresh and salubrious air of the morning, and glide my eye over the horizon of the lake, bounded by banks and mountains delightful to the view. I know no homage more worthy of the Divinity than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of His works, and which is not externally expressed. I can easily comprehend the reason why the inhabitants of vast cities, who see nothing but walls and streets, have but little faith, but not whence it happens that people in the country, and especially those that live in solitude, can possibly live without it. How comes it to pass that these do not a hundred times a day elevate their minds in ecstasy to the Author of the wonders which strike their senses? For my part, it is especially at rising, wearied by a want of sleep, that continual habit inclines me to this elevation, which does not impose the fatigue of thinking. But to this effect my eyes must be struck with the ravishing views of nature. In my chamber I pray less frequently, and not so fervently; but at the view of a beautiful landscape I feel myself moved, by what power I am unable to tell. I have somewhere read of a wise bishop, who, in a visit to his diocese, found an old woman whose only prayer consisted in the single interjection "Oh!" "Good mother," said he to her, "continue to pray in this manner. Your prayer is better than ours." This better prayer is mine also.

After breakfast I used to hasten with a frown on my brow to write a few pitiful letters, longing ardently for the moment when I should have no more to write. I busied myself for a few minutes about my books and papers, to unpack and arrange them, rather than to read what they con-

tained, and this arrangement, which to me became the work of Penelope, afforded me the pleasure of musing for a while. I then grew weary, and quitted my books to spend the three or four hours remaining to me of the morning in the study of botany, and especially of the system of Linnæus, which I became so passionately fond of, that, after having felt how useless my attachment to it was, I still could not entirely detach myself from it. This great observer is, in my opinion, the only one who, with Ludwig, has hitherto considered botany as a naturalist and a philosopher ; but he has studied it too much in herbals and gardens, and not sufficiently in nature herself. For my part, whose garden was always the whole island, the moment I wanted to make or verify an observation, I rushed into the woods or meadows with my book under my arm, and there laid myself upon the ground near the plant in question, examining it at my ease as it stood. This method was of great service to me in acquiring a knowledge of vegetables in their natural condition, before they had been cultivated and changed in their nature by the hands of men. Fagon, senior physician to Louis XIV., and who named and perfectly knew all the plants in the royal garden, is said to have been so ignorant in the country as not to know how to distinguish the same plants. With me the case is precisely the contrary. I know something of the work of nature, but nothing of that of the gardener.

I gave every afternoon entirely up to my indolent and careless disposition, and to following without regularity the impulse of the moment. When the weather was calm, I frequently went, immediately after I rose from dinner, and got into a boat alone. The receiver had taught me to row with one oar, and I rowed out into the middle of the lake. The moment I withdrew from the bank I felt a secret joy which well-nigh made me leap, and of which it is impossible for me to relate or even comprehend the cause, if it were not a secret congratulation on my being out of the reach of the wicked. I afterwards rowed about the lake, sometimes approaching the opposite bank, but never touching it. I frequently let

my boat float at the mercy of the wind and water abandoning myself to reveries without object, and which were not the less delightful for their stupidity. I sometimes exclaimed, "Oh, Nature ! oh, my mother ! I am here under thy guardianship alone ; here is no deceitful and cunning mortal to interfere between me and thee." In this manner I travelled half a league from land. I could have wished the lake had been the ocean. However, to satisfy my poor dog, who was not so fond as I of such a long stay on the water, I habitually followed one constant course ; this was landing at the little island, where I walked an hour or two, or laid myself down on the grass on the summit of the hill, there to satiate myself with the pleasure of admiring the lake and its environs, to examine and dissect all the herbs within my reach, and, like a second Robinson Crusoe, build myself an imaginary place of residence in the island. I became very much attached to this eminence. When I brought Thérèse, with the wife of the receiver and her sisters, to walk there, how proud was I to be their pilot and guide ! We took there rabbits to stock it. This was another source of pleasure to Jean-Jacques. These animals rendered the island additionally interesting to me. I afterwards visited it more frequently, and with increased pleasure, in order that I might observe the progress of the new inhabitants.

To these amusements I added one which recalled to my recollection the delightful life I led at La Charmettes, and to which the season particularly invited me. This was assisting in the rustic labours of gathering of roots and fruits, of which Thérèse and I made it a pleasure to partake, together with the spouse of the receiver and his family. I remember a Bernois, one M. Kirchberger, coming to see me, and found me perched upon a tree with a sack fastened to my waist, and already so full of apples that I could not stir from the branch on which I was located. I was not sorry to be caught in this and similar situations. I hoped the people of Berne, witnesses to the employment of my leisure, would no longer think of disturbing my tranquillity, but leave me at peace in my solitude. I should have

preferred being confined there by their desire. This would have rendered the continuation of my repose more certain.

This is another declaration upon which I am previously certain of the incredulity of many of my readers who obstinately continue to judge of me by themselves, although they cannot fail to have recognized, in the course of my life, a thousand internal affections which bore no resemblance to any of theirs. But what is still more extraordinary, is that they refuse me every sentiment, good or indifferent, which they do not possess, and are constantly ready to attribute to me such evil ones as cannot enter the heart of man. In this instance they find it easy to set me in opposition to nature, and to picture me as a fearful character the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. Nothing absurd appears to them incredible the moment it has a tendency to blacken me, and nothing in the least extraordinary seems to them possible if it tends to do me honour.

But notwithstanding what they may think or assert, I will still continue faithfully to state what J. J. Rousseau was, did, and thought, without explaining or justifying the singularity of his sentiments and ideas, or endeavouring to discover whether or not others have thought as he did. I became so delighted with the island of St. Peter, and my residence there was so congenial to me, that, by concentrating all my desires within it, I formed the wish that I might sojourn there for the remainder of my years. The visits I had to return in the neighbourhood, the journeys I should be under the necessity of making to Neuchâtel, Bienne, Yverdon, and Nidau, already fatigued by imagination. A day passed out of the island seemed to me a loss of so much happiness, and to wander beyond the bounds of the lake was to go out of my element. Past experience had besides rendered me apprehensive. The very satisfaction that I received from anything sufficed to make me fear the loss of it, and the ardent desire I had to end my days in that island was inseparable from the apprehension of being obliged to leave it. I had a habit in the evening of going to sit upon the sandy shore, especially when the lake was

agitated. I felt a singular pleasure in watching the waves break at my feet. I formed of them in my imagination the image of the tumult of the world contrasted with the peace of my habitation, and this pleasing idea sometimes even softened me to tears. The repose I enjoyed with ecstasy was disturbed by nothing but the fear of being deprived of it, but this inquietude was accompanied with some bitterness. I felt my situation so precarious that I did not dare to depend upon its continuance. "Ah! how willingly," said I to myself, "would I renounce the liberty of quitting this place, for which I have no desire, for the assurance of always remaining in it. Instead of being permitted to stay here by favour, why am I not detained by force? They who suffer me to remain may in a moment drive me away; and can I hope that my persecutors, seeing me happy, will leave me here to continue to be so? Permitting me to live in the island is but a trifling favour. I could wish to be condemned to do it, and constrained to remain here that I may not be obliged to go elsewhere." I cast an envious eye upon Micheli Ducret, who, quiet in the castle of Arberg, had only to make up his mind to be happy to become so. In a word, by abandoning myself to these reflections, and the alarming apprehensions of new storms always ready to break over my head, I longed for them with an extraordinary ardour, and that, instead of allowing me to reside in the island, the Bernois would give it me for a perpetual prison; and I can assert that, had it depended upon me to get myself condemned to this, I would most joyfully have done so, preferring a thousand times the necessity of passing my life there to the danger of being driven to another place.

This fear did not long remain on my mind. When I least anticipated what was to happen, I received a letter from the bailiff of Nidau, within whose jurisdiction the island of St. Peter was; by his letter he announced to me from their Excellencies an order to quit the island and their dominions. I was absolutely bewildered. Nothing could be less natural, reasonable, or foreseen than such an intimation, for I con-

sidered my apprehensions as the result of inquietude in a man whose imagination was disturbed by his misfortunes, and not to proceed from a foresight which could have the least foundation. The measures I had taken to ensure myself the tacit consent of the Sovereign, the tranquillity with which I had been left to make my establishment, the visits of several people from Berne, and that of the bailiff himself, who had shown me such cordiality and attention, and the rigour of the season, in which it was barbarous to expel a man who was sickly and infirm—all these circumstances made me and many people believe that there was some mistake in the order, and that ill-disposed persons had purposely chosen the time of the vintage and the vacation of the senate to do me a sudden injury.

Had I yielded to the first impulse of my indignation, I should immediately have departed. But whither was I to go? What was to become of me at the commencement of the winter, without object, preparation, guidance, or vehicle? In order not to leave my papers and effects at the mercy of the first comer, time was necessary to make adequate arrangements, and it was not stated in the command whether or not this would be granted me. So continuous was the tide of misfortune, that my courage began to evaporate. For the first time in my life I felt my natural haughtiness stoop to the yoke of necessity, and, notwithstanding the murmurs of my heart, I was obliged to demean myself by petitioning for a delay. I applied to M. de Graffenried—the sender of the order—for an explanation of it. His letter, conceived in the strongest terms of disapprobation of the step that had been entered upon, assured me it was with the greatest regret he communicated to me the nature of it, and the expressions of grief and esteem it contained seemed so many gentle invitations to open to him my heart. I did so. I had no doubt that my letter would open the eyes of my persecutors, and that if so cruel an order was not revoked, at least a reasonable delay, perhaps the whole winter, in which to make the necessary preparations for my retreat, and to choose the place of abode, would be granted me.

Whilst I awaited a response, I reflected upon my situation, and deliberated upon the policy I should pursue. The numberless pitfalls besetting every path, the torments I had been subjected to, so terribly affected my constitution, and my health was at that moment in such a precarious state, that I was completely prostrated; the result of which was, that I found it physically impossible to rid myself of my melancholia. No matter where I might seek to find refuge, I could not evade the two means employed to expel me—the one, to excite the populace by simple expedients against me; the other, to drive me away by force without offering me an explanation. Under these circumstances, I could not be certain of a safe hiding-place unless I chose to go farther than my health and the season of the year warranted. My position sufficed to refresh my memory of the ideas which had recently entered my mind, and I longed for my taskmasters to condemn me to perpetual incarceration rather than compel me incessantly to tramp the globe by continually expelling me from the retreats I had decided on. I made this proposition to those who persecuted me. Two days having expired after my first letter to M. de Graffenried, I sent him a second, wherein I begged him to report what I had asked to their Excellencies. The reply from Berne to both was a decree executed in the most direct and cruel terms to quit the island, and leave every territory mediate and immediate of the republic within twenty-four hours, and never to re-enter them except under the most overwhelming penalties.

This was a fearful moment. Since then I have experienced more anguish, but never once have I been more embarrassed. What gave me most concern was my being coerced into abandoning the resolution I had taken to pass the winter in the island.

The moment has now arrived when I should narrate the fatal anecdote which was the climax of my disaster, and involved in my ruin an unfortunate people whose growing virtues already gave indication to equalling those of Rome and Sparta. I had spoken of the Corsicans in the "Social Contract" as a new people, the only nation

in Europe not too worn out for legislation, and had expressed the great hope there was of such a people were they fortunate enough to possess a wise legislator. My work was read by some of the Corsicans, who were sensible of the honourable manner in which I had referred to them ; and the necessity under which they found themselves of endeavouring to establish their republic suggested to their chiefs the idea of asking me for my views upon the subject. M. Butta-Foco, of one of the most influential families in the country, and captain in France in the Royal Italians, wrote to me to that effect, and sent me several papers for which I had asked to make myself acquainted with the history of the nation and the condition of the country. M. Paoli also wrote to me several times, and although I felt such an undertaking to be beyond my abilities, I thought I could not decline to render assistance in so great and noble a work the moment I should have acquired all the requisite information. It was to this effect I answered both these gentlemen, and the correspondence lasted till my departure.

Precisely at the same moment I heard that France was sending troops to Corsica, and that she had entered into a treaty with the Genoese. This treaty and departure of troops caused me uneasiness, and, without imagining I had any further relation with the business, I thought it impossible, and the attempt ridiculous, to labour at an undertaking which necessitated such undisturbed tranquillity as the political institution of a nation at the moment when perhaps it was upon the point of being subjugated. I did not conceal my fears from M. Butta-Foco, who rather relieved me from them by the assurance that, were there in the treaty things contrary to the liberty of his country, a good citizen like himself would not remain as he did in the service of France. Indeed, his zeal for the legislation of the Corsicans, and his connections with M. Paoli, could not leave a doubt in my mind respecting him ; and when I heard he had made frequent journeys to Versailles and Fontainebleau, and had had conversations with M. de Choiseul, all I concluded from the whole was, that with

respect to the true intentions of France he had assurances which he gave me to understand, but concerning which he did not choose openly to explain himself by letter.

This removed a part of my apprehensions. Yet, as I could not understand the meaning of the transportation of troops from France, nor reasonably suppose that they were sent to Corsica for the purpose of protecting the liberty of the inhabitants, which they of themselves were very able to defend against the Genoese, I could neither make myself perfectly easy, nor seriously undertake the plan of the proposed legislation, until I held solid proofs that the whole was serious and that the parties did not mean to trifle with me. I much desired an interview with M. Butta-Foco, as that was certainly the best means of arriving at the explanation I wanted. Of this he gave me hopes, and I waited for it with the utmost impatience. I do not know whether he really intended to grant me any interview or not ; but had this even been the case, my misfortunes would have prevented me from profiting by it.

The more I considered the proposed undertaking, and the further I advanced in my scrutiny of the papers I had in my hands, the greater I found the importance of studying in the country the people for whom institutions were to be made, the soil they inhabited, and all the relative circumstances by which it was imperative to show that they needed that institution. I daily perceived more clearly the impossibility of acquiring at a distance all the information necessary to guide me. This I wrote to M. Butta-Foco, and he felt it as I did. Although I did not form the precise resolution of embarking for Corsica, I considered a good deal of the means necessary to make that voyage. I mentioned it to M. Dastier, who, having formerly served in the island under M. de Maillebois, was consequently acquainted with it. He used every effort to dissuade me from this intention, and I confess the frightful description he gave me of the Corsicans and their country considerably abated the desire I had of going to reside amongst them.

But when the persecutions of Motiers led me to think of

quitting Switzerland, this desire was once more strengthened by the hope of at length finding amongst these islanders the repose denied me in every other place. One thing only alarmed me, and that was my unfitness for the active life to which I was to be condemned, and the aversion I had always had towards it. My disposition, appropriate for meditating at leisure and in solitude, was not so for speaking, and acting, and treating of affairs with men. Nature endowing me with the first talent had refused me the last. Yet I felt that even without taking a direct and active part in public affairs, I should, as soon as I was in Corsica, be under the necessity of yielding to the desires of the people, and of frequently conferring with the chiefs. The object even of the voyage required that, instead of seeking retirement, I should in the heart of the country endeavour to obtain the information of which I stood in need. It was certain that I should no longer be master of my own time, and that in spite of myself, precipitated into the vortex in which I was not born to move, I should there lead a life contrary to my inclination, and never appear but to disadvantage. I foresaw that, ill-supporting by my presence the opinion my books might have given the Corsicans of my capacity, my reputation would dwindle down amongst them ; and as much to their prejudice as to my own, I should be deprived of the confidence they had in me, without which I could not successfully produce the work they expected from my pen. I was certain that by thus going out of my sphere I should become useless to the inhabitants, and render myself miserable.

Persecuted, lashed by storms from every quarter, and for several years past fatigued by journeys and bullyings, I strongly felt a want of the repose of which my barbarous enemies wantonly deprived me. I sighed more than ever after that delicious indolence, that soft tranquillity of body and mind, that I had so ardently desired, and to which, now that I had recovered from the chimeras of love and friendship, my heart limited its supreme felicity. I viewed with terror the work I was about to undertake. The tumultuous

life into which I was about to enter made me tremble ; and if the majesty, magnificence, and utility of the object animated my courage, the impossibility of overcoming so many difficulties entirely deprived me of it.

Twenty years of profound meditation in solitude would have been less painful to me than an active life of six months in the midst of men and public affairs with a certainty of not succeeding in my undertaking.

I bethought myself of an expedient seemingly fitted to obviate every difficulty. Pursued by the underhand dealings of my secret persecutors to every place in which I took refuge, and seeing no other save Corsica where I could in my old days hope for the repose I had until then been everywhere denied, I resolved to go there with the directions of M. Butta-Foco, as soon as this was possible, but to live there in tranquillity, renouncing in appearance everything appertaining to legislation, and in some measure to make my hosts a return for their hospitality ; to confine myself to writing in the country the history of the Corsicans, with a reserve in my own mind of the intention of secretly acquiring the necessary information to become more useful to them should I see a probability of success. In this manner, by not entering into an engagement, I anticipated being better enabled to meditate in secret and more at my ease a plan which might serve their purpose, and this without much breaking in upon my dearly beloved solitude, or submitting to a kind of life which I had always found unbearable.

But the journey in my situation was not a task so easy to master. According to what M. Dastier had informed me of Corsica, I could not expect to find there even the most trivial conveniences of life, except such as I should take with me ; linen, clothes, plate, kitchen furniture, and books, all were to be conveyed thither. To get there myself with my *gouvernante* I had the Alps to cross, and in a journey of two hundred leagues to drag after me all my baggage. I had also to pass through the States of several sovereigns ; and, according to the examples set to all Europe, I had, after what had befallen me, naturally to expect to find obstacles in

every path, and that each sovereign would think he did himself honour by overwhelming me with some fresh insult, and violating in my person all the rights of persons and humanity. It was necessary, in considering the immense expense, fatigue, and risk of such a probably adventurous journey, to weigh every difficulty beforehand. The thought of being alone and, at my age, without resource, far removed from all my acquaintance, and at the mercy of these semi-barbarous and ferocious people, such as M. Dastier had described them to me, was sufficient to make me deliberate before I resolved to expose myself to such dangers. I ardently wished for the interview for which M. Butta-Foco had given me reason to anticipate, and I waited the result of it to guide me in my determination.

Whilst I thus hesitated there came the persecutions of Motiers, which compelled me to retire. I was not prepared for a long journey, especially to Corsica. I expected to hear from Butta-Foco. I took refuge in the island of St. Peter, whence I was driven at the beginning of winter, as I have already stated. The Alps, then covered with snow, rendered my emigration impracticable, especially with the promptitude required of me. It is true the extravagant severity of a like order rendered the execution of it practically impossible, for, in the midst of that concentrated solitude surrounded by water, and having but twenty-four hours after receiving the order to prepare for my departure, and find a boat and carriages to get out of the island and the territory, had I had wings I should scarcely have been able to pay obedience to it. This I wrote to the bailiff of Nidau in answer to his communication, and hastened to take my departure from a country of iniquity. In this manner was I obliged to abandon my favourite project, for which reason, not having in my oppression been able to prevail upon my persecutors to dispose of me otherwise, I resolved, in consequence of the invitation of my Lord Marshal, upon a journey to Berlin, leaving Thérèse to pass the winter in the island of St. Peter with my books and effects, and depositing my papers in the hands of M. du Peyrou. I used so much

diligence, that the next morning I quitted the island and arrived at Bienne before noon. An accident, which I cannot pass over in silence, here well nigh put an end to my journey.

As soon as the news of my having received an order to quit the asylum was circulated, I received an enormous number of visits from the neighbourhood, and especially from the Bernois, who came with the most detestable falsehoods to flatter and soothe me, protesting that my persecutors had seized the moment of the vacation of the senate to obtain and send me the order, which, said they, had excited the indignation of the Two Hundred. Some of these comforters came from the city of Bienne, a little free State within that of Berne; and, amongst others, a young man of the name of Wildremet, whose family was of the first rank, and had the greatest credit in that little city. Wildremet strongly urged me in the name of his fellow-citizens to choose my retreat amongst them, assuring me they were anxiously desirous of it, and that they would deem it an honour and their duty to make me forget the persecutions I had suffered; that with them I had nothing to fear from the influence of the Bernois; that Bienne was a free city, governed by its own laws, and that the citizens were unanimously resolved not to hearken to solicitations in any way unfavourable to me.

Wildremet perceiving all he could say to be ineffectual, summoned several other persons to his aid, as well from Bienne and the environs as from Berne, even, and amongst others the same Kirchberger of whom I have spoken, who after my retreat to Switzerland had endeavoured to obtain my esteem, and by his talents and principles had interested me in his favour. But I received much less expected and more weighty solicitations from M. Barthes, secretary to the embassy from France, who, in company with Wildremet, came to see me, exhorted me to accept his invitation, and surprised me by the lively and tender concern he professed to feel for my situation. I was not acquainted with M. Barthes; however, I saw in what he said the warmth and zeal of friend-

ship, and that he had it at heart to persuade me to fix my residence at Bienne. He made the most pompous eulogium of the city and its inhabitants, with whom he showed himself so intimately connected as to call them several times in my presence his patrons and fathers.

This from Barthes bewildered me in my conjectures. I had always suspected M. de Choiseul to be the secret author of all the persecutions I suffered in Switzerland. The conduct of the resident of Geneva, and that of the ambassador at Soleure, but too strongly confirmed my suspicion. I noted the under-running influence of France in everything that happened to me at Berne, Geneva, and Neuchâtel, and I did not think I had any powerful enemy in that kingdom except the Duke de Choiseul. What, therefore, could I conclude from the visit of Barthes, and the tender concern he manifested for my welfare? My misfortunes had not yet destroyed the confidence natural to my heart, and I had still to learn from experience to discern snares under the guise of friendship. I sought with surprise the reason of the benevolence of M. Barthes. I was not weak enough to believe he had acted from the dictation of his own conscience. There was in his manner something ostentatious, an affectation even, which revealed a concealed intention; and I was far from having found in any of these little subaltern agents that generous intrepidity which, when I was in a similar employment, had frequently caused a fermentation in my heart. I had formerly known something of the Chevalier Beauteville, at the castle of Montmorency. He had shown me marks of esteem. And since his appointment to the embassy he had exhibited proofs of his not having entirely forgotten me, accompanied by an invitation to go and visit him at Soleure. Though I did not accept this invitation, I was extremely sensible of his civility, not having been accustomed to be treated with such kindness by people in office. I presumed that M. de Beauteville, obliged to follow his instructions in what related to the affairs of Geneva, yet pitying me under my misfortunes, had by his private wishes prepared for me the

asylum of Bienne, in order that I might live there in peace under his auspices. I was properly alive to his attention, but without wishing to profit by it ; and quite determined upon the journey to Berlin, I sighed for the moment in which I was to see my Lord Marshal, persuaded I should in future find real repose and lasting happiness nowhere but near his person.

On my departure from the island, Kirchberger accompanied me to Bienne. I found Wildremet and other Biennois, who, by the waterside, waited my disembarkation. We all dined together at the inn, and on my arrival there my first duty was to provide a chaise, being resolved to set off the following morning. Whilst we were at dinner, these gentlemen repeated their solicitations to prevail upon me to remain with them, and this with such zeal and obliging protestations, that, despite all my resolutions, my heart, which has never been able to resist friendly attentions, received an impression from theirs. The moment they discovered I was shaken, they redoubled their efforts with so much effect that I was at length overcome, and consented to remain at Bienne, at all events until the spring.

Wildremet immediately set about providing me with a lodging, and boasted, as a fortunate discovery, a dirty little chamber, in a back of a house, on the third storey, looking into a courtyard, where I had for a view the display of the stinking skins of a dresser of chamois leather. My host was a man of an insignificant appearance, and a good deal of a rascal. The day after I went to his house I heard that he was a debauchee, a gamester, and in bad repute throughout the neighbourhood. He had neither wife, children, nor servants, and, shut up in my solitary chamber, I was, in the midst of one of the most delightful countries in Europe, lodged in a manner to make me die of melancholy in the course of a few days. What affected me most was that, notwithstanding what I had heard of the anxious wish of the inhabitants to receive me amongst them, I had not noticed as I passed through the streets anything polite towards me in their manners or obliging in their looks. I

had, however, made up my mind to remain there ; but I learned, saw, and felt the day after that there was in the city a terrible fermentation of which I was the cause. Several persons hastened obligingly to inform me that on the next day I was to receive an order, couched in the most peremptory terms, immediately to quit the State, in other words the island. I had nobody in whom I could confide. They who had detained me were dispersed. Wildremet had disappeared ; I heard no more of Barthes, and it did not appear that his recommendation had brought me into great favour with those whom he had styled his patrons and fathers. One M. de Van Travers, a Bernois, who had a beautiful residence not far from the city, offered it me for my asylum, trusting, as he said, that I might there avoid being stoned. The advantage this offer held out was not sufficiently flattering to tempt me to prolong my abode with these hospitable people.

Yet, having lost three days by the delay, I had greatly exceeded the twenty-four hours the Bernois had given me to quit their States ; and, fully cognizant of their severity, I was not without apprehensions as to the manner in which they would suffer me to cross them, when the Bailiff of Nidau came opportunely and relieved me from my embarrassment. As he had highly disapproved of the violent proceedings of their Excellencies, he thought, in his generosity, he owed me some public proof of his taking no part in them, and had courage to leave his bailiwick to come and pay me a visit at Bienne. He conferred on me this favour the evening prior to my departure, and, far from being *incognito*, he affected ceremony, coming *in fiocchi* in his coach accompanied by his secretary, and brought me a passport in his own name that I might cross the State of Berne at my ease, and without fear of molestation. I was more flattered by the visit than by the passport, and should have been as sensible of the merit of it had it had for object any other person whatsoever. Nothing makes a more profound impression upon my heart than a well-timed act of courage in favour of the weak unjustly oppressed.

At length, after having with difficulty procured a chaise, I next morning left this barbarous country, before the arrival of the deputation with which I was to be honoured, and even before I had seen Thérèse, to whom I had written to come to me when I thought I should remain at Bienne, and whom I had scarcely time to countermand by a short letter informing her of my fresh disaster. In the third part of my memoirs, if ever I am able to write them, I shall state in what manner, thinking to set off for Berlin, I really took my departure for England, and the means by which the two ladies who wished to dispose of my person, after having by their manœuvres driven me from Switzerland (where I was not sufficiently in their power), at last delivered me into the hands of their friend.

I added what follows on reading my memoirs to M. and Madame the Countess of Egmont, the Prince Pignatelli, the Marchioness of Mesme, and the Marquis of Juigné.

I have written the truth: if any person has heard of things contrary to those I have just related, were they a thousand times proved, he has heard calumny and falsehood; and if he refuses thoroughly to examine and compare them with me whilst I am alive, he is not a friend either to justice or truth. For my part, I openly and without the least hesitation declare that whoever, even without having read my works, has examined with his own eyes my disposition, character, manners, inclinations, pleasures, and habits, and pronounces me a dishonest man, is himself one deserving of the gibbet.

Thus I concluded, and every person was silent; Madame d'Egmont was the only person who gave any indication of being affected: she trembled visibly, but quickly recovered herself, and was silent like the rest of the company. These were the fruits of my reading and declaration

THE END.

